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THE

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

# PENNY

# MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED BY THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

E. T. WHITFIELD, 2, ESSEX STREET, STRAND; MANCHESTER: J. T. PARKES, MARKET STREET; JOHNSON, RAWSON, AND CO., CORPORATION STREET; LIVERPOOL: I. T. ELLERBECK.

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### ERRATA.

Our readers are requested to make the following corrections in p. 200,—
Verse 1, line 5, for *writers* read *writer*.
,, 4, ,, 4, erase the full point after *mind*.
,, 4, ,, 5, for *question* read *questioned*.
The last line of verse 4, properly belongs to verse 5; thus,

* * * *

The winds have whispered on the mountain tops
Their heaven-brought answer to the earnest mind
That questioned of Him. We know but in part
How through all time beats the great human heart.

It throbs till its pulsations reach through space,
And men feel they are brothers. * * *

THE

# SUNDAY SCHOOL PENNY MAGAZINE.

## OUR GREAT WANT AND HOW TO REMEDY IT.

**The following paper was lately read at a meeting of the Mutual Improvement Society connected with the Lower Mosley Street Sunday School, Manchester.**

I think it is generally admitted by the members of this class, that a perfect education consists in drawing out all the faculties of the mind—the intellectual, moral, and religious. We are of opinion, that in order to form a well balanced mind, too much attention ought not to be bestowed upon a portion of the faculties to the exclusion of the rest; and that the higher the faculty, the greater the care that should be taken to secure its proper development. It therefore becomes necessary for us, looking at the matter in an educational point of view, to consider whether, in all our schemes for the benefit of those around us, the religious faculties receive their proper amount of consideration. Their right unfolding ought to be our chief object; for the highest feelings of our nature are involved in them. Love for all mankind, (including, as it does, charity and benevolence), earnestness, humility, and veneration—all these faculties belong to the religious class.

But we may look at the subject in a far higher light. Though our moral and intellectual faculties are too important to be lightly considered, yet they are immeasurably inferior to the religious part of our nature, inasmuch as the one relates to time, and the other to eternity. The one enables us to battle with the world, but when overwhelmed with grief and misfortune, it is the other that alone can give us comfort and consolation. Not only does true and heartfelt religion assist us in living a happy and useful life here, but it is the "one thing needful" for the life to come. Amid the convulsions and wars of nations, and the calamities produced by them; in times of famine and pestilence; when borne down by grief, or weakened by temptation—nothing can give us courage, hope, comfort, or strength, but religion. When we consider, therefore, that piety is the one thing above all

others wanted for the regeneration of man here ; that it is the highest feeling of our nature ; that it belongs to eternity, having reference neither to time nor place ; and, above all, that it brings us into communion with God ; it behoves us to think seriously upon the question, whether this important part of our nature is sufficiently cared for in our plans of usefulness.

I attach too great an importance to intellectual and moral education, not to admit that the friends and teachers of this school are doing a vast amount of good. I look upon this school, with its various classes and societies, as a great lever, by means of which its friends and teachers are elevating the surrounding population. I believe that such institutions are far more potent in raising the condition of the people, than Acts of Parliament ; that they are teaching them to read, think, and govern themselves ; that they are binding men together in the bonds of peace, unity, and concord, and thus lessening the chances of war ; that they are increasing virtue and decreasing vice ; that they are spreading knowledge with its invaluable blessings ; in short, that they are making the earth a happier and a better place of abode. Still, if a stranger comes amongst us, and learns that this is not merely an ordinary educational institution, but that it is also a Sunday school, he will be struck with the fact, that we devote a great deal of time, consideration, and energy to that which relates to this life ; and but little to the cultivation of those high, holy, and eternal feelings of our nature, which bring us into communion with our loving Father in heaven.

Does any one here think that the highest object of a Sunday school teacher is to make his scholars good readers, writers, or arithmeticians ? Are the noblest truths he can teach them those which may be derived from history, geography, or any of the natural sciences ? I think not. I think you will admit that whether we look at the subject in a religious, moral, or even intellectual, point of view, religion ought to be most cared for in the Sunday school. Not only is it open on the day more especially set apart for religious observance, but it is the nursery of those minds which have yet to be formed, of those judgments which have yet to be balanced and ripened, and of those hearts into which true Christian principles ought to be quickly instilled. Religion, with its thousand blessings, ought to be early imparted to the

mind, or, to speak more correctly, to be drawn out, developed in it; and, in our state of society, with so many parents who are either ignorant or careless of their duty, how can this be better done than at the Sunday school. It may be, and no doubt is, necessary to give secular instruction to some extent in our Sunday school; but I do not think we are justified in devoting almost the entire day to it now that we offer such facilities for its acquirement on the week evenings.

Supposing that this is admitted, it will be almost impossible for us to spread religion in the school, unless we, as teachers, and as those who, I doubt not, will soon be called to that office, are actuated by earnestness and devotion, and seek to make those truly pious whom God has placed under our charge. Now, are we not much behind our fellow-labourers of other denominations, in the spirit of piety? Are we as earnest in disseminating the religion of Christ as they? I am inclined to think that however moral, and good-hearted, and intelligent the teachers of this school may be, there is a great want of devotional feeling amongst us; and that it is highly important it should be remedied. R. W.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## THE BLIND GIRL.

The superintendent of a Sunday school in M ———, was employed in his duties one afternoon, not many Sundays ago, when he saw a man's hat coming up the stairs, and judging that the man who belonged to it, had something to speak to him about, he went to the door to meet him.

It was a stranger, who was followed by two little girls; "I found these lasses," he said, "in the street, asking the way up to the Sunday school, and so I showed 'em."

The superintendent advanced a little towards the children, and one of them, coming timidly forward, and groping with her hands in such a way as to show that she was blind, caught hold of his arm, and said, in a very pitiful voice, "Oh! please to take me to the master, and ask him to teach a poor little blind girl her A, B, C."

"My poor little girl," he replied, "I am afraid I cannot teach you."

"Oh but you can," she cried, very eagerly, clinging close

to him, as if afraid of being sent away, "why can't you teach me? If you say the lesson, I can say it after you; can't I learn that way?—I *must* learn to read; oh please teach a poor blind girl to say her A, B, C!"

"How old are you?"

"Going of eight."

"And who is this you have brought with you?"

"A girl as lives up our yard. She can see: she showed me the way. Please don't send me back. I *must* learn to read."

"How old are you?" to her companion.

"Going of ten," said the girl.

"Have you ever been to school?" to the blind girl.

"No she has not," replied her companion.

"Yesa, I have," interrupted the little creature. "I ha' been to many a school, but they would n't take me in because I'm blind; but I *must* learn to read; oh! please somebody teach a poor blind girl A, B, C."

The tone of her voice was so pathetic, her little hand grasped so closely, and her pale face was turned up so eagerly, that the superintendent hesitated,—and as he paused to think how it could be managed, the suppliant seemed to feel that her petition was granted, and pushed a little forward, saying, "I need n't be no trouble, master, one of the girls will show me the way into street when school looses, and I can find my way into our yard." Then turning her head back, she said to her guide, "you can go—thank ye; I've got took in. I'm going to learn my A, B, C."

Such pleading could not be withstood; so she was placed under the care of one of the other girls, who kindly undertook to attend to her, and it was thought that by sitting in a class, and hearing them read, and listening to the teacher's remarks, she would learn something. And when school was over, and the scholars were seated in the chapel for the afternoon service, there was the little blind girl, in the front of the gallery.

It must have been a strange sensation to her, for she had never been in a place of worship before. When the solemn tones of the organ arose, she turned her sightless eyes and speaking countenance in that direction, with a mingled expression of delight and awe. When the minister began to speak, she seemed to strain her powers in eager attention, as though striving to see him; and when the sweet melody of

praise was raised around her, it evidently touched a string in her soul, which had never throbbed before. Without understanding it, she felt the first stirrings of devotion, and fancied herself in a beautiful dream ; sweet *sounds* being the greatest beauty she could conceive of, for she was born blind.

Since that time, she has come regularly to school. She cannot, of course, be taught reading by the ordinary means, but what she hears improves her mind, and gives her new thoughts, and it is hoped that in time opportunities may be afforded to her of receiving such instruction, as is fitted for her condition, for still she says, "I *must* learn to read."

Children, who have all your powers strong and vigorous, who can peruse these pages, and those of many other volumes, obtaining new thoughts and knowledge from them, take a lesson from this little girl. To you it seems a thing of course that you can see ; never having known that eternal darkness, you can scarcely understand what a blessing is the light ! Think of her condition ! She knows that flowers are sweet, and she can smell them, but she has no idea what they are like in appearance. The pure whiteness of the lily, the blushing flowers of the rose, the gorgeous colours of the garden, and the pleasant green of the fields, she can never *see*. She hears the birds sing, and is delighted with their melody, but they are to her only voices in the air ; their swift motions, their varied plumage, their downy feathers, she can never *see*. She knows that her parents love her, she can recognise their voices, and feel their caresses ; she loves her parents, but her dear mother, even, she can never *see*.

And yet we, who possess the blessing of sight, how little we prize it, and how careless we are about its proper employment. Some of you perhaps think it almost a hardship, that you are set to learn that A, B, C, about which she is so anxious. Some of you think reading no use, and when it is easy for you to acquire the power, you neglect the means of doing so, never saying as she says, "I must learn to read." With such a desire for knowledge as hers appears to be, no difficulties or obstacles will prevent its being gained, and it will not be surprising if some of those who are blessed with eye sight, find themselves inferior to the blind girl, in amount of information, when they grow up. It is only necessary for any one—teacher or scholar—to meet with such a case as

this, in order to have a fresh conviction awakened of the value of knowledge, and the desire strengthened within him, to gain and to impart to others, that light of the mind and that light of the soul, which are more valuable than material light, and the desire for which seems to be increased by the misfortune of bodily blindness. J. W.

## LABOUR.

Pause not to dream of the future before us !
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us !
Hark—how creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up into heaven !
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship"—the robin is singing,
"Labour is worship"—the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod grows the soft breathing flower ;
From the small insect the rich coral bower ;
Only man, in the plan, e'er shrinks from his part.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all little vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow ;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not, tho' shame, sin, and anguish are round thee ;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that has bound thee ;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling above thee ;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod !
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labour—all labour is noble and holy ;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

AMERICAN.

## THE STABLE BOY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Good bye, mother—good bye, Jane," said a bright rosy-faced boy, giving his mother and sister a hearty kiss; and then throwing his arms round the neck of a great Newfoundland dog, "Good bye, Rover—good bye, old fellow," repeated the boy, as he buried his face in his old friend's shaggy hair, and brushed away the tears that would come so fast into his eyes. "We've had many a good run together on the heath, old fellow, but we shan't have any more. I'm going to leave you, Rover."

The dog looked up sorrowfully in his young master's face, and laid his heavy foot upon his shoulder.

"I know what you mean, old friend," said the boy, "but I must not stay—and so good bye," and jumping up, he threw his arms round his mother's neck again, and gave her another kiss. "Good bye, dear mother—you'll write to me sometimes? and don't mind my seeming sorry to go—its only just for a minute—for you know I'm very glad to go to work, and help you and father—only we've been so happy here."

He could not go on; his voice seemed choked, and he stopped, and for a minute thought over all his happy days at home,—his dear mother,—his little sister,—and his kind father,—but he dashed the tears from his eyes, remembering that he should help his mother to be happy, and not make her still more sorry at his going away.

"God bless you, my dear boy," said his mother. "Keep Him before you, and you will always be happy. And now, go, dear, or you will be too late."

His father was waiting for him outside the cottage, with his little box of books and clothes upon his shoulder, and Rover was standing by his side, as if he understood all that was going on and was ready for a journey too. The little party were soon out of sight of the cottage. They walked on in silence for some time; Rover now and then looking up with a sorrowful face at his young master, who was vainly endeavouring to stop the tears that rolled one after another down his cheeks.

"Harry, my boy," said his father, "I think I've nothing more to say to you, now we're going to part. You will remember all that we have read and learnt together in the Bible; and that will keep you safe, and help you through every thing. If I did not think you would remember all this, I should not trust you where you are going. You will meet with many bad things, wicked ways and people perhaps, and trouble, and sorrow; but this is how God tries us, and He will help us to overcome them all, if we always ask Him."

Harry did not answer; his heart was too full to speak; but he listened earnestly to his father's words, and often did he think of them afterwards, and many a time did that walk across the heath come to his mind, to help him through trial and sorrow. It was a long walk, over the wild dreary heath leading to Newmarket; but Harry would have liked it to be much longer. His heart almost failed him at last, when he reached the dreary naked range of buildings where he was henceforth to find a home, and his father left him amongst the grooms and stable boys who were now to be his companions.

"Good bye, father," he repeated to himself, as he watched his father's form slowly disappearing in the darkening gloom; "God will help me to remember your words, and to do His will;" and with this clear faith before him he resolutely entered upon his new home and occupations.

Harry's father was very poor, and had been glad to get employment for him in one of the great stables at Newmarket. The gentleman to whom they belonged had been very kind to him, and he hoped that Harry would be happy in his service. Harry was to be under some of the grooms at first, but when he got accustomed to the work he would have the entire charge of one of his master's race-horses. His father was not afraid to leave him amongst strange, unknown companions, for he believed that he might depend upon his truth and honesty, and above all his remembrance of God. And when he went home that night, and he and the mother kneeled down together to offer their evening prayer to God, he said, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take him out of the world; but that Thou shouldst keep him from the evil." And with that prayer, his parents trusted their dear child to his own good heart, and to the care of God.

It was a strange wild life that Harry was cast upon ; and if he had not remembered how poor his parents were, he would have often wished himself at home again ; but this strengthened him for every trial, and he bore manfully up against sad thoughts ; and often, on his little pallet-bed in a dreary loft above the stables, those happy words that his mother loved so much, would come, as with an angel's voice, to strengthen him : "In the world ye shall have tribulation ; but be of good cheer—I have overcome the world." Harry was very young still ; but those words are plain, even to little children ; and his mother and he had read and thought of them often, and learnt how all sorrow and trial can be overcome.

One night, when his work was done, he was sitting reading in a dreary desolate outhouse. The night was cold and stormy ; the wild winds, careering over the heath, rushed and howled about the naked shed, and seemed as if they could whirl it to the sky as easily as the shrivelled rattling leaves they bore upon their blast. But the wintry storm that raged without, was unheeded by Harry. The flickering fire which lighted up the bare walls and roof, showed in strong contrast of light and shadow, a knot of boys, who cowered round it for warmth, and by its uncertain light pursued their different games, forgetting, in the excitement of their play, both cold and storm and darkness. Some were playing cards, some dice ; all gambling, swearing, quarrelling ; and now and then, when they had time, turning round to laugh at Harry, and taunt him for being so fond of reading books and singing hymns, instead of joining in their games.

"Never mind him, Joe," said Dick Redgate to one of the boys who was foremost in teasing Harry—"Do let him alone now, and let's go on with our game. I'll lay you what you like, he'll soon swear as loud, and bet as hard as any of us. Let him alone now."

So Harry was left in peace, if peace it could be called ; and the gambling, cheating, lying, and swearing went on as if he had not been by. It was from such scenes as these that he fled to the dreary loft where he slept ; night after night he witnessed them, and in the morning waked with an aching heart, and a prayer for help to keep him from such evil, and that, if possible, the others might be led to shun it too. He began to hope Dick Redgate spoke more kindly

to him, and was less inclined to join in the laughter against him ; this was a little comfort to him ; and his quiet steady conduct, so different from the reckless and disorderly habits of the other boys, soon made him liked and trusted by the upper servants about the stables. This however only gained him the envy and dislike of the other boys, and was a source of new trouble to him. He had borne their ridicule with patience and good humour ; but it was a hard trial to be disliked and jeered at for doing his duty ; besides, it seemed to put a stop to his earnest hope of getting these boys to like his books and other happy amusements, instead of their own idle, wicked way of spending their time. Harry was very young, and thought nothing of himself, and knew how many faults he had ; but he had humbly wished and prayed to be able in some way to help his companions to like better and happier occupations. He was very young ; but each of us, and every little child, can do God's will, and has something that he *ought* to do, as long as he lives ; and so Harry knew ; and he hoped he might have been of a little use to his companions in helping them to cure their bad habits. This made him very sorry for what his companions thought of him ; but it could not be helped ; he could only try to do what was right, and go on quietly with his work, trusting that time would alter their unkind feelings.

"A queer fellow that is," said they. "He goes about his work as steady as an old man, and doesn't care for anything we say ; and for all he never comes to play or drink with us, he seems always happy, and goes singing about as free as a bird in the woods."

"I can't understand it," said Dick Redgate ; "he's the best natured boy amongst us, there's no denying that. I'll try and find out what it all means."

Time passed on—and Harry, by degrees, got to be quite master of his work. He had been used to riding, so that he sat his horse as if he had been a part of it ; by care and attention he quickly learnt the proper treatment of it ; and his steadiness, quickness, and diligence gained him the confidence both of the grooms and his master. Even the other lads began to soften towards him, when they saw how good natured he always was, how clever he was at his work, what fine condition he kept his horse in, and how well he rode it. Harry was very glad to see them change their feelings

towards him ; but what delighted him most of all, was, that instead of trying to get him to join their games, they now and then borrowed some of his books, and seemed to take a pleasure in them. These books were his chief companions ; his mother had given them to him, and he loved them for that reason, as well as for themselves. They were a very nice collection, and more than ever did he thank his mother for them now. Besides his books, and a little plot of garden-ground in which he spent many a spare half-hour, he had another favourite amusement, with which he cheered his solitude. When he was at home he had learnt to sing with a number of other boys at a neighbouring school ; and often now, when he was at work, his sweet clear voice was heard, singing snatches of his old tunes.

Harry was busy at his work one morning, singing all the time as gaily as a lark, when he heard a horse kicking and plunging violently in the next stable, and immediately afterwards a terrible scream. He rushed out to see what was the matter, and all the other boys collected in a moment too.

"It was Dick Redgate," exclaimed Harry, as he flew to the stable from which he had heard the cry.

Quickly, but gently opening the door, he saw Dick lying on the ground, apparently dead, and the horse standing quite still beside him, as if grieving over what he had done.

"He's killed," said one of the boys in a low voice ; but Harry, who was foremost, stooped down and looking in his face, whispered softly to the others, "No, I don't think he is—I think he breathes—but run and fetch Mr. Gray—he'll know best what to do."

Mr. Gray, the head-groom, came in while Harry was speaking, for he, too, had heard the noise and the scream, and was afraid something was the matter. He tried to move the boy, and lift him up ; but as soon as he touched him, the pain seemed to bring him back to life, and he uttered a deep groan. They raised him up as gently as they could, and managed to lay him on a board, and then they carried him very slowly to his room, and laid him on his bed. Mr. Gray sent to Newmarket for a surgeon, and he soon arrived.

Dick was a brave boy, and bore pain very patiently ; but he could not help groaning now and then, as he was moved about, and as the surgeon undressed and examined him. Poor Dick ! One of his legs was broken and some of his

ribs ; and setting these was worse pain to him than the accident itself. It was over at last however ; and the surgeon went away, promising to come again in the evening, and to send a nurse directly to take care of Dick. Harry, meantime, had leave to stay with him. In the midst of his pain, Dick seemed to be thinking more of his horse than himself.

"It was quite an accident," said he to Harry, who had never left his side, and still kept hold of his hand as if to share and relieve his sufferings as much as he could. "It was quite an accident, Harry. It was not Diamond's fault. I was behind her, and happened to touch her, without her knowing who it was, and that set her kicking."

"Well, that's a comfort," said Harry ; "but you are not to talk, Dick, you know ; the doctor won't let me stay here if we talk, because he wishes you to keep very quiet ; so I've promised we won't talk."

Poor Dick's sufferings and restlessness were very great, and Harry's heart ached to see him in such pain ; but he did what he could to relieve him, and he staid with him till the nurse came, when he was obliged to go and attend to his work for some hours. In the evening he came and brought his book and sat down by Dick's bed-side. Dick had fallen into an uneasy sleep, uttering now and then a moaning cry of pain, or starting in his sleep as if from frightful dreams ; and then, with a groan, he woke to the real pain. Night came on. The old nurse, who had fallen asleep, did not hear his low moaning, or his parched lips trying to ask for "water." A watchful eye and ready hand were there however ; and as the poor lad, after drinking some water, looked up to thank the nurse, he saw that it was Harry. He did not speak—he tried to put out his hand to Harry, and then he turned his face away, and sighed deeply.

"Doesn't he like me to be here ?" thought Harry. "They have never any of them been much friends with me, I know ; but I thought he wouldn't mind my being with him just now ;" and Harry's heart arose in prayer to God that he might be allowed to help and comfort Dick.

He had heard the orders about Dick's medicine, and when it came to be time for him to take it, he woke the nurse, and asked her whether he should give it to him. And so he watched by his side all night ; and towards morning he had the happiness of seeing him fall into a quiet sleep. Harry

stole gently out of the room ; and though it was very early, and no one up yet, he set hard to work that he might get forward with his day's work, and have more time to be with Dick.

The surgeon when he came, found Dick still sleeping quietly, and he hoped from this that he would go on safely. The other boys seemed very sorry for what had happened ; but they soon forgot their sorrow, and returned to their usual games and occupations. One friend alone, from amongst all those companions, gave up his time and pleasures and studies, and spent every moment he could spare from his work in watching by Dick, and doing all those little gentle deeds that soothe and comfort sickness so invisibly. He smoothed his pillow, and bathed his hands and face with warm water to rest and refresh him, and thus he often lulled him to sleep, and was a great help towards his recovery.

He was sitting beside him, some days after the accident, when Dick was so far better as to be allowed to talk a little ; he had been singing him some of his old songs, and saying how he wished they could all sing them together, they would sound so much better. Harry stopped. He knew that the boys had often laughed at him about this, and he thought perhaps Dick would not like to talk about it.

"Harry," said Dick in a low tone ; "I want to speak to you. I have been wanting to speak to you for a long time—" Poor Dick ! the time seemed long to *him*, though it was only for a few days—"I want—to thank you—but I can't —I want to thank you for all you have done for me—you, whom we used to be so unkind to. Oh Harry, how could you be so kind to me ! I did not know how to bear it, at first. I felt as if I had been so wicked to you, and yet we liked your ways, Harry, a great deal better than our own, only we had never been used to them.

Dick stopped, for he was tired. Harry had not interrupted him, because he did not know what to say ; but his last words seemed to come like a gleam of sunshine into his heart. He did not say any thing about them then, lest he should make Dick tired or feverish ; he only said how much he thanked him for letting him be with him, and then, when they had had a little quiet talk together, Dick fell asleep again, and Harry kneeled down beside his bed and thanked God that he was better, and still more for those words that he had said, "we liked your ways better than our

ways." It seemed as if the weight,—that all those dreadful scenes of gambling, swearing, and drinking used to lay upon his heart,—was lifted off, and hope, and peace, and joy left there instead. "We liked your ways better than our own." Oh! how sweet a sound those few words had! Harry was not thinking of *himself*,—those ways were not his ways, but the ways of goodness, peace, and God. That God would make those ways known to his companions, had been his daily prayer ever since he came amongst them; and as he kneeled beside the sick boy's bed and prayed for this, it seemed almost as if, in that gentle peaceful sleep, his prayer was answered, and the ways and peace of God already resting on that chastened heart.

Dick got better every day; but it was many weeks before he could go about again; and all that time Harry was his chief companion, his never-failing friend. He read to him, he sang to him, and when Dick was well enough, they sang together their evening hymn. The other boys were won by Harry's kindness, and gradually awakening to the love and enjoyment of goodness, began to join the sick boy's little party. Harry made him a sort of sofa to lie upon when he might be moved from his bed; and round this the boys all gathered now in their spare hours. Harry read to them the books he thought they would be most interested in; and they employed themselves in drawing, or making nets for their horses; and some of them he taught to write. Sometimes Dick asked Harry to sing to them, and then he joined him, and by and by the other boys joined too; and though it was not very fine music that they made, it sounded like angel's voices to Harry, so different was it to the sounds he used to hear.

"I wish we made a better hand of it," said one of the boys. "Suppose we try."

"Suppose we do," said Harry; "I daresay we could find somebody to teach us, and I am sure Mr. Gray wouldn't mind it."

So it was agreed that they should ask him, and try whether they could get any one at Newmarket to teach them. Mr. Gray liked the plan very much. He had seen with great pleasure that the boys had lately left off many of their old bad ways. There was not half the gambling and swearing amongst them that there used to be. Harry's good example

had, unseen, scattered seeds of goodness in their hearts, and these had by degrees taken root, and were now beginning to send forth the little plant that by and by should bear sweet flowers and fruit. Harry's goodness made them all love goodness, and insensibly forsake their own old habits, and wish for his happier ones. Both Mr. Gray and his master had seen the change, and they were glad to help the boys to any pleasures or nice occupations for their spare hours, that should make them better and happier. They helped them to get a little library together, and a person was engaged to come and teach them singing. Their master gave them little plots of ground to garden in in the evenings ; and here they raised many different kinds of flowers and vegetables, and learned to look at and admire their wonderful and beautiful growth ; and many happy hours these employments gave them. The more they learned to like such pleasures, especially their books, the more they left off wishing for their old occupations, and could not bear to think of them. It had been a very slow change, like the corn in the ground, but the root had taken fast hold, and Harry thought, with thanks to God, what a beautiful harvest there would be.

While Dick was ill, Harry had been accustomed to read to him in the Bible every evening ; and when he grew better they still kept up their reading together, just before they went to bed ; and when they had read a chapter, they sang their evening hymn, and said a prayer together. Harry had always been used to this at his own happy home, and it felt as if he was gathering a little home again about him, as he and Dick each evening, when their work was done, spent those few happy minutes together.

"Harry," said Dick, as they were going to bed one night, for Harry still slept in Dick's room, "Harry, I think the other boys would very much like to stop and read with us at night. We have very pleasant evenings all together ; but they would not feel so happy to me, if we did not finish them by reading some of the Bible ; and besides that, what we read in the Bible is so nice to remember all the next day, and makes us so happy at our work."

Harry thought it would be very nice indeed. Dick would ask whether they would like it. So Dick told them of the plan ; and he shewed them some beautiful pictures and notes about the Bible, which an uncle of Harry's had given him ;

and they all thought they should like to join Dick and Harry, and learn to understand more about the Bible. So when their day's work was done, and their evening amusements over, those of them who had Bibles brought them, and they all read together for a little while, and then they talked of what they had read, and hunted about in Harry's noted Bible for what they could not understand.

Oh! who can tell the happiness of Harry that evening! or the grateful heart with which, when they had shut their books, and sung their hymn, he offered up their prayer to God for his help and blessing! Who can tell the perfect peace with which he laid him down to sleep that night? Who paint the fresh pure happiness of those other hearts? Or, who can tell the feeling with which they woke to life next morning, and seemed to see a brighter sun and clearer sky than ever shone before? Harry's goodness had won them all from their bad habits and their idle lives, and made them wish to be good and happy. M. D.

## ENGLAND AT THE TIME OF CHRIST.

The apostle Paul addressed letters or epistles to the people of Rome, of Corinth, of Ephesus, and of some other cities; but we find no mention in the New Testament of England and France, or of the people of London or of Paris. How is this? The people of this island were at that time ignorant savages, who could not have understood the words of the apostles. At that time,—more than 1800 years ago,—Rome was the largest and most powerful city in the world. The Roman government had conquered great part of Europe, and even extended its dominion over part of this island which we inhabit. Corinth was a beautiful city of Greece; Ephesus was a city on the opposite coast of Asia Minor; but in England there was no *city*, there were only rude huts.

About fifty years before the birth of Christ, the great Roman general, Julius Cæsar, came to England, and afterwards described to his countrymen the savage state of our island. It was only in the southern parts of England, that the inhabitants wore clothes, or cultivated corn. *There* the natives are said to have worn some kind of woollen garments, but in the middle parts of England the people were clothed in skins, and the inhabitants of the northern part of

the island went about nearly without any clothing, but pricked the figures of animals or other forms on their skin, and then rubbed in colour, which made them look, as they thought, more terrible in war. Wars were frequent and often cruel. The people of our island were divided into different tribes, and each tribe had a separate king or queen to rule over them, and we may suppose that they often quarrelled about the division of the grounds in which they hunted, or about the meadows on which their oxen and sheep were pastured. The *best* houses were no better than miserable huts of timber and reeds, with a hole in the middle of the roof to let out the smoke and give light to the dwelling ; and a number of such huts set up on a dry spot in the midst of the marshes, or in a cleared spot within the forest, was called a town, and often surrounded with a mound of earth and a ditch, to defend it from the attacks of enemies. In such a place the Britons placed their women and children and cattle, when they dreaded the attack of an enemy. They made no roads from town to town, but rather strove to conceal such places amidst the forests which covered great part of the country. There was more to be feared than hoped at the approach of a stranger. Yet it was from strangers who visited their shores, that these rude savages first learnt the arts of civilized life.

The tin which was found in the mines of Cornwall, and in the rocky isles off the western coast of England, had drawn hither purchasers from distant lands ; and after the natives had been taught by a Roman to work their mines more skilfully, they received in return for this metal those articles of which they stood in need : salt, with which they preserved their provisions, earthenware, and brass for the manufacture of arms and for ornaments. It is strange to find people who have so few of the comforts of life, caring for ornaments. The civilized man wises to be *clean*, but the savage longs more to be *smart*. The rude natives of England, or, (as this island is more often called in the early times of history,) Britain, liked to wear rings on their fingers, and to hang a chain of iron or brass for ornament round their necks. The country abounded in cattle, and hides were exported, and when, by the assistance of strangers, the Britons had learnt to discover the riches concealed under the earth, lead and iron were found as well as tin. Iron is the most useful metal,—that of which tools and plough-shares are made. In

some parts of the island, the natives had learnt to manure the ground with marl, and when they reaped more corn than they needed for food, they stored it in caves in the earth, or among the rocks. As yet there were no barns. There were no shops, no manufactories, no hospitals; none of what we now call the common comforts of life. Sometimes there was a famine in the land, and multitudes perished; sometimes the cruel brand of an enemy consumed the dwellings of the people. Some lived in rocky caves; many lay on the hill side, or in the forest. The lofty forest was as yet the only church; there, religious teachers sometimes spoke to the people of the great power of God, and gave them some notion that God would be best pleased with those who lived a good life. In time of peace they offered up to God parts of the fruits of the earth; but in times of danger and distress their superstition led them to offer up human sacrifices.—E. C.

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## INSECT HAPPINESS.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy, and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification; what else

should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about, with an alacrity in their motions, which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy, that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea side, in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather, very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space, filled with young shrimps, in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this: if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!—PALEY.

## A TRUE NOBLEMAN.

At the head of a private Orphan House in Potsdam, is the venerable Von Türk. According to the laws of his country, Von Türk is a nobleman. His talents and acquisitions were such, that at a very early age he was elevated to the bench. This was, probably, an office for life, and was attended with honours and emoluments. He officiated as judge for fourteen years; but in the course of this time, so many criminal cases were brought before him for adjudication, whose only cause and origin were so plainly referable to early neglect in the culprits' education, that the noble heart of the judge could no longer bear to pronounce sentence of condemnation against the prisoners; for he looked upon them

as men, who, almost without a paradox, might be called guiltless offenders. While holding the office of judge, he was appointed school inspector. The paramount importance of the latter office grew upon his mind as he executed its duties, until, at last, he came to the full conception of the grand and sacred truth,—how much more intrinsically honourable is the vocation of the teacher, who saves from crime and from wrong, than the magistrate who waits till they are committed, and then avenges them. He immediately resigned his office of judge, with its life-tenure and its salary; travelled to Switzerland, where he placed himself under the care of Pestalozzi; and after availing himself for three years of the instructions of that celebrated teacher, he returned to take charge of an orphan asylum. Since that time he has devoted his whole life to the care of the neglected and destitute. He lives in as plain and inexpensive a style as our well-off farmers and mechanics, and devotes his income to the welfare of the needy. I was told by his personal friends that he not only deprived himself of the luxuries of life, but submitted to many privations in order to appropriate his small income to others whom he considered more needy; —and that his wife and family cordially and cheerfully shared such privations with him for the same object.

Even now, when the once active and vigorous frame of the patriarchal man is bending beneath the weight of years, he employs himself in teaching agriculture, together with the branches commonly taught in the Prussian schools, to a class of orphan boys. What warrior, who rests at last from the labours of the tented field after a life of victories; what statesman, whose name is familiar in all the courts of the civilized world; what orator, who attracts toward himself tides of men wherever he may move in his splendid course; —what one of all these would not, at the sunset of life, exchange his fame and his clustering honours, for that precious and abounding treasury of holy and beneficent deeds, the remembrance of which this good old man is about to carry into another world! Do we not need a new spirit in our community, and especially in our schools, which shall display only objects of virtuous ambition before the eyes of our emulous youth,—and teach them, that no height of official station, no splendour of professional renown, can equal in the eye of Heaven, and of all good men, the true glory of a life consecrated to the welfare of mankind?—Horace Mann.

## OUR GREAT WANT, AND HOW TO REMEDY IT.

*Concluded from page 3.*

I am not prepared with a comprehensive remedy for the want of which I have spoken; but I wish to offer one or two suggestions to you for consideration. I need scarcely remark, that the first thing necessary is, that we, the teachers and elder scholars, should cultivate what we believe to be true piety,—that we should seek after devotional feeling,—and that we should be actuated by an earnest spirit to spread religion,—to call it forth in those with whom we come in contact. For this we require to read the Scriptures, not so much with a desire to learn the manners and customs, the history and literature, of the people to whom they were more especially given, as to impress our minds by thinking of the goodness of God, the love of Christ, and the tendency of religion to make us happy here and hereafter. Prayer is also a most essential requisite for nerving us to resist temptation, for strengthening our good resolutions, for keeping us in the path of duty, and for drawing us nearer and nearer to God.

But in addition to study, meditation, and prayer, it is necessary for us to meet together, and advise and strengthen each other in our Christian work. This mutual encouraging of each other and banding together has a most powerful effect. Though it may have been, and may still be, abused, yet the principle is a good one. Numberless cases there have been in which a few men have sought by earnestness and zeal to elevate their fellow-creatures, until, after labouring for years with no apparent effect, they have gradually given way to disappointment and almost ceased their exertions; but on receiving encouragement they have renewed their efforts, and have finally accomplished their object. It is most desirable and necessary that teachers, on account of the apathy they may meet with in their classes, and the temptations to which they are exposed should meet together, at least once a week, to encourage and counsel each other by

interchange of thought, by mutual study, and by prayer to God.

There are many difficulties in the way of all the teachers who wish meeting on a particular night of the week. Sunday morning, therefore, appears to be the most convenient time; but its great recommendation is, that it is exceedingly appropriate. The early part of the morning is the best time for seeking strength and encouragement from God; for we are about to enter upon the labours of the day, in which we may meet with many temptations that will put to the test our resolutions, and many disappointments that will require all the hope we can summon to our aid. But if there is one time above all others most pre-eminently suited to prayer, it is the morning of Sunday. We have just risen refreshed after the turmoil of a week, and have many sins to ask forgiveness for, or have great reason to give thanks for escaping unhurt through many temptations and trials which have assailed us. The day, too, is hallowed by the most sacred recollections. All its associations remind us of the goodness and wisdom of God, and the loving, self-denying spirit of Christ. Our memory tells us that on this day the Saviour of mankind rose from the dead; and thus demonstrated to a certainty that we are immortal. Everything around is calm and still. The clack of the shuttle is unheard, the ringing of the anvil falls not upon our ears, the noise of the hammer has stopped, the steam engine has also ceased for a time to turn the buzzing machinery, the hard-worked horses are at rest, the streets are almost deserted, the warehouses, manufacturies, and shops are closed, and nature and man seem alike to respect the holy character of the day. Our thoughts are more collected, and we can the better direct them to God to thank him for his numberless blessings through the past week, to seek from him resolution to withstand sin during the coming day and week, to ask him to fill us with a desire to live a just, and holy, and useful life, and to bless him for his great mercy in sending us such an example of all that is loving, humble, useful, and self-denying as we find in Christ.

Prayer and mutual religious encouragement on the Sunday morning are, therefore, recommended by their peculiar appropriateness as well as beneficial tendency to all persons, but particularly to Sunday school teachers. They are about

to enter upon a high and holy task, and it is meet that they should ask God for guidance and success in their labours. How then can Sunday better be commenced by Sunday school teachers than by meeting together before they begin the labours of the day, and by devotion and counsel receive encouragement and strength of will to do that which is right, impart to each other a desire to fulfil the object of life, ask for guidance from God, and bless him for his love to us and all mankind? I believe that if a few teachers filled with earnest and heartfelt piety, were thus to meet Sunday after Sunday, they would be better able to draw out the religious feelings which each scholar possesses to a greater or less degree' and our school would more and more become a "house of God."

We know not what mighty results would flow from the exertions of such a band of teachers. The effects of their labours might not be seen at first, nor, perhaps, would a tithe ever be seen by *them*; but the effects would exist more or less according to the truthful earnestness of the teacher. Like the waters of a spring, for a time they might be hidden from view by a superficial covering of thorns and brambles, but they would exist nevertheless, and ultimately they would emerge forth a living, gushing stream, well fitted to refresh mankind. They would then be so increased in volume as to progress onward and overcome all difficulties. We look upon the Crusades as being very foolish and barbarous, but would it not be well if we were actuated by the same earnest spirit in seeking to rescue the immortal souls of our fellow-creatures from the thraldom of sin, which, in their desire to win from the hands of the infidel the sepulchre of Christ, led them to risk the loss of friends, relatives, lands, houses, comfort, liberty, and life itself—all that was nearest and dearest to them on earth. Surely the object we should seek to attain is more important than theirs; a soul is of more value than a sepulchre, and its rescue from degradation more to be desired.

As an illustration of what great results may flow from apparently trifling causes I may, perhaps, be allowed to mention one anecdote related in one of Mr. W. J. Fox's lectures. A stage coach travelling through Lancashire happened to be upset through the drunkenness of the driver, and some of the passengers were injured. One of them, a gentleman, was

conveyed to a neighbouring house, where he was tended for several weeks by a young woman, who was either daughter or sister of the host; and he conceived such an affection for her, that after he recovered, he married her. The couple soon after emigrated to America, and their grandson or great grandson bore the honoured name of George Washington. Had it not been for that drunken driver upsetting a coach on an out-of-the-way road, in an out-of-the-way district, it is possible that this union would never have taken place, and George Washington would never have lived; and without his counsel and exertions, it is not too much to say that it is hardly likely the colonists of British North America would have entered into that federal union, which has given rise to the present "United States of America," whose ships visit every sea, whose territory is immense, and whose name ranks next to that of Great Britain.

Thus apparent trifles result in mighty events. With such an illustration before us, is it too much to say that with an earnest-hearted, God-loving band of teachers, we might raise up men and women, who would become humble Howards, Mrs. Frys, Clarksons, Wilberforces, Oberlins, Penns, and Wesleys.

If the teachers were to hold a meeting for devotion and scripture-reading early on Sunday mornings, the ties of brotherly love would be knit up between them individually, and between them collectively and the school. Our deepest, highest, and best feelings would be called forth, and with our hearts filled with earnest piety, we should go to our classes, and impart to them true religion.

R. W.

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There is no better armour against the assaults of sin, than to be busy in the service of God. Temptations fall harmless on us while we are trying to do his will. Keep the thought of God then, ever before thee. It shall be a two-edged sword to protect thee from doing wrong.

## EARLY CHRISTIANS.

The emperor Philip was dead, and there was sorrow in many a Christian house at Rome. Though a bad man, he had always been opposed to persecution ; and his successor Decius was a well known enemy to the Nazarenes. Those who had long abused and annoyed them in private, anticipated, with ill-concealed pleasure, the period for a more open manifestation of their hatred. The new emperor was still absent from his capital, and the Christians felt sure that his return would disturb the tranquillity they had now enjoyed for many years. Meanwhile, they met constantly at their places of worship, endeavouring to strengthen themselves by prayer, to meet the trials which were crowding upon them.

It was not often that Paul and Mary were absent from the evening meeting. Now, however, they sat in their small, poorly-furnished abode, watching a sick child. Flushed and restless the baby lay on his mother's knee. The two elder children were gone to their uncle. He had some knowledge of medicine, and though they had little intercourse, his sister hoped he would not refuse to administer to her suffering child. A low knock at the dilapidated door made both parents start. The children entered. To the hurried question, "will he come?" they answered only by a burst of tears. The boy stooped to kiss his brother's burning brow, and as he did so, murmured half aloud "we would rather lose your body than your soul."

"My child," exclaimed his mother.

"Oh mother," said little Martha, we were sorely tempted; uncle said he would come to save no Christian child ; that you must bring Paul up to worship the good old gods of Rome, if he saved his life. He thought he could cure him, he said. When we begged him to come he was angry, and he was even angry with Marcia for being sorry for us.

"Yes," interrupted Matthew, "he is a very wicked man. I felt as if I longed to see him ill and in pain."

"My boy," asked the father in a voice of gentle remonstrance, "is that Christian? Judge not, that ye be not judged; and recompense to no man evil for evil ! "

Whilst they spoke, Mary had prepared herself to go forth. She put her baby into Martha's arms, saying as she did so, "I must see my brother. If he remembers how sad we were when death entered the home of our childhood, he can hardly refuse me."

She had a wearying walk before her. It was long since her father's house had seemed like home to her. In early youth she had embraced the Christian faith. The persuasive beauty of the gospel teaching found echo in her gentle heart. Her subsequent marriage with Paul had more completely estranged her from her family. His ancestors had been among the earliest disciples of Jesus ; nay, he delighted to believe that one of them had risen from the dead at the bidding of the Lord.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of this oft-repeated legend that made Martha ask, in a tone so low that it was scarcely audible, "Oh father, are there really no miracles now? If Christ were with us, we could carry Paul to him. How glad the mothers must have been when Jesus healed their children."

"They must indeed, my child, and yet we must not forget what he has done for us all. Think what it would be if we believed we should lose our darling for ever, instead of that in a few short years we all hope to be together again."

"Oh, father! could any one bear to part *for ever*!"

"Many, dear, have died under the belief, and we can never shew gratitude enough that it is otherwise with us. We may all be put to the proof, dear children, for I verily think we shall soon see the persecutions of which we have only heard."

The evening was wet and stormy, and it sounded drearily to the anxious and watching family. The mother came at length, sad and tired. Her errand had been fruitless, but it was not till the evening hymn was sung, and the children at their rest, that she told her husband all she had gone through.

"Marcus would not come," she said. "He spoke harshly to me, and about you, Paul, but worse than all, he scoffed and mocked at Christ and his teachings. He asked me what kept us poor if not Christianity. He said we denied our children the amusements of their age, and made them grow wise and old before their time. I told him that we loved to see them merry, and that if he could see Matthew at his

sport, he would think there was no happier or braver boy in Rome. Then he asked why we all made such a fuss about this baby. We professed to believe that death was life, and yet grieved more than heathen parents. It was foolish and inconsistent he maintained, and I could not answer him."

"I do not wonder, dear wife; he would not understand how affection is deepened by the belief that its object is immortal. Our children have a value in our eyes, immeasurably beyond what they would have, if this life were to terminate our intercourse. Yet we must hold ourselves ready to part with our youngest born. Does not his sleep look more natural to you now?"

The baby did grow better, and the merry laugh of childhood again rang through the home of Paul. All felt towards the child a love deepened and hallowed by the consciousness that they had so nearly lost him. The little fellow seemed to find this out, for he asked many a favour in his childish way.

His chief delight was when his father carried him out into a more bustling thoroughfare, where he was amused with the gay chariots or the glittering arms of the soldiers. They had wandered far one day, and the boy wearied out, had fallen asleep in his father's arms. Paul's grateful thoughts were interrupted by the conversation of those near him.

"Will they pass this way," asked one.

"Of course; is not this direct for the amphitheatre?"

"They go to the wild beasts then?"

"Yes," interposed a third, "and a fine treat for the animals. There's young and delicate blood amongst them.

"Are the prisoners from Illyricum taken in the last campaign?" asked Paul.

"Prisoners from Illyricum!" exclaimed a soldier; "you must be a stranger in Rome, or else shamefully regardless of her interest. Know you not that it is concerning the hated Nazarenes we speak? Two hundred of them—men, women, and children—are on their way to death, and as they would say, to heaven.

"Well," rejoined a citizen, "they would put down our games if they could, and therefore I think they deserve their fate. You look pale, stranger; you are not well."

"Or else," interrupted the soldier vehemently, "he belongs to the sect of whom we speak. Confess yourself," he con-

tinued, drawing his weapon, "confess yourself, and I'll give your child an easier death than he'll meet elsewhere."

Paul shuddered, and pressing his child to his heart, he said, "you mistake me; I am a heathen like yourselves. The heat"—he could not go on.

"Go to the shade," said one kindly, "this burning sun suits neither you nor your child."

Paul did shrink from the bright sun, for it seemed to penetrate his soul. He fancied every eye looked on him reproachfully, and when his acquaintance bade him good day, he could not reply. He reached the door of his home, but he heard the cheerful voices within, and he dared not enter. He hurried through the city, heedless of those he met. His thoughts were strange and wild,—he seemed to hate the child nestling in his bosom. It appeared like his tempter. He had loved his child before his Lord, and had lost his soul to gain him. The boy awoke and cried, but his father did not hear him. The passers by called his attention, and then he turned again towards home. If he had looked, he would have seen traces of anxious watching on the mother's face, as she fervently exclaimed, "thank God."

He went out immediately, and in silence. The heat of the day was over, and the twilight air, which has so often breathed on the fevered brow like a messenger of love, aroused him now. He passed by other Christian dwellings. The door of one stood open, and he caught the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Better thoughts came now, but like Peter he wept bitterly. His love for his child rushed upon his spirit in full force; and when he sought his house again, it was in the humility of repentance, not the despair of remorse. It was the time for evening prayer, and they waited for him. With a faltering voice, he read the account of Peter's denial of his Lord. Then he related the story of his own transgression. "Take warning from me," he exclaimed, "oh, my children! I hoped to have been an example to you, and I am become a warning. Now, every time I look on yon little one, I shall feel a stab of conscience keener than a lion's tooth. God, my Father, in mercy to thy suffering servant, grant him tortures to bear for thy sake; disappoint his dearest hopes; let his flesh be torn and mutilated in testimony to the truth of thy Son's gospel; but oh! aid his

weakness." So he went on, regardless of every presence, save that of God alone. The perspiration streamed from his brow, and he trembled in every limb.

He was aroused by his wife's gentle touch. She had dismissed the children, and was ready to give what comfort she could to the dejected man.

"Mary," he said at length, "you must despise me, and it is best you should, for I shall welcome suffering and death."

"You shall not meet it alone, Paul."

"For you and my children to perish were worse, yet I ought to welcome even that. It were most hard to be left here alone. Oh, Mary! when we prayed to God to spare the babe whose smile and whose caress were so dear to us, we little thought that in his innocence he would be an occasion to fall in his father's way."

"Yet remember, Paul, we could say at the worst, God's will be done. We will say so now, and surely the remembrance of Christ's blessing on those that bear persecution for his sake, will give the weakest of us strength to bear death, torture, or separation."

"It will to you, Mary, but not to me."

"I think it will to you too, Paul. You were taken by surprise. It was not your own life that was threatened, but your sleeping child's. They must have had cruel hearts, so to trifle with a parent's love. Your own affection for your child must help you to understand God's love to you. You would welcome back an erring child, and Jesus himself assures us that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

Paul did take comfort, but his wife could see in every look and word that he had lost confidence in himself. He h[ad] been accustomed to speak occasionally to his Chri[stian] brethren at their house of meeting. It was still k[ept] in spite of the order to the contrary. Paul only [spoke] more, and that was when, with a struggle, the [cause] of which was known only to God and hi[mself], nounced himself henceforth unworthy to coun[sel] to strengthen his fellow-believers.

Many of the Christians fled from Rom[e] selves in caves. Of those who remained, [some] thrown to the wild beasts, some crucified, [some] tortured in every limb till death came to th[em]

cus was among the most active persecutors, but he did not at first lay desolate his sister's home. It was not till grown used to the sight of blood, and irritated by the exhibition of the courage which he liked to consider a heathen virtue, that he wished to put his own relatives to the test, hoping that they at least would fail, rather than be led to death by his hand.

Paul was absent when with his band of assistants he sought their abode. His sister opened the door freely to him, for no suspicion of the truth crossed her mind. He hesitated but for a moment. Then, taking Matthew by the hand, he told the others to bring the mother and her babe. Martha would have followed them, but he pushed her back. Was it that in her loveliness she moved his iron heart, or that in the refinement of his cruelty he would divide the family ?

"Stay, child, for your father," was all he uttered, as he hurried his victims away.

Martha thought her uncle's conduct strange, but she did not know the full depth of her sorrow. When her father returned he understood it well. His first exclamation was, "thank God."

Martha looked up wonderingly.

"Not for your share of this bitter grief, dearest, only for my own. Stay here, my child, till I return."

He wandered about the city, striving to obtain tidings of his family. It was late in the day, and the games were over. Early the next morning he renewed his search, and resolved to suffer to the utmost he went to the amphitheatre. The arena was covered with fresh sand. Thousands of every age, sex, and rank were assembled as spectators. One prisoner fter another was dragged forward, the beasts let out,—a fear- ruggle,—blood and death. The swing door opened for enth time, and calm, upright, and resigned, Mary ith her infant in her arms. Matthew followed ooked round at the multitude, and gazed upwards y. His noble countenance showed a saintly father's heart beat audibly, and his eyes grew boy seen him ? Was that why he started, nself, looked anxiously at his mother ? They hest end of the arena, and there were some silence. Little Paul was sleeping, and his mother clasped him convulsively.

"It will not be long," he whispered; "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"God's will be done;" she replied, and the words, though low, were so distinct in the silence, that many heard them.

This delay was the excess of cruelty, but Marcus had bribed the keepers. He hoped his sister would retract, Christianity would suffer, and his own feeling of superiority be gratified.

There came a voice, "Deny Christ and you shall live."

The colour mounted to her cheeks, and Matthew's eyes flashed scorn.

The persecutors mistook her silence for irresolution. "Deny him for your babe, and he shall live."

"Never," she answered, while scalding tears fell upon the sand.

"Romans—," Matthew began indignantly, but his voice softened at his mother's glance. "Fellow-citizens, may God give you the peace which we enjoy; death itself will then be life."

"Silence," cried the crowd; "let out the beasts."

The gates opened, and a furious tiger bounded in. The multitude yelled with delight, and masses heaved to and fro in anxiety to see the whole. Matthew took his brother in his arms, and rushed forward to meet the beast. One blow from the tiger's paw killed the infant, and Matthew was in its grasp. A lion was let in which seized the mother; and ever and anon the martyrs cheered each other with words of love and hopes of heaven. A pool of blood, which the animals were fast licking up, was soon all that showed Paul where his family had stood. His suppressed agony burst forth in a groan of despair.

The interest of the multitude had been unusually excited, and the remainder of the games caused little attention. Other victims perished,—some prisoners of war, some Christians; and there were combats between trained gladiators. Paul saw none of these. Unconsciously he followed the spectators when they left. As he passed out, a soldier seized him by the arm, exclaiming, "I'm glad to find you are a real true hearted Roman. To tell the truth, I doubted you ever since our last meeting. Your pardon for it. How's your child?

"Soldier," returned Paul, "I thank the one God of

neaven and earth, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he has given me this opportunity of declaring to you what I am in truth. To save my child I denied my Lord."

"Seize him," cried the multitude.

"Seize me if you like, but hear further. I have suffered, for my sin, torments worse than yours. Know, Romans," and here he pressed his hand upon his eyes, "know, Romans, that they who have just died so nobly were mine. Yes, my wife and children have been torn in pieces by your wild beasts. One alone remains. God be merciful to my only child."

"Bear him to the hall of judgment."

He would have been murdered on the way if soldiers had not guarded him. Firm and undaunted he looked around upon his persecutors, bowing his head from side to side to escape the stones hurled at him. Words of thankfulness were all he uttered. His judges tempted him with rewards, and threatened him with torture.

"Your tortures are welcome," he replied. "I deserve them. All I love best are dead—save one. If I could see and bless her I should be at peace."

"Hear him no longer, but bind him to the rack."

They seized him, but his ear caught a familiar voice which called "father." He broke loose from his guards, but they seized him before he saw his child. His lips quivered, and he raised his hands, praying for resignation. Again there came the same cry, "father, father." He did not struggle, and they bound him to the wheel. In a few minutes they took him torn and bleeding from it to tempt and threaten him again. He did not heed them, for he heard the same call, "father," gentler and more distant. A look of transport passed over his face as he murmured, "God is merciful; the worst is spared me. She is dead. It is her spirit calling." They bound him anew, and in a few minutes he lay lifeless on the floor.

Martha had mingled with the crowd. Her beauty and her sorrow had touched the hearts of those around her, and they shielded her from observation.

Alone in her home that night, her father dead, ignorant of the fate of her mother and her brothers, she could yet find comfort in Christ's words, "if the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." On her knees she ex-

claimed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The door opened, and her uncle entered.

"You are come for me," she exclaimed joyfully, "then I shall be with them directly."

"Martha," he answered, "*all* you loved are dead, chiefly through my means. Can you forgive me?"

"Jesus," she replied in a faltering tone, "says, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to those that hate you, and pray for those that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Marcus did not answer; but the beauty of the Christian child's spirit struck deeply on a saddened heart. Sorrow had fallen on his house. His only child had been smitten with sudden and dangerous sickness. In her intervals of reason she asked for her cousins, for she had been frightened by her father's manner to them. As a last hope he led Martha to her bedside. The violence of the disease passed away, and her devoted love to Martha cheered the lone child in her sorrow. Marcus never separated them, for he learned to believe in the Gospel. Martha was a living witness of its truth and beauty, for she showed her love to Christ by keeping his commandments. When Marcus at length laid his child in the grave, it was in the blessed conviction, that in God's "house are many mansions; that this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." A. L. R.

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## HOW TO TEACH THE DEAF AND DUMB TO SPEAK.

FROM HORACE MANN'S EDUCATIONAL TOUR.

The schools for the deaf and dumb, in Prussia, Saxony, and Holland, seem to me decidedly superior to any in this country. With us, the deaf and dumb are taught to converse by signs made with the fingers. There, incredible as it may seem, they are taught to *speak* with the lips and tongue. That a person utterly deprived of the organs of hearing,—who indeed never knew of the existence of voice or sound,—should be able *to talk*, seems almost to transcend the limits of possibility; and surely that teacher is entitled to the character of a great genius as well as benefactor, who conceived, and successfully executed, a plan which, even after it

is accomplished, the world will scarcely credit. In the countries last named, it seems almost absurd to speak of the *Dumb*. Comparatively speaking there are hardly any dumb there ; and the sense of sight, to a great extent, supplies that of hearing.

It is a great blessing to a deaf-mute* to be able to converse in the language of signs. But it is obvious, that as soon as he passes out of the circle of those who understand that language, he is as helpless and hopeless as ever. The power of uttering articulate sounds—of speaking as others speak—alone restores him to society. That this can be done, and in the great majority of cases, I have had abundant proof ; nay, though an entire stranger and speaking a foreign language, I have been able to hold some slight conversation with deaf and dumb pupils who had not completed half their term of study.

With us, this power of conferring the gift of speech upon the deaf and dumb is so novel a fact, and, as it seems to me, one of such intrinsic importance, that I feel authorized, if not required, to give a brief description of the mode in which it is effected.

It is a common opinion in regard to deaf and dumb persons that the organs of speaking, as well as the organs of hearing are defective ; but this is an error,—the incapacity to speak resulting only from the incapacity to hear.

An uninstructed deaf and dumb child must arrive at a considerable age before he would be conscious of the fact of breathing—that is before his mind would propose to itself as a distinct idea, that he actually inhales and exhales air. Having no ear, it would be still later before he would recognize any distinction between such inhalations and expulsions of air as would be accompanied by sound, and such as would not. The first step, therefore, in the instruction of a deaf and dumb child, is to make him conscious of these facts. To give him a knowledge of the fact that he breathes, the teacher seating himself exactly opposite to the light takes the pupil upon his lap or between his knees, so that the pupil's eye shall be on a level with his own, and so that they can look each other directly in the face. The teacher now takes the pupil's right hand in his left, and the pupil's left hand in his right. He

* This name is given to those who are both deaf and dumb, and whose dumbness is simply the result of their total deafness.

places one of the pupil's hands immediately before his own lips, and breathes upon it. He then brings the pupil's other hand into the same position before his (the pupil's) lips, and, through the faculty of imitation, leads him to breathe upon that, just as his first had been breathed upon by the teacher. This exercise is varied indefinitely as to stress or intensity of breathing; and the lessons are repeated again and again, if necessary, until, in each case, the feeling caused by the expulsion of air from the pupil's mouth on the back of one hand, becomes identical with the feeling on the back of the other hand, caused by the expulsion of air from the teacher's mouth. Sometimes a little play mingles with the instruction; and a light object, as a feather or a bit of paper, is blown by the breath.

Another accompaniment of simple breathing is the expansion and subsidence of the chest, as the air is alternately drawn into it and expelled from it. To make the pupil acquainted with this fact, one of his hands is held before the teacher's mouth, as above described, while the other is laid closely upon his breast. The pupil readily perceives the falling motion of the chest when the air is emitted from the lungs, and the rising motion when it is inhaled. His hands are then transferred to his own mouth and chest, where the same acts, performed by himself, produce corresponding motions and sensations. The processes must, of course, be continued for a greater or less length of time, according to the aptitude of the scholar.

The next step is to teach the *fact of sounds*, and their effect or value. For this purpose a third person should be present, standing with the back towards the teacher and pupil. The teacher and pupil being placed as before, the teacher holding the back of one of the pupil's hands before his (the teacher's) mouth, and placing the other upon his breast, breathes as before. The only effect of this is the mere physical sensations produced upon the pupil's hands. But now the teacher speaks with a loud voice, and the person present turns round to answer. The same effect would be produced by calling upon a dog or other domestic animal. Here the pupil perceives an entire new state of facts. The speaking is accompanied by a new position of the organs of speech, and by a greatly increased action of the chest; and it is immediately followed by a movement or recognition on the part of the third person. The pupil's hands are then

transferred to his own mouth and chest, and he is led to shape his organs of speech in imitation of the teacher's, and to make those strong emissions of breath which produce sound. When this sound has been produced by the pupil, both the teacher and the third person intimate by their attention and their approval, that a new thing has been done ; and from that moment, the peculiar effort and the vibrations necessary to the utterance of sounds, are new facts added to the pupil's store of knowledge. These exercises having been pursued for a sufficient length of time, the teacher begins to instruct in the elementary sounds. The letter *h* is the first taught, being only a hard breathing, and therefore forming the connecting link between simple breathing and the utterance of the vowel sounds.

Here it is obvious that the teacher must be a perfect master of the various sounds of the language, and of the positions into which all the vocal organs must be brought in order to enunciate them. All the combined and diversified motions and positions of lips, teeth, tongue, uvula, glottis, windpipe, and so forth, must be as familiar to him, as the position of keys or chords to the performer on the most complicated musical instrument. For this purpose, all the sounds of the language,—and of course all the motions and positions of the organs necessary to produce them,—are reduced to a regular series of gradation. The variations requisite for the vowel sounds are formed into a regular sequence, and a large table is prepared in which the consonant sounds are arranged in a scientific order. To indicate the difference between a long and a short sound, a long sound is uttered accompanied by a slow motion of the hand, and then a short sound of the same vowel accompanied by a quick motion.

As the pupil has no ear, he cannot, strictly speaking, be said to learn sounds ; he only learns motions and vibrations, the former by the eye, the latter by the touch. The parties being seated as I have before described, so that the light shines full upon the teacher's face, one of the pupil's hands is placed upon the teacher's throat, while he is required at the same time to look steadfastly at the teacher's mouth. The simplest sound of a vowel *a* is now uttered, and repeated, by the teacher. He then applies the pupil's other hand to his (the pupil's) throat, and leads him to enunciate

sounds, until the vibrations produced in his own throat resemble those which have been produced by the utterance of the teacher. At this stage of the instruction the pupil understands perfectly what is desired ; and, therefore, he perseveres with effort after effort, until, at last, perhaps after a hundred or five hundred trials, he hits the exact sound, when, conscious of the same vibration in his own organs which he had before felt in those of the teacher, at the same moment that the teacher also recognises the utterance of the true sound, their countenances glow into each other with the light of joy, and not only is a point gained in the instrucfion which will never be lost, but the pupil is animated to renewed exertions. *(To be continued.)*

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## THE TRAVELLER IN THE DESERT.

There is not a country ever so desolate where no flowers grow, or no insects live. Such flowers do not grow, such insects do not live, in vain ; for they teach the wanderer that the same God who took care of him in his own country, among his own kindred, is to be found also in the most distant places, still willing to protect him in his journeyings, and to restore him safe to his home and his friends. Such a traveller* was once crossing a wide sandy desert, where he could find no food to support his strength, and not a drop of water to quench his burning thirst ; he had been robbed by savages of all that he possessed ; and he threw himself down in despair upon a large stone, and in the depth of his misery wished for death. But at that moment he saw a little moss which was growing on the stone ; and the cheering thought occurred to him, that the God who could, in so desolate a place, make one of the least of plants to flourish, would not leave or forsake one of his human offspring. He determined to trust in God and be patient ; he hoped and he prayed ; and in a little while his wants were supplied, and he went on his way in peace.

I should think it must be with delightful feelings, that such a wanderer would say, "Whiter can I go from thy Spirit ?" He cannot go from God's Spirit : that Spirit is in the sky, in the air, over all the earth ; even in the uttermost parts of it ; in the caves of the sea, and the depths of men's heart. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

* Mungo Park.

## THE FATHER TAUGHT BY HIS CHILD.

[Extract from the "Life of Josiah Henson; formerly a slave, now an inhabitant of Canada."]

Mr. H. was good enough to give my eldest boy, Tom, two quarters' schooling, to which the schoolmaster added more of his own kindness, so that my boy learned to read fluently and well. One beautiful summer Sabbath I rose early, and called him to come and read to me. "Where shall I read, father?" "Anywhere, my son," I answered, for I knew not where to direct him. He opened upon Psalm CIII. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." And as he read this beautiful out-pouring of gratitude, which I now first heard, my heart melted within me. I recalled, with all the rapidity of which thought is capable, the whole current of my life; and as I remembered the dangers and afflictions from which the Lord had delivered me, and compared my present condition with what it had been, not only my heart but my eyes overflowed, and I could neither check nor conceal the emotion which overpowered me. When he had finished, Tom turned to me, and asked, "Father, who was David?" He had observed my excitement, and added, "He writes pretty, don't he?" and then repeated his question.

It was a question I was utterly unable to answer. I had never heard of David, but could not bear to acknowledge my ignorance to my own child. So I answered evasively, "He was a man of God, my son." "I suppose so," said he; "but I want to know something more about him. Where did he live? what did he do?" As he went on questioning me, I saw it was in vain to attempt to escape, and so I told him frankly I did not know. "Why, father," said he, "can't you read?" This was a worse question than the other, and if I had any pride in me at the moment, it took it all out of me pretty quick. I told him at once I could not. "Why not?" said he. "Because I never had an opportunity to learn, nor anybody to teach me." "Well, you can learn now, father." "No, my son, I am too old, and have not time enough. I must work all day, or you would

not have enough to eat." "Then you might do it at night." "But still there is nobody to teach me. I can't afford to pay any body for it, and of course no one can do it for nothing." "Why, father, *I'll teach you*—I can do it, I know. And then you'll know so much more, that you can talk better and preach better."*

The little fellow was so earnest, that there was no resisting him; but it is hard to describe the conflicting feelings within me, at such a proposal from such a quarter. I was delighted that my children should have advantages which I had never enjoyed; but it was no slight mortification to think of being instructed by a child of twelve years old.

Yet a true desire to learn, for the good it would do my own mind, conquered the shame, and I resolved to try. But I did not reach this state of mind instantly. I was greatly moved by the conversation I had had with Tom,—so much so, that I could not undertake to preach that day. The congregation were disappointed, and I passed the whole Sunday in solitary reflection in the woods. I was too much occupied with the multitude of my thoughts to return home to dinner, and spent the whole day in secret meditation and prayer, trying to compose myself, and ascertain my true position. It was not difficult to see that my state was one of profound ignorance, and that I ought to use every opportunity of enlightening it. I began to take lessons of Tom, therefore, immediately, and did so every evening, by the light of a pine knot or a piece of bark of the hickory tree, which was the only light I could afford. Weeks passed, and my progress was so slow that poor Tom was almost discouraged, and used to drop asleep sometimes, and whine a little over my dulness, and talk to me very much as a schoolmaster talks to a stupid boy, till I began to be afraid that my age, my want of practice in looking at such little scratches, the daily fatigue, and the dim light, would be effectual preventives of my ever acquiring the art of reading. But Tom's perseverance and mine conquered at last, and in the course of the winter I did really learn to read a little. It was, and has been ever since, a great comfort to me to have made this acquisition; though it has made me comprehend better the terrible abyss of ignorance in which I had been plunged all

* Although entirely without instruction, Henson had been in the habit of preaching to the negroes.

my previous life. It made me also feel more deeply and bitterly the oppression under which I had toiled and groaned, but the crushing and cruel nature of which I scarcely till now fully understood, when I found out, in some slight degree, from what I had been debarred.

At the same time, it made me more anxious than before to do something for the improvement of those who were suffering the same evils I had endured, and who did not know how degraded and ignorant they really were.

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## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem—
Widow and orphan, helpless left;
Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb;
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favour'd than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy brother worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

O pass not, pass not heedless by!—
Perhaps thou canst redeem
One breaking heart from misery;
Go share thy lot with him.

## A RIDE IN JUDEA.*

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

When King David was gaining one town after another in war, he desired to have the high rock on which the Jebusites had built their fort of Jebus. But this rock was so high and so steep that the Jebusites thought no enemy could ever take it: and they therefore sent an insulting message to David that they would make their lame and blind people defend the fort; and then he might take it if he could. The king was in the valley below; and he examined the place, and saw a watercourse which he thought his soldiers could climb. They did climb up by the watercourse, and they took the fort, and cast out the people who were there,—the lame and the blind,—and David went and lived there. This rock was the Mount Zion that David so loved, and of which he sang so much in his Psalms: and the place he lived in, on the summit of the hill, was called the city of David, and afterwards Jerusalem. I was surprised to see how high the hill was,—and to find how long it took to walk up it. The first we saw of it was when we rode on from the valley where David used to keep his father's sheep, near Bethlehem. One long line of wall appeared on a ridge before us, with one large building within it. We knew at once that this was Jerusalem: and when we had come a mile nearer to it, and seen how deep a valley we were to descend into, and how steeply rose the hills on which the city was built, we all thought Jerusalem a grander city than we had expected to see. Our road wound down into the valley, and then up again to the city walls; and we passed under its great gateway, and through the narrow, steep, ill-paved streets, till we came to the house where lodgings were provided for us. When there, we ladies were immediately shown up to the top story of the house, where the most airy rooms were. My room opened upon a platform, where there was a glorious view,—partly over the city, and partly of a high swelling hill which rose

* The following description of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, written by Miss Martineau for this Magazine, is a continuation of what has already appeared in vol. ii., p. 61.

opposite. This hill was the Mount of Olives; and in the town below, I had a full view of a long winding street which is said to be that along which Jesus carried his cross, when he was led out to be crucified. There was seldom any one seen in that street; for Jerusalem is very large for the number of people who live in it; and those who are abroad, go chiefly to the markets and shops: but I saw groups of people very often on the Mount of Olives. Sometimes they came down one road, with their asses laden with corn for the city: sometimes they went up an opposite road towards Bethany, the village where Lazarus and his sisters lived, which is, as we are told in the New Testament, fifteen furlongs, or nearly two miles off. I was never tired of looking abroad upon the Mount of Olives, from the platform on which my room door opened. By day, the unclouded sun cast shadows from the olive trees which are scattered over its slopes; and almost the whole mountain was green with the young wheat,—(for it was now the month of April.) And by night, the moon came up behind the ridge; the large yellow moon which shone all night long, without a cloud ever crossing its face. But it was not enough to look out upon these interesting places. We wished to be there, and examine every spot for ourselves. We went several times to the Mount of Olives: and I twice reached the top of it.

The way to it was through the long narrow street I have mentioned, which is called (in a foreign language) *the Mournful Way*. The street is so narrow, and the blank walls on either hand are so high, that the echo of a horse's feet was such as one might hear between two rocks. We wished very much to see the place where the temple stood: and from a distance we might see it; but we were not allowed to set foot within the enclosure. The most painful thing of all at Jerusalem is to see how the Jews and Christians and Mohamedans hate each other. They shut one another out from their places of worship: and the great church (called a mosque) of the Mohamedans now stands where the temple of the Jews once stood: and if any Jew or Christian were to enter any part of the enclosure, he would be stoned or beaten to death. Just after I left Jerusalem, an English physician was sent for to attend some person whose house was within the enclosure; and as he was coming out, he was seized by the people (though he had not gone to the church itself) and beaten almost to death. The soldiers who were sent saved

him with the utmost difficulty. We were warned of the danger; so we went no nearer than we knew to be safe. Still, when some little boys saw what we were looking at, they cursed us and spat at us, because we did not believe in their prophet, Mohammed. The best view we got was from the top of the governor's house where there was a flat roof, on which chairs were placed for us, on our paying some money to be allowed to sit there a little while. From that place we could overlook the whole ground where the Temple and its Courts existed in the time of Christ. We tried to suppose where the gate was by which he used to come up: and where the treasury was; when he saw the widow cast in the little she had to give; and where he was standing when he so taught the people as that the officers would not lay hands on him, because he spoke as they never heard any other man speak. The present occupiers are afraid lest the Christians or the Jews should get possession of the ground again, some time or other and build a new temple; so they guard the place most carefully; and have built up the finest entrance, called the golden gate, with heavy blocks of stone, keeping sentinels on the watch within, day and night, all the year round. But there are hardly any Christians in Jerusalem now; and the Jews are not very many; and so depressed and weak that they do not think of recovering their beautiful temple ground, unless God gives it them by a miracle. For this they go and pray every Friday. They go to a narrow bit of lane under one part of the temple wall, and there they sit in the dust, or lean their heads against the wall, and weep and sob, and pray that Jehovah will abase their enemies, and make the Jewish worship and power as glorious as ever they were. I never saw a more mournful sight than this.

From the temple wall, the descent is steep into the valley of Jehoshaphat. We went down this steep hill, and at the bottom found the channel where the brook Kedron used to run. There is seldom, or never, any water there now; but we liked to see where the brook was when Jesus used to cross it, to reach the mount of Olives. On the other side of the little bridge, we soon came to the garden of Gethsemane. This is a forlorn-looking place now, to be called a garden. Nothing grows there but eight very old olive trees; and the soil is stony, and the surrounding wall crumbling away. The

garden is less than 200 feet square. A more dreary place than it is now cannot be seen. But we observed how plainly Jesus and his followers must here have seen the crowd, issuing from the city gate at the top of the hill, with torches and clubs, when they were coming out against him. He must have seen them every step of the way, down the hill, and across the brook, and up to the garden gate, when he came forward from among the trees, asking them why they brought swords and staves, and made so much tumult, when they knew that it was never his way to conceal himself or to resist.

It was a toilsome walk from this garden to the top of the mount of Olives,—very steep, and very long, and the road stony. Wheat was growing on the slopes, and trees were scattered about ; and we passed a house, with a chapel, built on the spot where it is believed that Jesus stood when he mourned over the city, and said that there was not one stone of the Temple that should not be thrown down. At the very top, the view must have been so fine, that every lover of his country and people must have delighted in going up there to gaze abroad. To the left (that is, to the east), rose up the mountains of Moab, far away, with the Dead Sea glittering below, and the valley of the Jordan spreading, fruitful as a garden ; and to the right (that is, the west), the pastures were clothed with flocks, and the hills were rich with corn and oil and wine,—with wheat crops, olives, and vines ; while opposite, crowning the hills of Zion and Moriah, stood the glorious city, and the Temple, with its gilded roof flashing in the sunshine, and the smoke of the sacrifice curling up into the clear sky. No wonder Jesus loved to go out to the mount of Olives ! He probably went oftenest up the Bethany road, because his friends lived out that way ; but sometimes too he must have come out hither, to the highest part, to overlook the country and city which he loved, and tried in vain to save.

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" It is told of Massillon, that when his library was burned, he simply said that he had profited little by his books, if they had not taught him to bear their loss ; and so we have profited little by the Bible, if we rely too much on the literal presence of the printed volume, and too little on the pervading influence of its holy spirit."

## ONE FAULT.

"Oh what a wonder!" said a merry little girl; "Mary Newton is in time for school this morning."

"Hush!" said one of her companions, "do not laugh at her; you see she does not know how to bear it."

"We do not any of us mean to laugh *at* her," said Mrs. Hardy, the teacher, who was standing by, "but we will all rejoice *with* her, that she has broken through an evil habit."

The subject of these remarks did not raise her eyes; she looked sorrowful, and while she was saying her last lesson, her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

The cause of her distress was soon explained. Her parents were going to remove to so great a distance, that her future attendance at the school was rendered impossible. She was grieved at having to part from her school-fellows, with whom her obliging disposition made her a general favourite. One little lame girl was thrown into much distress when she heard of her leaving, for Mary would often carry her home when she was tired; and who would be so kind to her when she was gone?

Mary Newton was a girl of quick abilities. She was blessed with a happy temper and generous disposition. But during the two years she had been a Sunday scholar, her late attendance had been a constant source of annoyance to her teacher. The school which she attended was one of those with which our large manufacturing towns abound, and as it was held at one extremity of the town, the distance which many of the teachers and scholars had to walk was considerable. But Mary lived in a neighbouring alley;—her mother always prepared her breakfast for her at an early hour; and in her own class, a good example was set her by four girls who had nearly three miles to walk, and who were never absent from morning prayer, except in case of sickness. There was therefore no excuse for her; but week after week, and month after month passed away, and she was in constant disgrace.

She did not dislike school, nor had she any aversion to study; but she had so confirmed a habit of delay, that she

even deferred what gave her pleasure. She always looked anxiously forward to the Sunday evening in the summer, because she liked to go with her father and mother for a walk into the country ; yet she was never dressed when they were ready to start. She had a favourite phrase of "There's time enough yet," which was used on all occasions. "There's time enough yet to study my lessons," she would say when they ought to have been learned. If her mother drew her attention to the hand on the dial of the old clock when it pointed to five minutes to nine, the hour of prayer at the Sunday school, her invariable reply was, "There's time enough yet."

In the afternoon, as the girls gathered round Mary to bid her good bye, Mrs. Hardy did not interrupt them, but slipping a parcel into her hand, told her not to open it till she reached home. The tears came into Mary's eyes, for she fancied there was not much affection in the tones of her teacher's voice. Was it so, or did her conscience make her fancy it ?

The parcel contained a neatly bound Bible with beautifully large print, and a note, the contents of which made a deep impression on Mary's mind.

"I cannot part from you, my dear child," said Mrs. Hardy, "without making you a present which may serve to call me to your remembrance. I do not give you this book because I have been satisfied with your conduct, but because I have good hopes that you will resolve to do better. A few efforts will conquer the evil habit which has caused us both so much vexation. You made one this morning, and each succeeding one will be more easy.

"Go to another Sunday school, if it be possible. You are twelve years old, and have much lost time to make up. If you cannot do this, reflect on what you have already learned. Read the Bible often ; and look upon it as a gift of invaluable price—not from me—but from your heavenly Father, whose word it is.

"Never neglect the habit of prayer. Be grateful to God when you are happy, and he will support you in trouble. And if ever in any trial you may meet with, you find a difficulty in knowing *what* your duty is, ask yourself what our Saviour would have done in similar circumstances, and abide by the answer to the question.

"Your affectionate teacher, ANNA HARDY."

On reading this note, Mary shed bitter tears. She wondered how she could ever have vexed so kind a friend, and she could surely not have done so if she had had any idea of the extreme pain which it had caused Mrs. Hardy to administer incessant reproof. It seldom occurs to children that the act of finding fault *does* produce pain ; or that the necessity for doing so is doubly distressing on that holy day, when our minds, exempted from the distracting duties of the world, should have a foretaste of the serenity and peace of heaven.

It was not in Mary's power to attend another Sunday school. Soon after her removal, her mother was confined, and she had to stay at home to nurse the baby. Mrs. Newton was an honest, industrious, and unselfish woman, but unfortunately she did not value education. She thought that if she kept her children neat and clean, laid out her husband's earnings prudently, and made his home comfortable, her duty was fulfilled. If she had known the importance of the knowledge which is acquired at a Sunday school, she would have made any personal sacrifice to obtain it for her children. As it was, they had only been sent there in order to get rid of them for a few hours ; and now that Mary's services were wanted at home, not a thought was given to her need of farther spiritual improvement. She spared her, however, to go to an evening school twice a week, where she learned to write and cypher.

Mrs. Hardy would not have found so much difficulty in helping Mary to correct her bad habits, if she had been supported by her mother's authority. The teachers in a Sunday school can do but little without the co-operation of the parents of their scholars, for the faults of six days cannot be corrected in one. When Mrs. Hardy called at any time to ascertain the cause of Mary's absence from her class, Mrs. Newton always behaved respectfully, and thanked her for her kindness. But she did not appreciate it in reality, for when she was gone, and the immediate effect of her conversation had passed away, she would shrug her shoulders and say, that "children would be children."

And so they ought to be in the dearest and best sense of the word—children in guileless simplicity, and in cheerful obedience and loving trust, for has not our Saviour said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven ?"

A year passed away, and there was a sad change in the

family of the Newtons. Mary lost a dear and valuable parent. Her father had overworked himself in his endeavours to provide for his family, and died, a premature old man. He was a weaver by trade, and close confinement, long hours of work, and none of relaxation, had gradually undermined his health. It was in vain, as he looked at his wife and children, that he tried to think his malady a weakness that would soon pass away. When his illness entirely prevented his working, his employer obtained the best medical advice for him, sent him nourishing food from his own table, and paid his full wages with the hope of his restoration to health. But it was too late. No human aid could restore the vigour of a constitution which had been compelled to refuse obedience to the laws of nature.

Mrs. Newton had learned the art of dressmaking and millinery, and, after her husband's death, succeeded in obtaining tolerably regular employment from a milliner. Scanty as her earnings were, she managed to get a living for herself and her four children. Mary attended to the household duties, and took the entire care of her brothers and little sister. At first she thought it rather hard to have so much to do for them, but their dependence on her increased her affection. Love renders the hardest task easy, and her duty in time became her dearest pleasure. As for the baby, she was never weary of relating its wonderful feats.

You might suppose that she would have forgotten what she had learned at the Sunday school. But it was not so. No sooner did she find it impossible to attend one, than she began to regret the opportunities of improvement which she had thrown away. The privation was a real source of sorrow to her ; yet how could she ask her mother to spare her, when she had formerly never appeared to value the privilege of going ?

She would often think, as she played with the baby, that when Nelly was old enough she would teach her all she herself had learned, and then she would take her Bible and read the parts which had been explained to her. And so much of it now appeared to be full of meaning ! The parable of the talent hidden in a napkin was so applicable to her. And then she would remember the look of interest and sorrow with which Mrs. Hardy told her of her faults ; and would wonder what had become of the girls, and whether there

had been any Sunday school parties since she left, and whether the laburnum tree in front of the window near which her class was taught bore as many flowers. And when she thought of the beautiful prints of the Saviour and of little Samuel in prayer, tears would come into her eyes ; tears of regret for mis-spent time, and yet tears of gratitude to God for the good she had derived. It was there that Mary had been taught the importance and benefit of daily prayer, and she had not neglected it ; feeling from her own experience that prayer, like the dew which ascends to heaven, returns in showers laden with the richest spiritual blessings.

Still the old habit of procrastination clung to her, and many a time when she was reminded of duties deferred, she would reply—" There's time enough yet."

It was late one Saturday evening, in the month of November, when Mary was sent to carry home a pretty white bonnet. It was for a wedding, and Mrs. Perkins, the milliner, had already sent an impatient message to the widow because it was not home before. Mary started about 6 o'clock in the evening, and nodded cheerfully as her mother gave her strict directions not to loiter on the way. The distance to Mrs. Perkins' was not far, but one of the streets leading to it was blocked up because it was under repair, and she had to make a long circuit.

She remembered her mother's directions while she passed through a dreary and uninteresting street. Even on entering a large one full of dazzling shops, she at first carefully avoided going near them, and walked a little off the foot-path to prevent her parcel being jostled out of her hand by the passengers.

The thoughtless one was soon, however, attracted by a toy shop, and having a penny in her pocket, went in to buy a little dancing jack for the baby. This was the first delay. A bookseller's window then caught her eye, and she stopped for some time to look at the beautiful prints which were exposed for sale. " The lady will not be married till Monday," said Mary to herself, " a few minutes sooner or later to night will not matter to her. There's time enough yet."

She now approached a crowd of people, in the midst of which stood a miserably clad man who was singing with much spirit, " There's a good time coming, boys." Mary was just thinking how necessary it was that a good time

should come for one who in appearance could not be worse off; when a policeman came up and desired the singer to desist. His hearers fell back suddenly; and, as suddenly, Mary's box was jerked out of her hand. It was a light paper box; the lid came off; the bonnet rolled out and was crushed under the feet of the receding crowd.

Mary's dismay can scarcely be conceived. She picked up the bonnet; wiped it; and tried to bring it into its former shape; but it was of no avail. It was irreparably ruined.

What should she do? The indignation of Mrs. Perkins was very hard to bear, but it would be still worse to meet the sad looks of her mother. There was no money and only sufficient food and coals in the house for the next day, and she was certain that the wages would not be paid. And then *what* caused the accident?

Her sobs attracted the attention of an elderly gentleman who asked her the cause of them; but, too impatient to wait for an answer, he thrust a piece of money into her hand and saying quickly, "Go home, go home; it is getting late, there's sixpence for you," went away. And Mary with a sorrowful heart walked slowly on to the house of Mrs. Perkins.

We will not dwell upon the scene which passed here. The milliner was not only very angry, but most unjust. She would not listen to Mary's tale, nor to her earnest entreaties for a small portion of her mother's wages, but roughly told her that she would never again employ her until the bonnet was paid for, which she had no doubt was intentionally spoiled. As the child turned from the door a neighbouring church clock struck eight, and the thought of her mother's anxiety about her lent wings to feet which would otherwise have been as heavy as lead. S. L.

*(To be continued.)*

## HOW TO TEACH THE DEAF AND DUMB TO SPEAK.

*Continued from page* 37.

The sound of the German vowels being so different from our own, it is difficult to elucidate this subject to one not acquainted with the German language. But let any one lay his finger upon the middle of the upper side of the *pomum adami*, and press it against the windpipe, and then enunciate successively the sounds of the letters *a* and *e*, and he will instantaneously perceive how much higher that part of the

throat is raised, and how much more it is brought forward, in the latter case than in the former. And not only is there a striking difference in the motions of the windpipe, when these two vowels are sounded, but in sounding the letter *e*, almost all the vocal organs are changed from the position which is necessary for enunciating the letter *a*. The tongue is brought much nearer to the roof of the mouth, the lips are partially drawn together, and the whole under-jaw is raised nearer to the upper. Thus every different sound in the language requires a different position and different motions of the vocal organs. Hence the work of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak, consists in training them to arrange the organs of speech into all these positions, and to practice, at will, all this variety of motions. When the pupil looks at and feels the organs of the teacher and their changes, then their positions and motions become to him a visible and tangible alphabet, just as our spoken alphabet is an audible one. For the guttural (throat) sounds, the hands must be placed upon the throat. For the nasal (nose) sounds, the teacher holds one of the pupil's fingers lightly against one side of the lower or membranous part of the nose, and after the vibration there has been felt, places another of the fingers against the same part of his own nose.

During all these processes, the eye is most actively employed. The teacher arranges his own organs in the manner necessary for the production of a given sound, and holds them in that position until the pupil can arrange his own in the same way. Sometimes the pupil is furnished with a mirror, that he may *see* that his own organs are conformed to those of the teacher. If any part of the pupil's tongue is unmanageable, the teacher takes his *spatula*, (an instrument of ivory or horn, in the shape of a spoon-handle,) and raises or depresses it, as the case may require.

But some of the elementary sounds are begun or completed with closed lips, and in such case,—the cheeks not being made of glass,—the pupil cannot see the position or motions of the tongue. To obviate this difficulty, Mr. Reich, of Leipsic, uses a tongue made of Indian rubber, which he can bend or twist at pleasure, till it becomes a type or model of the form he wishes the pupil's tongue to assume.

Later in the course of instruction, the pupils are taught the meaning of italic letters and emphasis. If a child asks for a piece of white paper for instance, a piece of grey is

given him ; and when he intimates that he asked for *white*, the question is written down with a word "white" underscored, and then a piece of white paper is given. Another exercise teaches him a corresponding stress of the voice in speaking.

An extraordinary fact, and one which throws great light upon the constitution of the mind, is, that the deaf and dumb, after learning to read, take great delight in poetry. The measure of the verse wakes up a dormant faculty within them, giving them the pleasure of what we call *time*, although they have no ear to perceive it.

Such is a very brief outline of the laborious processes by which the wonderful work of teaching the dumb to speak is accomplished ; and so extraordinary are the results, that I have often heard pupils, in the deaf and dumb schools of Prussia and Saxony, read with as much distinctness of articulation and appropriateness of expression as is done by some of the children in our own schools who possess perfect organs of speech, and the senses. Nay, so successful are the teachers, that, in some instances they overcome, in a great degree, difficulties arising from a deficiency or malformation of the organs themselves,—such as the loss of front teeth, the tied-tongue, and so forth. In some of the cities which I visited, the pupils who had gone through a course of instruction at the deaf and dumb school were employed as artizans or mechanics, earning a competent livelihood, mingling with other men, and speaking and conversing like them. In the city of Berlin there was a deaf and dumb man, named Habermaass, who was so famed for his correct speaking, that strangers used to call to see him. These he would meet at the door, conduct into the house, and enjoy their surprise when he told them that he was Habermaass. A clergyman of high standing and character, whose acquaintance I formed in Holland, told me that when he was one of the religious instructors of the deaf and dumb school at Groningen, he took a foreign friend one day to visit it ; and when they had gone through the school, his friend observed, that that school was very well, but that it was the deaf and dumb school which he had wished to see. Were it not for the extraordinary case of Laura Bridgman,*—which has compelled assent to what would formerly have been regarded as a fiction or a miracle,—I should hardly venture to

* A deaf, dumb, and blind girl of whom we hope to give some further account.

copy an account of the two following cases from the work of Mr. Moritz Hill, the accomplished instructor of the deaf and dumb school at Weissenfels. They refer to the susceptibility of cultivation of the sense of touch, which he asserts to be generally very acute in the deaf and dumb. The importance of this will be readily appreciated, when we consider how essential light is to the power of reading language, upon the lips and the muscles of the face. In darkness, the deaf and dumb are again cut off from that intercourse with humanity which has been given to them by this beneficent instruction. Mr. Hill gives an account of a girl, whose facility in reading from the lips was so remarkable, that she could read at a great distance by an artificial light, and even with very little light. She was found to be in the habit of conversing in the night with a maid-servant, after the light was extinguished. And this was done only by placing her hand upon the naked breast of her companion. The other case was that of a boy who could read the lips, by placing his hand upon them in the dark, in the same way that Laura reads the motions of another's fingers in the hollow of her own hand.

After a few of the first lessons, it is ordinarily found that the keenest relish for knowledge is awakened in the minds of the pupils. So ardent indeed is the thirst of the deaf and dumb children for knowledge, that one of the most frequent cautions given to teachers by the masters of the art, is not to indulge them in the gratification of their desires to such a degree as to impair health, or produce injurious mental excitement.

In comparing the present condition of the deaf and dumb and the blind with what it was only a few years ago, there is one fact too significant to be omitted. Judge Blackstone published his celebrated Commentaries on the English Law in 1765. In vol. 1, book 1, chap. 8, there occurs the following sentence which was then the acknowledged law in Westminster Hall; and for which he quotes Lord Coke, Fitzherbert, and others :—

"A man who is born deaf, dumb, and blind, is looked upon by the law as in the same state with an idiot; he being supposed incapable of any understanding, as wanting all those senses which furnish the human mind with ideas."

Surely it cannot be denied that education has done something for mankind, since this doctrine was sent forth as a great principle of law.

## THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

The Saviour came to tell us of God, to reveal to us the Father, to teach us how to pray to him in spirit and in truth. But do we understand the Saviour's instructions? Is there not much misapprehension among us regarding prayer? Do we yet know "how to pray?" Are we not on this important subject, but as little children, weak and ignorant? By many prayer is considered only an outward expression of our inward emotions, a supplication for the supply of our bodily and spiritual wants, a confession of our faults and infirmities, and an acknowledgment of our dependance upon the Most High. Truly it is well to go up to the house of God in company, to commune with him, to breathe out our desires, to express our gratitude to him for mercies past, and to implore his future favour. It is well in the quiet silent hour, to retire into the closet of our own hearts, and there commune with the Father of our spirits. But is all prayer included in this? Cannot prayer exist, even though it takes no such form? I think it can and does.

Prayer is to cherish the constant thought of God; and to act as that thought shall prompt us, is to pray. If we think of God as the common Father of all the human race, and meet a fellow-creature in distress, will not our hearts acknowledge the bond of a common brotherhood, and shall we not sympathize with and help his necessities? And by so doing, are we not offering a prayer, holy and acceptable unto God, and beneficial to ourselves? If, when temptation assails us, we think of God as of a being who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, will not that thought be to us a shield and a defence, and enable us to withstand the trial, and to conquer? And is not this conflict a prayer, even though no sound be heard, or the lips be not seen to move? So, under all circumstances, will this thought be a source of strength, of comfort and consolation, and make our whole lives one living prayer.

Let us then cherish this thought in our hearts. Let us live as seeing Him who is invisible. Then will our lives flow on in a constant stream of prayer, and we may humbly hope that hereafter we shall find it accepted.

C. F. S.

## THE LION AND THE DOG.

Waterton, who has long observed the habits of animals, says, that "as every animal knows and observes a certain mode of attack as that by which he can best employ his powers of conquest, a knowledge of this will best enable man to resist such attack. The Dog and the Lion are both most formidable foes to an unarmed man, and it is singular enough, that the very resistance which he would be forced to make in order to escape being worried by the former, would inevitably expose him to certain destruction from the claws and teeth of the latter." An attack from animals of the Dog tribe must be resisted with unceasing exertion, for if they once obtain the mastery, they worry and tear their victim as long as any life remains in it. While the Lion remains motionless for a short time after he has struck down his victim, and thrown himself upon it; and during this interval it very often has happened that the timely help of the unfortunate man's companions has saved him from destruction. But this depends upon his preserving perfect quiet. The slightest motion will provoke the Lion to inflict some fresh injury in order that escape may be impossible.

There is some truth in this distinction. But many instances are known where safety from the attack of watch dogs has been found in non-resistance. Homer was aware of this, for he says that Ulysses approached the enclosure where the swine were kept, the dogs flew at him, when

> "Down sat the sage and cautious to withstand,
> Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand."

There is a story told in Mure's Tour in Greece, that curiously shows how the same incidents and habits of life, and the same results of every day experience, are still found in that country which were there when Homer wrote. Mr. Mure lost his way at night, and sought for shelter in a shepherd's hut: the dogs immediately attacked him, and he was only saved from serious injury by their master beating them off. The old man told him it was his own fault for not taking the customary precaution in such an emergency,—that he ought to have stopped and sat down until some person

whom the animals knew came to protect him. He found that this was true,—that if any one so attacked sits down, the dogs will squat down round him, and remain quiet as long as he keeps still.

Formerly the great storehouses for corn at Dantzic, which are situated on an island, were protected by savage mastiffs. The gates on the bridges were shut at night, and the dogs were then let loose, after which it was almost certain death for any one to attempt to cross the island on foot, unless protected by one of their keepers. A musician returning home one night, from some cause refused to give them the usual fee, and resolved to cross alone. He was soon surrounded by the savage creatures, and attempted to protect himself by setting his back against a wall. He accidentally stumbled backwards and fell upon a door step. The dogs stood round, when a chance sound that came from his violin, made him think of trying the effect of music upon them. He played until utterly exhausted. They did not attempt to touch him as long as he continued playing, but howled in concert. But when he stopped they showed a strong intention to renew the attack, and, though worn out with fatigue, he was obliged to begin again, fiddling for his life. He was rescued at last by the keepers, who took compassion on him. Probably the dogs judged that he meant to attempt escape when he ceased from playing.

The same book contains a striking instance of the great benefit which may be derived from the short interval that elapses between the first stroke of the lion and the beginning of his fearful meal, by those who have the coolness and courage to remain perfectly motionless. An officer in India had been dashed to the ground by a lion, who seized his arms with his teeth and claws, and lay crouched upon him. He moved one arm a little, and the beast instantly fractured it again. This warned him to keep still, spite of the dreadful agony of his situation. He had the resolution to do so, and his friends were able to destroy the lion and save his life.

There is great similarity in these cases, though modified by the different instincts of the two animals. The Dog secures his prey by following after it ; if it remains quietly within his reach, there is no immediate inducement for him to seize it ; but any motion that shows an intention either of escape or of resistance, at once rouses him into action. While

the Lion secures his food by a tremendous spring upon it from his place of concealment. The force of the blow and the gripe of his powerful jaws soon destroy life, and he lies there for a while rejoicing in his success : the strong excitement is over, and his victim is secure within his grasp. If a man has the courage to preserve a death-like stillness at that time, he delays for a brief space the awful termination of the scene, and some brave men have thus saved their lives.

E. E.

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## THE RELIGION OF NATURE.

My religion is love ;—'tis the noblest and purest ;
And my temple the universe ;—widest and surest.
I worship my God through his works, which are fair,
And the joy of my thoughts is perpetual prayer.

I awake to new life with the coming of Spring,
When the lark is aloft with the fetterless wing ;
When the thorn and the woodbine are bursting with buds,
And the throstle is heard in the depths of the woods ;
When the verdure grows bright—where the rivulets run,
And the primrose and daisy look up to the sun ;
When the rainbow of April expands o'er the plain,
And a blessing comes down in the drops of the rain ;
When the skies are as pure, and the breezes as mild,
As the smile of my wife, and the kiss of my child.

When Summer in fulness of beauty is born,
I love to be out with the first blush of morn ;
And to pause in the fields where the mower is blythe,
Keeping time with a song to the sweep of his scythe.
At midday I love to revisit the bowers,
'Mid the murmur of bees, and the fragrance of flowers,
And there, in some sylvan and shadowy nook,
To lay myself down on the brink of the brook,
Where the coo of the ring-dove sounds soothingly near,
And the light laugh of childhood comes sweet to my ear.
I love, too, at twilight, to rest in the dell,
Where the tall fern is drooping above the green well,
When peace is around me, below and above,
And my heart is imbued with a spirit of love ;
When the things that I gaze on grow fairer, and seem
Like the fancy-formed shapes of some young poet's dream.

In the calm reign of Autumn, I'm happy to roam
Where the peasant exults in a full harvest-home ;
When the bows of the orchard with fruitage incline,
And the clusters are ripe on the stem of the vine ;
When the leaves of the forest are yellow and sear,
And nature puts on the last smiles of the year ;
When the lark quits the sky, and the linnet the spray,
And all things are clad in the garb of decay.

Aye, and Winter to me hath a thousand delights,
With its short gloomy days, and its long starry nights ;
And I love to go forth ere the dawn, to inhale
The health-breathing freshness that floats in the gale,
When the sun riseth red o'er the crest of the hill,
And the trees of the woodland are hoary and still ;
When the motion and sound of the streamlet are lost
In the rigid embrace of mysterious frost ;
When the hunter is out on the shelterless moor,
And the robin looks in at the cottager's door ;
When the spirit of nature hath folded her wings,
To nourish the seeds of all glorious things :
Till the herb and the leaf, and the fruit and the flower,
Shall awake in the fulness of splendour and power.

There's a harvest of knowledge in all that I see,
For a stone, or a leaf is a treasure to me.
There's the magic of music in every sound,
And the aspect of beauty encircles me round,
While the fast-gushing joy that I fancy and feel
Is more than the language of song can reveal.

Did God set his fountains of light in the skies,
That man should look up with the tears in his eyes ?
Did God make this earth so abundant and fair,
That man should look down with a groan of despair ?
Did God fill the world with harmonious life,
That man should go forth with destruction and strife ?
Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave,
That man should exist as a tyrant and slave?
Away with so hopeless—so joyless a creed,
For the soul that believes it is darken'd indeed !

My religion is love ;—'tis the noblest and purest ;
And my temple the universe ; widest and surest.

J. C. Prince.

## CONVERSATION.

*(From Henry Ware's Formation of the Christian Character.)*

Conversation, while it is a chief source of improvement and pleasure, is also a scene of peculiar trial, and the occasion of much sin. One might suppose that few persons ever dream that they are accountable for what passes in conversation, although there is no point of ordinary life which Jesus and the Apostles have more frequently and sternly put under the control of religious principle. Their language is strikingly urgent on this head ; and yet, so little scrupulousness is there among men, even religious men, that it would seem as if they felt ashamed to be careful in their talk. A thoroughly well-governed speech is so rare, that we still say, in the words of James, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

Do not allow yourself to be off your guard in this respect. Make it a part of your business, by a cautious prudence, to have your speech consistent with the rest of your character. Do not flatter yourself that your thoughts are under due control, your desires properly regulated, or your dispositions subject, as they should be, to Christian principle, if your intercourse with others consists mainly of frivolous gossip, impertinent anecdotes, speculations on the character and affairs of your neighbours, the repetition of former conversations, or a discussion of the current petty scandal of society. Much less if you allow yourself in careless exaggeration on all these points, and that grievous inattention to exact truth which is apt to attend the statements of those whose conversation is made up of these materials. Give no countenance to this lamentable departure from charity and veracity, which, it is mortifying to observe, commonly marks the every-day gossip of the world. Let precision in every statement distinguish what you say, remembering that a little lie, or a little uncharitableness, is no better than a little theft. Be slow to speak those reports to another's disadvantage, which find so ready a circulation, and are so eagerly believed, though every day's experience shows us that a large proportion of them are

unfounded and false. In a word, be convinced that levity, uncharitableness, and falsehood, are as truly immoral and irreligious in the common intercourse of life, as on its more solemn occasions; that idle and injurious words make a part of man's responsible character, as really as blasphemy and idolatry; and that "if any man seem to be religious, and bridle not his tongue, that man's religion is vain."

"A word spoken in season how good it is!" Why should you not do all in your power to elevate the tone of conversation, and render the intercourse of man with man more rational and profitable? Let your example of cheerful, innocent, blameless words, in which neither folly nor austerity shall find place, exhibit the uprightness and purity of a mind, controlled by habitual principle, and be a recommendation of the religion you profess. Let the authority of that faith to which you subject every other department of your character, be extended to those movements, not the least important, in which you exercise the peculiar capacity of a rational being in the interchange of thought. Never let it be said of your tongue, which Watts has truly called "the glory of our frame," that with it you bless God, and at the same time make its habitual carelessness a curse to men, who are formed in the similitude of God.

The influence of the principle which rules within, should thus be seen in all your deportment and intercourse, on every occasion and in every relation. Your outward life should be but the manifestation and expression of the temper which prevails within, the acting out of the sentiments which abide there; so that all who see you may understand, without your saying it in words, how supreme with you is the authority of conscience, how reverent your attachment to truth, how sacred your adherence to duty, how full of good will to men, and how devoutly submissive to God, the habitual tenor of your mind.

## NELLY'S BIRTHDAY.

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

"It is Nelly's birthday! Nelly's birthday!" shouted a troop of merry children, as they came running in from the garden, one beautiful spring morning. The dew still sparkled on the flowers they held in their hands, as they ran into the breakfast room, and gathered round their sister. One clambered up upon her knee, and put his little arms round her neck and kissed her, while another got upon a stool behind her, and wound a wreath of violets and primroses about her hair: the rest got hold of her hands. All claimed a kiss from Nelly, for it was her birthday, and they all loved her dearly. She was four or five years older than any of them, and had grown to be quite her mother's friend, although so young. She had had an elder sister; and when her sister died, a few years ago, she had been her mother's companion in all her thoughts about "dear Susie," and had been a great comfort to her in her sorrow, by helping her to keep the children good and happy. She was their best playfellow, and they were all so fond of her, that they would do anything she asked them. They knew that she never asked them to do what was not right. So Nelly's birthday was a day they dearly loved. Besides, it came in the bright springtime, and it seemed to them as if the birds and flowers and little lambs and young green leaves all came forth into the sunshine to rejoice in Nelly's birthday. It was Sunday too, this year,—happy Sunday,—the day the children always were so happy. And this Sunday they were particularly happy, for in another week it would be Easter Sunday, and Charlie would be home from school.

Their mother came in to breakfast as they all crowded about Nelly. "God bless you, my dear," said she, stooping down to kiss Nelly in the midst of the merry group;—"God bless you, and keep us all happy together." And "God bless you, my child," said the father, as he laid his hand on Nelly's head. And then the children quietly seated themselves on their little chairs, except the youngest, who snugged

herself on Nelly's knee, and their father read to them about Jesus raising Lazarus from the grave. And then he prayed, and thanked God that he had sent Jesus to teach us to be good, and to tell us that we shall live again, and that if we try earnestly to be good, we shall go to him in heaven, and be happy together there for ever. And the children thought of dear Susie, and how happy it would be when they should see her again, and not be separated from her any more. And the little one clasped her arms round Nelly's neck, and said, "But you won't leave us, Nelly dear, will you ?"

"Not unless God wishes it, dear," said Nelly, kissing the sweet smiling face. "But now let us go to mamma, for she wants us to have breakfast."

The little party quickly gathered round the breakfast table, and many plans were laid for the happy day. Nelly would go to the Sunday School first, and teach her little scholars there : this was always one of the happiest parts of Sunday to her. Then she would meet them all at chapel, and afterwards they would have a nice walk, as far as the little ones could go, till dinner. After that, Nelly and Charlie would go to some of the cottages, where the poorest people lived, and take them some birthday presents from Nelly. The children had all helped to make these presents. They knew that Nelly would like it better than anything for herself. Then, while the little ones read to their mother and father, and had their Sunday pleasures, Nelly would go and see some poor old people, who were too old or ill to get to chapel, and would read to them. At night they would all be at home together for happy Sunday evening.

Thus Nelly's birthday passed ; and when her mother went to kiss her in her bed at night, they thanked God together for their happy home, and prayed that they might every year and every day try to make it better and happier.

The next day, Nelly went a long walk with her father, to see a poor old man who was dying, and whom she had often gone to see. He was very fond of Nelly, and had sent word on Sunday, how much he wished to see her once again, before he died. It was a very cold day ; but Nelly had been accustomed to go out in all weathers, and as the old man wished so much to see her, her mother let her go.

"This is very good of you," said the old man, as Nelly kneeled down beside his bed. "God bless you, my dear

young lady, and make you the joy and comfort to others that you have been to me."

Nelly could only take his shrivelled hand in hers, and smooth it gently ;—she could not speak.

"We shall meet again, I trust. Jesus has told us so," pursued the old man in a broken voice. "God will let me see you again, in another world." And the old man raised his eyes to heaven, as if he was already looking for his treasures there.

"I will try," said Nelly ; "I will try to be fit to see you again with God. I will try to do what He wishes," and she hid her face upon the old man's hand, and tears fell fast upon it. For she loved him, and she grieved to part with him, and her heart was full of prayers and resolutions to do and to bear whatever God should ask of her, and to be afraid of nothing but of doing wrong.

The old man's happy dying, which she had watched by for so many weeks, had helped to fill her heart with thoughts of God, and to ripen it for heaven. When she looked up again at the old man, a change had come over his face. Life seemed fleeting fast away. For a moment he tried to exert himself ; a faint flush passed over his face ; a dying whisper breathed from his lips—"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." And then he fell asleep ;—asleep, never to wake again on earth : and as Nelly looked at him, it seemed as if a light from heaven dawned upon the worn face, and made it like the face of an angel. For the end of the good man is peace, and the smile of God rests serenely on his death-bed.

As Nelly walked home with her father, they talked together of this heavenly peace ; and how it comes to old and young who try to do God's will, and love him with their whole hearts.

They had stayed longer than they intended at the old man's cottage, and it grew late and bitterly cold before they reached home. It had been very hot in the little room, and though her father wrapped her cloak close about her, and sheltered her from the wind as much as he could, Nelly caught a violent cold. The next day she was ill in bed,—very, very ill,—and day by day she grew worse. Good Friday came, and her brother Charlie home from school. But there was no glad welcome now to meet him ;—only

tears and silence, and the house so still, and the little children, their merriment all hushed, stepping softly, lest they should "wake dear Nelly," and Charlie's mother folding him silently in her arms, and only her tears speaking to him, as she pressed his cheek to hers. It was Good Friday; and it seemed as if this day of sad and touching, and yet most glorious thoughts, was bringing to this happy family a cross to bear, a trial to endure, which well might bow them before God in agony, and make them cry, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from us."

If this may not be, O God give them strength to say, "Thy will be done!"

Yes, dearest Nell, whom they all loved so dearly, was too ill, they thought, ever to be better. The little children went by turns to see her, creeping one by one into her room, beside their mother, sometimes to look at her asleep, sometimes to carry her a flower; but the mother saw she scarcely looked at the flowers, but fixed her eyes on the dear child that brought them, as if she felt she should not see the treasures she loved dearest, long.

And thus the days passed by, and Easter Sunday came. The cold wind was gone, and the bright soft spring sunshine streamed in at the windows. It was like a summer's day; and the song of birds, the murmuring of the fresh breeze, and the scent of sweet spring flowers came through the open window. Charlie stood there, looking out. So bright, and beautiful, and full of life it all looked, that, as he gazed, he could hardly believe that she, the brightest, happiest, dearest being in that bright world, was dying. But so it was. Nelly was dying. Her mother was beside her, watching her. She could understand her looks, though she could not hear the words; and now, as the Sabbath bell came floating through the air, telling that the hour of prayer drew nigh, she answered Nelly's look:—"Yes, dear, it is Easter Sunday,—the bright happy day when Jesus rose from the grave,—the day when we first knew that we shall live again, and live together always with Jesus, and God in heaven."

The sound of his mother's voice brought Charlie from the window, to his sister's bedside. When Nelly saw him, her eyes turned to the door, as if asking some one else too. Her mother bent down to catch the words that she faintly tried to speak:—"The children—."

"Would you like to see them, dear?" asked her mother.

Her look of deep deep love was all the answer she could give.

Her mother went out to fetch the children who were with their father. Charlie stood beside the bed, silent in his grief. His sister tried to move her hand towards him. "Dear, dear, Nelly," said he, as he took her hand between his, and pressed his cheek to hers, and kissed her; "dearest Nelly—what shall I do when you are gone?"

Nelly gazed at him with that deep look of love which already seemed to him a part of heaven;—and then she raised her eyes to heaven, as if to tell her brother where to seek for help and strength and comfort, and the word, "Father," trembled on her lips.

"Yes, dear, I know," said her brother; "Jesus has told us we shall go to our Father in heaven, and to him, and to all we love. We will try to follow you and Susie there."

A bright, radiant smile spread over Nelly's face as she heard that dear loved name. "God bless you, dearest," said she, making a great effort to speak. "God bless you, dearest—and bring us all home to him in Heaven. Perhaps to-day I shall see dear Susie—and you will be happy thinking of us—and of what Jesus said—I go to prepare a place for you." While she was speaking, her father and mother and the children came into the room. They gathered round the bed, and looked at the bright angel face. She could not speak any more, but the words "I go to prepare a place for you" seemed still to hover on her lips. The effort to speak had quite exhausted her, and she lay as if asleep, for a while. Once more she opened her eyes upon all those beloved faces, and her mother lifted up the little ones, one by one, to kiss her. Once more a bright seraphic smile passed over her face, and shed a light, as if from heaven, over it. And the mother stooped down to kiss her darling child once more. "My child!" exclaimed the mother, as she felt the chill cold cheek, and took the icy hand in hers. "Nelly dear!—dear, dear Nelly!"

No look or sound came to answer her: only that sweet seraphic smile still. She seemed to be asleep, and she looked so serenely peaceful. But no breath came from her cold lips, no motion stirred her still breast. Her mother chafed her cold hands, as if to warm them back to life: but still Nelly

slept on ; no sound or motion disturbed her now. She lay in her calm and peaceful sleep, so still and cold, with the angel smile resting upon her face, as if already she saw dear Susie, as if already she was with God and Jesus.

Yes, Nelly was dead. And the parents and their little ones kneeled down round the bed, and the father prayed to God to comfort them, now they had parted with their dearest treasure. He prayed that each might try to follow in her steps, to be good and kind to all, to think only of doing right, and helping others to do so too, to live, as she ever lived, in the happy love of God, and in the thought of Jesus.

Once more the father kissed his darling child, and said, "God bless thee, dearest." Once more the children kissed that angel face, and their tears fell fast upon the marble brow and cheek ; and the little one, smiling through her tears, looked up to her mother, and said, "She is gone to Susie now." Her mother kneeled down by the bedside, and hid her face in the clothes—and the father took the little ones away, and left her there with her great sorrow.

Charlie went out, and wandered into Nelly's garden. He looked at her gay flowers, at the beautiful bright world, the cloudless sky, and smiling earth, he heard the birds singing, and the rustling breeze pass by. And could it be, that while all looked so bright and gay and happy, Nelly, dearest Nelly, really was dead ? He turned from the sunny garden, and the bright sky, and hiding his face in his hands, burst into tears.

"Yet this is not what Nelly would do," said he, at length. "She would go and try to comfort mamma. At any rate I could help to take care of the children." He looked round the little garden again, and kneeling down in Nelly's arbour, he prayed to God to help him to be good and kind as she was. And it seemed to him now as if the bright sun and cloudless sky shone on him with a message from God, and the blessed words of Jesus filled his heart—"Let not your hearts be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." And Charlie went into the house, comforted and strengthened.

In the evening, the father gathered all his family together in Nelly's room. As she lay upon her bed, a heavenly smile was still resting over her, so beautiful and happy looking that

the children loved to go and watch her, and gather round her. And their father read to them the words of Jesus, and talked to them of the beautiful promise he has given us that we shall live again. They talked of dear Nelly's birthday too, one little week ago, when she was so well, and gay, and busy for them all. And now another birthday was come for her,—her birthday into heaven. This day that she had died, was the one when Jesus rose from his grave to teach us that we too shall live again. It felt to them a holy day for Nelly to have died on. And when they thought of her with Susie, and thought how good she always was, and that God and Jesus would take care of her, they thanked God for all his goodness.

Then they kneeled down and prayed to God, and thanked him for the treasure he had given them, and all the joy that she had been to them, and they prayed that they might grow pure and good and loving too, and might be with her at length, with God in heaven. And they thanked God for the heavenly blessings which Jesus brought, for his beautiful teachings, for his holy life and holy death, for his great love that made him lay down his life that we, by his life and by his death, might learn how to live and how to die—and they blessed God for this holy day, when Jesus rose from the grave, and brought life and immortality to light.

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The nightingales sing round the church yard : the grass grows green over the grave : the little robin keeps watch there, and will watch through the long winter, and when the snow buries every thing in the deep silence of death, he will watch still, for he knows that summer will come again. What was so beautiful and beloved "is not dead, but sleepeth." And the mother watches there, too. And the little children come, with hushed voices and gentle steps. The youngest one has a basket in her hand, full of beautiful flowers to plant near Nelly's grave,—her favourite flowers,—and looking up, with smiling face, she says, "Nelly will like these flowers very much, won't she ?"

"Nelly is not here, dear," her brother answers. "Nelly is gone to God."

M. D.

## HISTORY OF THE ALBIGENSES.

How many battles have been fought for the rights of conscience! We might mention as instances, those occurring between the Huguenots and the Catholics in France, as well as those fought between the Duke of Alva and the inhabitants of the Netherlands. The cruel persecutions of the Covenanters in Scotland by James II., are almost unparalleled, for the ferocity with which he hunted them down. John Huss also, fought the good fight, and died the death of a martyr. Though a feeling of sorrow naturally arises when we contemplate the sufferings of so many victims, yet we rejoice that the strong arm of cruelty and oppression cannot ultimately prevail against the sacred cause of truth: for a while they may impede its progress; but finally it will triumph.

Amongst the class of Christians, who for the sake of truth and conscience, have suffered from war, persecution, and death, no sect has borne its losses and privations more heroically, than the one known by the name of the Albigenses. Their opinions were received from those who introduced Christianity into Gaul. It was chiefly owing to the opposition made by the Albigenses to the corruptions and usurpations of the Romish church, that they drew upon themselves the hatred of the Holy See. Other causes might be mentioned. It is said that the Albigenses entertained the following opinions. They gave the name of superstition to the worshipping of holy relics, images, and crosses; they denied that sin could be forgiven by the purchase of indulgences; they refused to acknowledge the pope as their head in matters of religion; and they disbelieved in the doctrine of purgatory, and in the efficacy of masses and prayers for the dead. The Apostle's Creed was part of their belief; but the Holy Scriptures they made their guide in all matters of faith.

The Gallic heretics were known by the name of Albigenses, which they received from so many inhabiting the city of Albi or Albigesii. They were dispersed throughout Languedoc, a fertile province in the south of France. Commerce and the arts were better understood here and in Provence, than in

any other part of this country ; the inhabitants were highly civilized ; and the Provencal language, which was considered the finest for songs and poetry, was here spoken. It was also studied by many of the most learned men of the age. The inhabitants of this district enjoyed a good deal of liberty, and were a happy race of people until, war breaking out, the cultivation of the arts had to give way to the duties of military service. At this period the vices of the monks and priests had become so notorious, that this enlightened people only entertained contempt towards ecclesiastics. A common saying amongst them was, "I had rather be a priest than have done such a thing." But though they disliked the ignorance and corrupt practices of the priests, they had nevertheless strong religious feeling, and not finding their wants supplied in the Romish church, they had recourse to the ministers of the Albigenses, who were dispersed throughout the province of Languedoc. The teachers of this sect wore a plain black coat and dress, in opposition to the rich, pompous attire of the Catholic priests. They were also noted for their simple diet,—totally abstaining from animal food. But it was by their purity of life, their devotion to works of charity, and their constant and fearless efforts for the promulgation of truth, that they appear to have gained so great an influence over their spiritual charge.

These ministers of the Albigenses were not at first considered heretical ; but rather as a new class of monks, who, by stricter morals and greater zeal, were calculated to kindle religious fervour. Pope Innocent III., was the first to perceive the tendency of the new opinions, and he quickly became aware, that unless independence of mind were checked, the safety of the Romish church would be endangered. He therefore determined to strike terror into the hearts of the sectaries, and instead of endeavouring to lead back those who had strayed from the catholic fold, he ordered his priests to burn their ministers, disperse their flocks, and take possession of the property of all those who should dare to hold opinions different from his own. This pope sent into Languedoc two monks, to carry out his intentions : one of them, Regnier, he made his legate ; the other was brother Guy : afterwards he added Peter of Castelnau, a ferocious bigotted man.

Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, was the ruler of Languedoc : he was engaged in some quarrels with his barons

and nobles when these monks arrived. Peter undertook to make peace between the two parties. The barons promised him, that when he had accomplished this treaty, they would furnish him with troops for destroying the heretics. When Peter required Count Raymond to yield to the requests of the barons and sign the peace, he told the monk that he would neither relinquish his rights, nor allow his industrious and peaceable subjects to be plundered and killed by a foreign army. Peter was enraged at this refusal, and in consequence excommunicated the Count, and placed his country under an interdict. Excommunication being the most severe censure employed by the Roman Catholic church, it was much dreaded by those against whom it was threatened: for should the denounced person die, before the sentence was revoked, Christian burial was denied him. Indeed, whole kingdoms were often thrown into a state of rebellion, by being placed under an interdict: for under this penalty, all church service was suspended, the sacraments were not administered, nor could the funeral service be performed at the burial of the dead. Innocent III., being informed of Peter's proceedings, formally confirmed them by a bull. Though the Count was anxious to save his inoffensive subjects from punishment and persecution, his mild and feeble nature led him to be still more desirous of saving himself. Peter, by making known the sentence of excommunication, roused up so many nobles against the Count, that he at length was fain to sue for peace, promising by an oath, to wage war against the heretics.

The pope thought the native princes too slow in exterminating the heretics; so he preached a crusade against them. This was in the year 1207. Peter also thought that the work of destruction did not proceed fast enough, and was anxious to see the fires kindled, and to witness the destruction of the Albigenses. He went to Raymond, reproached him with his tardiness, which he called baseness, taxed him with favouring the heretics, and again excommunicated him. The Count being provoked, declared that Peter should atone for his insolence with his life. A day or two afterwards, the legate, who left the Count without being reconciled, entered into conversation with one of Raymond's gentlemen, at a little inn on the banks of the Rhone The subject which they discussed was heresy; and the legate irritated the gen-

tleman so much by his insulting language, that the latter struck him a blow, which killed him on the spot. Raymond, though he had used threatening language, was innocent of the death of Peter of Castelnau. In consequence of the death of the legate, the pope was so excited against Raymond, that he again laid his country under an interdict, and ordered all the churches to anathematise him. He likewise freed all his subjects from their allegiance to their ruler, and absolved them from their oaths, saying, "we must not keep faith with those who do not keep the faith;"— a most odious maxim, and inconsistent with the direction of St. Paul, who says, "speak every man truth with his neighbour." He also wrote many letters, requesting assistance in order to destroy Raymond.

In order to induce a large body of Crusaders to join those who were making preparations for exterminating the Albigenses, many privileges were allowed them. The priests assured these deluded men, that all their former vices and crimes would be expiated, if they would take up arms and fight against the heretics; and they gave them full power to plunder the property of the Albigenses, and to slay the men, women, and children; assuring the Crusaders, that should they perish during this sacred war, every sin would be forgiven them. These Crusaders wore the cross on their breasts, instead of on their shoulders, as a mark of distinction from those who waged war in the Holy Land.

When so many were found willing to join the Crusaders in the East, in spite of all the dangers and difficulties attending such expeditions, it is not surprising that numbers readily flocked to take up the cross and carry on a war attended with so little danger and so great a prospect of reward. One of the most active men, in this so called holy war, was the Abbot Arnold Amalric. He belonged to the order of Bernardines, or Cistercians, called also White Monks, from the colour of their cassocks. The monasteries of this order were very numerous in England; amounting at the time of the reformation, to 75. They had also 26 nunneries. The college now called St. John's, in Oxford, was founded in 1437, for scholars of the Cistercian order, who might wish to study there; it was then called St. Bernard's college.

The Abbot Arnold, by his zeal, induced many troops of soldiers to join in the crusade against the Albigenses. At

this time a new order of Friars arose, founded by St Dominic, and called Dominicans or Black Friars, from the colour of their garments. They were also called Inquisitors, from their office, which was, to enquire into the number and quality of suspected heretics in Languedoc, to obtain their confidence, to transmit a faithful account of these particulars, and when the opportunity occurred, to burn them as deserters from the Roman Catholic faith. In consequence of the success of these preaching friars, Innocent III. founded a new ecclesiastical court,—the Inquisition. When any one was suspected of heresy, he was confined in a dark gloomy cell. Should he confess the crime of which he was accused, burning awaited him, and his property was seized. Should he maintain his innocence, he was threatened with the torture. Escape was almost impossible for those once imprisoned within the walls of the Inquisition, and death by the rack or the flames, generally terminated the sufferings of the victims.

It is supposed about 400,000 Crusaders got ready for the approaching war, and the countries particularly marked out for vengeance and destruction were, the States of Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, and those of his nephew, Raymond Roger, Viscount of Alby, Beziers, and Carcassoune. The latter was of a noble, generous disposition, and being a minor when his father died, was left to the care of guardians, who were favourably inclined towards the new doctrines. He was now 24 years of age. Before making preparations for war, he went to visit the legate and told him, that he had done the Church no wrong, that he had no wish to oppose her decrees, that he was innocent of supporting any heretics, and that if any of his officers had given countenance to them, they, and not he, ought to suffer for it : his wish was to live and die a servant to the church. The Pope's legate received him haughtily, and intimated that he must expect no mercy from him ; but must rest his cause on his own powers of defence. From that time the Viscount prepared to make a vigorous effort ; he saw that no alternative remained, but to garrison the towns, and he immediately put himself into a defensive condition.

Raymond VI. overwhelmed with terror, was ready to submit to any indignities or base measures,—even to the wickedness of making war against his own subjects and his

own family,—rather than draw the Crusaders into his own states. He sent ambassadors to the Pope, proposing to submit himself entirely to his holiness. They were kindly received; and the Pope offered Raymond VI. his entire favour, if he would make common cause with the Crusaders, assist in exterminating the heretics, and surrender seven of his best castles. By consenting to these humiliating conditions, and the further indignity of being conducted into church with a cord round his neck and receiving discipline before the altar on his bare shoulders, he obtained from Innocent III. a treacherous promise of peace. He was then restored to the church, allowed to take the cross against the heretics, and as a favour permitted to attack his noble nephew.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## REJOICE EVERMORE.

Believe me that cheerfulness is the natural offspring of true piety. The love of God is as sunshine in the heart, and scatters every dark and dreary thought. If ever Duty should seem hard and irksome to us, as perhaps it sometimes may, religion will enable us to hear in all its stern commands, the loving voice of God: and to obey *that* voice is the happy offering of a grateful heart. If we are in difficulty, it will help us to persevere with faith and hope. If in prosperity, it will double our joy, by leading us to share it with others. If we are in sickness it will prevent our uttering any complaint, or indulging one impatient, murmuring thought. And if we are in health it will make it our chief delight to be up and doing,—ever active in our Master's service.

The truth is, there is a happy view which we may take of life and all its varied changes and events. There is, too, a happy view, which we may take of death,—when standing by the side of the grave, we look not down to the narrow bed below, but up to the home on high. That happy view of life and of death will be ours, if we love God.

T. M.

## ONE FAULT.

*(Concluded from page 50.)*

On reaching home, whither we left Mary hastening after the destruction of the bonnet and her interview with the milliner, she found that her mother was not there. A neighbour was waiting to tell her, that during her absence Mrs. Newton had received a note which summoned her to the death bed of her father. He resided at a village more than twenty miles distant, and she had started in the carrier's cart with the baby, leaving a message that it would be impossible for her to return until the carrier came back on Friday, and that she hoped Mary would take the utmost care of the wages, which, with good management, would last her a fortnight.

For the moment it was a relief to Mary not to see her mother. Grief at her grandfather's illness was blunted by the present source of anxiety. The children were asleep; and she sat down to reflect upon the position in which her fault had placed her. It was not a worse fault than it had ever been, and its consequences surely were too severe. Still as she thought of the past, she remembered much unhappiness had been caused to others by it, and she felt the truth of what Mrs. Hardy had once said; "that the encouragement of a single fault was an act of selfishness." Ah! how very selfish she had been! In her dear father's illness, she once put off going for an opiate for him, until the surgeon was out, and what a weary restless night he had. The cough still appeared to sound in her ears. And since that, her lingering on the road had made her too late to get some cheap clothing for them all, which was sold by some charitable ladies at a certain hour. This fault had not suddenly brought her into distress. There had been many warnings. She went to bed very tired; her head ached from weeping; and irritated at her own folly, she was almost ashamed to pray for deliverance from a trouble so entirely caused by herself.

When Mary drew out the stranger's gift from the corner of her purse on the Monday morning, it did not appear to be of

silver. It was not a sixpenny piece ; it was a half sovereign. She rubbed her eyes and thought she must be dreaming. It could not be. She held it up to the light, and went out into the air to look at it. Yes ! it was really gold. Her heart bounded with delight. But it sank again as she reflected that it was given her by mistake, and that it was no more her property than the money which lay in the desk of the benevolent donor.

She changed the half sovereign, and the sixpence was spent on a few coals and a little milk. The baker would have trusted her, if she could have promised to pay him on her mother's return. But this she could not do ; and was therefore obliged to go to a broker's shop, where she sold her best bonnet, frock, and shoes for a trifling sum of money, which met the necessities of the first few days. They passed wearily enough. Friday night came ; but it brought no arrival. Her heart beat rapidly when she heard the postman's rap on the following morning ; but it turned sick from disappointment as she read a letter, in a strange hand, announcing her mother's intention of remaining where she was another week. Her father still lingered, and entreated her so piteously not to leave him that she could not possibly return.

With the letter still open in her hand, Mary sank into a chair. What was she to do ? Every farthing was spent ; and there was no hope of more. She had but one loaf and a little milk. They must make them last as long as they could, but what was to become of them afterwards ? Her brothers wept bitterly, and said that they should die of hunger and cold if their mother did not come back. Surrounded by people in abject circumstances and almost entire strangers, she could not apply to them for assistance.

They must manage without a fire, and she would go to the baker's and beg of him to trust her. But that would be a debt, and she remembered her father's words a few days before he died ;—"However much poverty may press upon you," he said, "never run into debt. Rather than do that, apply to the parish." Ah ! there was the parish. But her poor mother worked her fingers to the bone to keep them independent of it, and often made it her boast that she had never applied to the board of guardians for relief. No : she could not do that ! It would break her mother's heart.

She would go to Mrs. Hardy. What? To tell her that all her trouble was caused by *the* fault. No, she would die first. Mrs. Hardy would look coldly at her, and perhaps refuse to help her. But then her brothers. Something must be done to get food for them. Should she borrow the stranger's money? It was a sudden thought. It was surely better than trying to incur debts which there was no prospect of paying. But then *that* would be a debt. Mary was certain that she should know him again if she saw him, and she should not have the money to give him. No! this would be the worst debt of all—it would be an act of dishonesty. She started up to drive away the thought.

In the evening her brothers went to bed early to save firing, and before she prepared to follow them, she sat down to reflect again. "Use the stranger's money; he will never miss it," said a loud voice within her. She pondered long, and listened to the voice. It would relieve her troubles. Her brothers' sad looks would reproach her no longer. She could have a good fire and a nice supper when her mother returned, and the dear baby would be very cold after the long journey if there were no fire to warm her by. It was certainly wrong, but it would be the last wrong thing that she would do,—and she was *very* hungry.

But was it so very wrong? Surely the claims of hunger should be satisfied at any cost. A "still small voice" whispered that these were evil thoughts, and warned her not to heed them. But the loud voice again urged her to use the money. As her mind wavered, her eyes accidentally fell upon the Bible, from which she had just been reading the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus to Jemmy and Robert, and her thoughts reverted instantly to the letter which accompanied it. One passage seemed to stand out in distinct characters in her memory:—"If ever, in any trial you may meet with, you find a difficulty in knowing *what* your duty is, think of what our blessed Saviour would have done in the same circumstances, and abide by the answer to the question."

And then she thought of him "who was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin"—of his not knowing "where to lay his head" though he might have possessed wealth and power,—of his hunger which he would not do wrong to satisfy,—and she did not think even if he had done

wrong, he would do another wrong to set it right, and after a long conflict with herself, she fell upon her knees in prayer. She prayed for divine direction—for support in her present trouble for strength to overcome her faults. She had been "led into temptation" she prayed to be "delivered from evil," and the spirit of her earnest prayer was so devout, that she arose relieved and strengthened.

She went to bed with the determination of giving her brothers the small supply of food that there was in the house. She would not touch a morsel until Monday morning, when she would go to the baker and ask him to let her have bread upon condition of her placing her dearest possession, the Bible, in his hands until it could be paid for. She would then try to get work of some kind, and though her ideas were not very clear as to the manner of obtaining it, her heart was lightened. The same God, who had hitherto protected, still watched over them, and full of faith and hope, poor Mary went to sleep with a smile upon her wan and anxious countenance.

Her troubles were nearly ended. It was very late on Monday morning before she arose ; and as she went out to open the shutters a bright and beaming face met her eye. It was a familiar one too—that of the little lame girl who was on the point of knocking at the door. "O Mary, dear Mary," she said, "I am so delighted to see you at last. This is the sixth time that I have tried to find you. I am come to tell you that you may go to a Sunday School party this afternoon. The superintendent gave us leave to bring a friend with us, and I thought of you. We are to have such a happy evening,—a magic lantern and coloured lamps and evergreens and—but you look sorrowful, Mary ? What is the matter, dear ?" Mary cast one glance at her shabby shoes, and another full of sadness at the empty grate. Biddy Warne's earnest inquiries brought forth all the tale of her griefs. The sympathy of Biddy was genuine, and she wept while she listened. When it was finished she said quickly ; "Now Mary, dear, do as I bid you. Do not stir from home, except to carry me a short way, if you can, down the street. I am much stronger than I was, but just carry me a little way as you used to do, and this time I will see whether I cannot repay your trouble. Do not take your Bible to the baker. I have three-pence in my pocket ; buy a loaf with

it. Have patience for an hour or two, and ask me no questions."

In less than three hours there was a cheerful fire in the cottage, and an abundant meal of bread and meat, of which Mary and her two brothers were joyously partaking. What magician had procured it for them ? Mrs. Hardy, who was standing by, and whose eyes glistened with pleasure at seeing the happy looks of the two boys while she unpacked a plentiful basket of provisions. No sooner had Biddy Warne left Mary, than she hastened to tell Mrs. Hardy of her distress. The kind teacher immediately directed coals and wood to be sent to the cottage, and not only supplied the little family with all that they wanted for three days, but brought some plain work, the produce of which would further provide for their necessities, and give Mary the satisfaction of *earning* the fire and supper which would welcome her mother and the baby on their return.

The evening came, and Mary's thoughts turned to the pleasant Sunday School party : but she sewed until bedtime, and while listening to the animated conversation of her merry brothers had more real happiness than if she had been there.

* * * * * * * *

Five years have passed since Mary Newton left the Sunday School, in which she is now a teacher. Mrs. Hardy persuaded her mother, on her return, to take a lodging near her former residence, and procured work for her. Mary then resumed her attendance at the school, paid for the bonnet by small instalments of her earnings from needlework, and as soon as Nelly could go to an infant school obtained a situation as under nursery maid. Her mistress kindly spared her during a part of the Sunday, and after three years she was able to teach a class of young pupils, among whom is her little sister, Nelly. Strict self-examination has convinced her that she has many faults and her endeavours are still earnest to correct them. It was only by repeated efforts, that the one fault, which caused so much sorrow, was conquered. A half sovereign in her little purse serves to remind her of it, and she does not lose the hope of one day being able to restore what is due to her unknown friend. She carefully watches the faults of her scholars, and in reproving them does not hesitate to point out the troubles that were

caused by her own. They are thus induced to confide in her, and a spirit of harmony unites the little band whose characters she has the privilege of assisting to form.

We have all been taught, "there is no such thing as a trifle," let us bear this in mind, and we shall be in no danger of overlooking what we are apt to call trifling faults.

S. L.

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## BIBLE STORIES.

BY MRS. HAWKSHAW.

### INTRODUCTORY.

"Oh, tell us a story, mother,
Let it be of the olden time,
When they say earth held less human dust,
And history's page less crime;
For have not the songs of poets told
Each clime had once its age of gold?"

"Is there no old, old, book, mamma,
Full of stories of the past?
We saw one with strange characters,
That brazen clasps held fast;
We could not lift it from its place,
Or one of its black pages trace."

"An older book than that I have,"
The mother softly said,
And eagerly unto her face
Was raised each infant head;
"Yes older far,—the oldest book
On which man's eyes shall ever look.

"Histories of mighty nations
That long since passed away,
Dark deeds, and fierce idolatries,
And customs that to-day
We shudder at—are written there;
But these, my children's hearts I spare.

"For there are gentler stories,
'Twill do you good to hear,
That waken no misgivings,
Nor call up shapes of fear,

Such as oft gloom around the bed
Of infancy, when sleep has fled.

" Wanderings of shepherd chieftains
On Asia's flowery plains,
Where still their wild memorial
In many a name remains,
Of bubbling well, or sheltering rock,
Where now the Arab tends his flock.

" Deeds of heroic suffering,
For God, for faith, for home,
And hymns, as lofty as their themes,
Are in that ancient tome;
The patriot's prayer, the exile's wail,
The captive's half forgotten tale!

" Like the soft voice of kindness,
Heard through the tempest's rage,
Have come those traits of feelings
From that untutor'd age:
In every land, in every time,
Man's history hath not been *all crime.*

" On Judah's verdant uplands,
Or by the desert well,
Or where upon Assyrian fanes,
The starry splendours fell,
There have been homes, and earthly love,
And hope and faith that looked above.

" These be it ours to seek, where'er
Such love and faith are found;
They are not bounded by one age,
Or fettered to one ground;
And in that search so deep, so wide,
Children, the Bible be our guide!"

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He walks as in the presence of God, that converses with him in frequent prayer and frequent communion; that runs to him in all his necessities, that asks counsel of him in all his doubtings, that opens all his wants to him, that weeps before him for his sins, that asks remedy and support for his weakness, that fears him as a judge, reverences him as a Lord, and loves and obeys him as a Father.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

## SEARCH FOR EMPLOYMENT.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

I was just twelve years old, when I had the misfortune to lose my dear and excellent father, who left his bereaved family, hitherto entirely dependent upon his weekly wages for their support, in a state of great destitution. But young as we were at the time of his death, he had, from our infancy upwards, instilled such good principles into the minds of his children, that they remained by us, to guard us against temptation, and to assist us in doing our duty faithfully, as long as we lived. Our poor mother was a striving industrious woman, who would gladly have worked her fingers to the bone, in order to maintain her fatherless little ones ; and in spite of her great affliction, she lost no time, after the funeral had taken place, in applying in all directions for employment. But in this populous country, it is no easy matter to obtain work ; and though she thankfully undertook the hardest sorts of labour, not usually performed by women, and even endeavoured to break stones, she could not earn enough to support us ; and I well remember, that for several weeks about this time, we were very nearly starved, having scarcely sufficient food to maintain life. Our little sister Jane was too young to help us, except by such light household work as washing up the cups and plates, when placed on the floor for her, collecting sticks for fuel, or patching her pinafore ; but Robert, who was only a year my junior, and quite as anxious as myself to be employed, used to accompany me in the daily excursions which we made, in order to find some means of relieving our mother from the burden of keeping two growing lads, who were quite old enough to support themselves. Morning, noon, and night, did we consult together upon the best way of attaining our object ; and many a weary walk did we take to far distant places, to enquire if any farmer wanted a boy to plough, or weed, or scare away crows ; and many a round did we make through the adjoining villages, to see if shopkeepers or mechanics could give us work.

For a long time all our efforts proved fruitless, until one day when Johnny went out by himself, leaving me to take care of Jane ; he returned after only an hour's absence, and suddenly bursting into our little cottage by the road side, joyfully told us, that one of our neighbours had hired him to bring up the cows to be milked morning and evening, and had actually promised to give him eighteen pence weekly for his services. Dear Johnny, how happy he was at that moment ! He literally danced about in his delight ; threw his cap up to the ceiling, hugged Jane, while he did his best to try and inspire me with hopes of meeting with similar success, and then ran off to where our mother was employed in digging up potatoes to tell her the good news.

Heartily did I rejoice with him, yet I could not quite repress a slight feeling of envy, for I too would so gladly have assisted my mother : and when another week found me still compelled to be idle, and when I saw Johnny so proudly and joyfully bringing home to her the silver which he had earned with his own hands, the idea occurred to me, of leaving my native country, and seeking work at a distance. This idea seemed to give me new life, and having thought about it all the next day, which to a young boy, appeared a long time, I determined to set off the following morning, and that evening confided my plan to Johnny. He said all he could think of, to dissuade me from going, and even cried bitterly, while he declared he should never be happy without me ;—but as he could suggest no better plan I adhered to my resolution, and did my best to console him, by telling him of all I hoped to accomplish, and how we would all live happily together, when I became a rich man. Such a prospect however seemed too uncertain to afford him much consolation, and with both his arms round my neck he ended by sobbing himself to sleep. I had settled in my own mind to set off without taking leave of my mother, as I wished to spare her the pain of parting, and also feared she might positively forbid my putting my plan into execution. I do not now think that I acted rightly on this point, but at that time I satisfied my conscience, by reflecting that it was chiefly for her sake I was leaving home ; an argument doubtless strengthened by the gnawing pangs of hunger, which I constantly endured, and to get rid of which, naturally formed a powerful inducement to an active boy.

I rose on Monday morning at four o'clock, an hour earlier than my mother usually got up ; Johnny's arms were still round my neck, but he slept so soundly, he did not wake when I carefully disengaged myself from his embrace ; and before I went, I placed a new hazel stick, with a hooked end, which he had expressed a wish to possess, by his side ; put the oatcake, intended for my own breakfast, close to little Jane, whose curly head rested lovingly on my mother's shoulder ; prayed to God, that He would bless these dear relatives until my return, and then slipped noiselessly out of the house.

I had a halfpenny in my pocket, forced upon me the preceding evening by Johnny, a second shirt, a pocket handkerchief, a stick knife, which had belonged to my father, and a small tin can, which articles comprised all the earthly wealth in my possession when I quitted my home. It was a lovely morning, and I set forward in the direction of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which town lay about twelve miles from our mother's cottage ; and walked for several hours without pausing, or taking much notice of anything around me, so entirely was my mind occupied with thinking of those I had left, and fancying with no pleasant sensation what my poor mother would feel when she awoke that morning and should discover my absence. But as noon drew on, I became so excessively hungry, that how to get something to eat took the place of every other consideration : and I devoured some stray blackberries with a relish only to be understood by those who have been similarly circumstanced. This poor sustenance did not enable me to walk much farther, and I proceeded so slowly that I was still some distance from Berwick, when the sun set, and I sat down by the road side too faint and weary to take another step.

How long I remained there, I do not know, for I must have fallen asleep, and the stars were shining overhead, when a man roused me by shouting in my ear, and asking me who I was, and how I came there. Having explained as well as I could, that I was on my road to the nearest town, in order to obtain employment, he told me he would give me shelter for the night, and some supper, if I would help him with a job of work he had to complete the next day. To this proposal I gave a willing assent, and he conducted me along a pathway to a very small cottage in which he seemed to live

alone. At least so I supposed that night, but I have no distinct recollection of anything that then took place, except beginning to eat a warm mess of cooked vegetables, and dropping asleep before I had finished them. It was not yet daylight, when the old man called me, and desired me to follow him with a bag, which I was to carry for the purpose of holding the eggs that he was going to collect and take to market at Berwick; he also told me to keep very quiet as the hens were easily disturbed and left their nests, which rendered it difficult to find their eggs. I followed him to a farm house about a quarter of a mile off, not altogether easy, for I had a feeling that there was something wrong in what we were doing; and though I knew nothing about the matter, what the old man had said concerning the hens leaving their nests sounded to me like an excuse for concealment; and then, why should secresy be necessary? Besides, what had he to do with the hens belonging to this large farm house? My heart began to beat very fast, and I felt afraid of showing my suspicions; but the remembrance of my father's repeated injunctions always to be strictly honest, and the thought that God would take care of me, gave me courage to make a stand, and at last I told the old man pretty plainly what was passing in my mind. He looked dreadfully angry at first, and made no reply; but after a few minutes' consideration, he turned towards me, and offered me regular wages, board and lodging, if I would consent to hold my tongue and become his accomplice, for he made no further attempt to conceal that he lived by selling stolen goods. When I refused to have anything to do with him, he threw me on the ground, and pressing his knee heavily on my chest, threatened to kill me, unless I would do as he proposed. But I prayed earnestly, as my mother had taught me to pray when tempted to do wrong, and thus I was enabled to remain firm. I did not yield to the tempting offers which the old man kept repeating, though terribly afraid he would make an end of me, and I dared not call for assistance, for fear I should lead to his being discovered, which I thought would not be right after his kindness to me, the previous evening. He contented himself however, by making me solemnly promise never to tell any one of what had passed, as long as he lived, and then let me go, only detaining my second shirt to pay himself, he said, for the supper he had

given me the night before. This was a sad loss to me, as I had no means of replacing it, but I was well pleased to get off so lightly, and having had a better meal than usual, I did not care about breakfast, but started at a brisk pace to Berwick, which I reached about noon.

It was fair time, and I immediately made many enquiries for work, which all met with such discouraging replies, that once or twice, I even thought of returning home ; but the remembrance of my useless endeavours to obtain employment in our own neighbourhood, and the reluctance I felt to the idea of again becoming a burden upon my mother, prevented my carrying out this project. Night came on, and not daring to spend my only halfpenny, I crept into an empty stall belonging to a stout middle-aged woman who sold fruit ; and devouring some remnants of cabbage stalks, which were lying about on the pavement, slept there till morning, when the return of the market people obliged me to leave this uncomfortable substitute for a bed. The apple and toy women were soon busy employed in unpacking their wares, and joking with each other as they arranged their stalls ; and when thus engaged, one of them overset a large basket of plums, and after I had helped her to gather them all up, she picked out a fine rosy-cheeked apple, and gave it me, saying, "Take this my lad, thou'st done me a good turn, and thou looks hungry enough." I thanked her heartily for a breakfast as unexpected as it was welcome, and which cheered me all the more from the sympathy which had accompanied the gift.

Another day passed hopelessly over, though I went to every part of the town, and even tried to get a place on board one of the fishing boats, which were going out to sea. When evening set in, I entered the humblest sort of chop house I could find, and asked for a slice of bread and cheese, which was quickly supplied, and the landlord invited me to sit down on a bench in the chimney corner while I eat it. After I had finished, I offered him the halfpenny which was all I possessed in payment. When, to my inexpressible dismay, I found my meal had cost twopence ; while the landlord, upon learning my inability to pay for it, seemed to look upon me as a pick-pocket, and refused for some time to let me go. But after pleading the absolute necessity for earning the sum in question, before I could repay him, he at length agreed

to trust me, provided I would promise to let him have the money the next day. To this I assented, and then left the house with a sense of loneliness and a weight of degradation pressing on my mind, that I had never before experienced ; my debt oppressed me terribly, and the terror I felt lest I should not be able to discharge it, prevented my sleeping until nearly morning, though weary enough after wandering about all day.

The following day I roamed about the streets in utter despair ; the church clock actually seemed to go faster than usual, and when it struck four in the afternoon it found me still in the same hopeless situation. Just then a boys' school in the neighbourhood broke up, and a tribe of children poured out with noisy glee into the market place, and in their exuberance of spirits knocked over a little fellow, not more than three years old, who cried bitterly because he had hurt his knee. No one attended to him, and pitying his distress I tried to soothe him, as I had often done my little sister, Jane, when she had tumbled down ; and when he stopped crying, he showed me which way he must go in order to reach his home. The house was not far off, and we found his mother standing at the open door, evidently waiting for him. As he still sobbed, I explained to her what had happened, and she very kindly asked me to come into her neat parlour and rest myself. Taking the child up in her arms, she set food before me, and then bidding me eat as much as I wanted, examined the child's knee, with which however there was not much amiss. I cannot describe how pleasant this comfortable dwelling seemed to me, or how many thoughts of home it recalled. The good lady's voice, too, reminded me of my mother, and when after questioning me as to where I had come from, and whither I was going, she gently expressed her surprise that I could have left home, without my parents' permission, I burst into tears, and could hardly tell her why I had done so. But she was very kind about it, and offered to write herself to my mother to let her know of my safety, if I still wished not to return. This friendly proposal gave me great comfort, and relieved me from the pain, which had tormented me ever since I came to Berwick, whenever I thought of my dear parents anxiety, and I entreated the good lady, whose name I learned was Elliot, to express my sincere sorrow for having taken such a

step, without my mother's leave. I also requested her to give my love to all at home, and to tell them I would work very hard as soon as I could find employment, and that I hoped to go and see them before long. When I took my leave, the little boy's mother gave me a silver sixpence, and told me, if I could not get work in the course of the next few days, to come again. *She* was poor too she said, but she would rather deny herself some necessary than that I should do wrong, or be tempted to take what did not belong to me. I thanked her with a faltering voice for all her goodness, and went directly to pay the landlord the penny halfpenny which I owed him ; then I sought out my old resting place in the apple woman's stall, and enjoyed a more peaceful night's sleep than I had done, since leaving my native hills.

The lady's words, for though not rich, she was a true lady in mind and manners, were of great service to me just at that time, for they recalled all my father's excellent advice, and kept alive the wish to resist the many temptations to which I was now exposed, and which desire I had had some reason to fear was not so present with me, as it had formerly been. Poverty such as I was then enduring, is a great trial in this respect. The mind becomes depressed and hopeless, when not duly exercised by regular employment ; good resolutions become feeble as the body grows weak from hunger, and if such a state of things continues long, the mental powers get confused, and it is then difficult to know clearly what is right or what is wrong. I felt this more strongly when after the lapse of another fortnight, I was still out of work. The first week of this period I had subsisted upon what remained of the lady's sixpence, after paying for the bread and cheese, and during the second, I was so nearly starved, I do not know how I managed to live, nor do I now remember how the time passed.

But one Sunday morning when I had crawled into a sunny part of the market place, and with a dizzy head seated myself on some steps, while watching the happy groups of boys and girls as they passed me on their way to school or church, a good-natured looking lively boy about my own age came by, who reminded me of my dear brother, Johnny. I could not help crying when I saw him, as I thought of the sweet Sunday mornings, when we had been little boys together, and used to walk hand in hand behind our parents,

as they regularly went to hear divine service. The sound of the bells too, which we always thought seemed to come from heaven itself, made me long to be at home again, and to hear once more the voices of those who loved me. I fancied as I sat there on the cold steps quite alone, that if my mother were only to kiss me, and fold me in her arms, I should forget all my troubles, and that I should neither feel cold, or hungry, or unhappy any more. Then I began to wish I might die, since I could neither get work, to support myself, or to help my mother. But while thinking of all these things, of past joys and present sorrows, the boy of whom I have spoken as resembling Johnny, came down the street again, and this time he stopped to speak to me. He said he was going to the Sunday School, and urged me to accompany him, assuring me the teacher would be very glad to see me, and painting in tempting colours, the interesting lessons I should have, and the kindness with which I should be welcomed. I did not understand above half what he said, but the unusual pleasure, for such it had now become, of hearing myself addressed in tones of affection, tempted me to accept the friendly invitation. But I still hesitated, for how could I disgrace the other neat scholars by my ragged, soiled appearance ? I stated my difficulty to my new friend, who laughed gaily as he replied, while he pulled me by the sleeve to induce me to go with him, " Oh, teacher never minds how we are dressed, if we are but clean ; there's plenty of lads quite as badly off as you are, so come along as fast as you can, or we shall be too late.

Though hardly able to keep up with my conductor, as I was much weakened from want of sufficient nourishment, I followed him into a large well ventilated school-room; where the master gave me so cordial a reception, I felt quite comforted and at ease ; and some boys, who I noticed were very neatly clothed, readily made room for me on their bench, making me sit near the fire, because they said I looked so cold. The teacher, finding I knew how to read, placed a bible in my hands, and taking a verse in turn, we read aloud the first chapter of the sermon on the mount, and then when we had finished, he commenced explaining to the class, in a very interesting manner, the meaning of what we had been reading. But after listening a short time, the dizziness in my head increased so much, that two or three times I

felt myself leaning on my next neighbour, and I suppose I must have fainted ; for when I next remembered anything, I found myself at an open window, in the master's arms, while some one else had been sprinkling water over me. When I was able to speak, and told them how long I had been without a morsel to eat, a young girl came forward, and said in a voice of cordial kindness, which I shall never forget, "Oh, I have got some bread ; pray take this and eat it directly, I am sure it will do you good." It was her own frugal dinner, that she thus offered aud pressed upon me, and too well did I know the value of the gift. A very little proved to restore my strength, and then I entreated her to take back what remained, which she was most unwilling to do, and only consented at last, when the underteacher who had gone out, came back with other food, that he had taken the trouble of procuring on purpose for me, from his own house.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## THE SPRING JOURNEY.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Oh, green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud ;
From the soft vernal sky, to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

Oh, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill ;
Through sunshine and shower, may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of heaven.

## HISTORY OF THE ALBIGENSES.

*(Concluded from page 73.)*

The Pope in his offers of peace to Raymond VI. acted with great dissimulation ; for he had not pardoned him in his heart. But he thought, by separating the uncle from the nephew, and exciting dissension between them, the conquest of each would be more easily accomplished ; since he had resolved to crush both. Those who supported this war, were only required to attend for forty days, and as the Bernardine Monks promised to all who should perish, forgiveness of every sin, it is not surprising that they should draw after them nearly the whole of the ignorant multitude. Some, who followed, were too weak to fight as regular soldiers ; but they armed themselves with clubs, and thought they might be able at least to cope with women and children.

On the other hand, Raymond Roger, nephew to Raymond VI., and Viscount of Alby, called together his allies and vassals, and told them how he had been received by the legate ; upon which, they all agreed to support his cause, and defend themselves against the Crusaders, whose riotous and arrogant behaviour was already beginning to give offence. Many, indeed a great part of those who took up arms to defend themselves against the Crusaders, were Roman Catholics. Preparations being completed, a great number of barons shut themselves up in their castles ; others abandoned them at the approach of the fanatics. Some of these strongholds were burned by the Crusaders. Chasseneuil, after a noble resistance, capitulated ; the garrison being allowed to depart. But men, women, and children were burned, amidst the rejoicings of the Crusaders, and all the property was given up to plunder. The hopes of Raymond Roger rested mainly on his two chief cities, Beziers and Carcassonne. He divided between them his best knights and soldiers, superintended the preparations at Beziers, and when all was completed, exhorted his people to defend themselves valiantly. He then bade them farewell, and shut himself up at Carcassonne,

a city surrounded by walls and ditches : he determined to defend it to the last extremity.

The Crusaders arrived first at Beziers. The bishop of that city immediately waited on the legate, and gave him a list of all those suspected of heresy, whom he wished to have burned. He then returned to his parishioners, and representing to them the great dangers to which they were exposed from the overwhelming numbers of the Crusaders, he exhorted them to deliver up the heretics, by which means they would escape the danger that threatened them. "Tell the legate," replied the citizens, "that our city is good and strong, and that our Lord will not fail to succour us in our great necessities, and that rather than commit the baseness demanded of us, we would eat our own children." The citizens of Beziers commenced warfare by attacking their enemies whilst forming their camp ; but the fanaticism and desperate boldness of the Crusaders, as they encountered the assault, were terrible. The citizens were repulsed with great loss, and pursued so eagerly, that the enemy entered the gates with them, and became masters of Beziers, without even having formed their plan of attack. Before commencing the massacre, the knights sent to the legate, Arnold Amalric, to know how they should distinguish the heretics from the Catholics. This minister of the gospel of peace, and legate of Christ's vicar upon earth, replied as follows. "Kill them all, the Lord will know his own." The multitude rushed to the cathedral and the churches, vainly expecting to find sanctuary there ; but all were massacred, even the houses were pillaged, and then the pilgrims set fire to the city. Terror reigned through the whole country. The inhabitants from the neighbouring villages and towns, fled to the woods and mountains, rather than await the blood-thirsty fanatics. As they advanced, they found most of the castles, which were all fortified in those days, deserted. Still they were unsatiated with the number of victims, and longed to kindle fresh fires and shed more blood.

At last they arrived at Carcassonne ; a city well fortified, and defended by a numerous garrison. The two suburbs were soon possessed by the Crusaders, and then the inhabitants retired into the city. Peter II., of Arragon, who was the uncle of Raymond Roger, now offered himself as mediator between the viscount and the legate ; but the only terms

he could obtain for his nephew, were that he and twelve others should be allowed to quit the city ; and all the other citizens were to be given up to the legate. Raymond Roger, who knew what kind of mercy was to be expected for his people, if he abandoned them to the legate and the ferocious Crusaders, replied, "Rather than do what the legate demands of me, I would suffer myself to be flayed alive. He shall not have the least of my company at his mercy, for it is on my account they are in danger." Peter of Arragon approved of his nephew's generous conduct, and turning to the citizens, told them to defend themselves bravely. He then bade farewell to the viscount, and departed.

The Crusaders first made an assault upon the walls, and tried to fill the ditches with faggots, which they brought for that purpose ; but as they approached, the besieged poured boiling water and oil upon them, and also crushed them with stones, and so forced them to withdraw. Often was the attack renewed ; but the besiegers were always obliged to retire with loss. The legate, at length, began to perceive symptoms of dissatisfaction in the camp ; the forty days' service was nearly expired ; they had no provisions of any kind for a long siege ; the Crusaders, who looked upon themselves as the soldiers of the Lord, had indulged in the wild hope, that heaven would work some miracle in their favour, and instead of experiencing any miraculous intervention, they felt that their patience and valour only met with repulses. Arnold Amalric, the legate, therefore sent a gentleman into the city, to renew the negociations.

At this time Raymond Roger was most anxious for an honourable capitulation ; he and his people had exerted themselves to the utmost to throw off an oppressive yoke, and cheerfully made great sacrifices to assert their freedom ; the water in the cisterns was now beginning to fail, and the heat was intense. He felt so persuaded of the rectitude of his intentions, that he fancied if he could but obtain a hearing, he should be able to remove every difficulty. The gentleman who came from the legate, offered the viscount a safe conduct, and Raymond Roger, on the strength of it, prepared to visit the enemy's camp. Before he quitted his city, he obtained, both from the legate and the lords of the army, a guarantee for his safety and liberty : the Crusaders even confirmed with oaths their promises. Attended by three

hundred of his best knights, the viscount then presented himself at the legate's tent.

Arnold Amalric was as deeply imbued as the pope with the sentiment, that "to keep faith with those who have it not is an offence against the faith," and he immediately caused Raymond Roger and the three hundred knights to be arrested. When a man shows himself so regardless of the obligations of truth as to say that it is an offence to keep one's word with those who differ from him in religious matters, he is utterly unworthy of confidence and trust, and the probability is, that when he who entertains this sentiment, is prompted by motives of interest to break his word with those of his own faith, he will as unscrupulously violate truth with them, as with those who differ from him in creed. The viscount had always submitted to the decrees of the church, and was a good Catholic. The legate imagined that the inhabitants of Carcassonne would be so struck with terror, when they heard of the capture of their lord, that they would become easy victims; but this treachery did not succeed in that respect; for the citizens were acquainted with a secret passage, by which they could escape from the town. During the night, they abandoned their riches, and took their departure. At the break of day on the following morning, the Crusaders were astonished to find no persons on the walls; they could not believe that the city was deserted; they however rushed in, and the legate, in the name of the church, took possession of the spoil.

The fanatics were enraged at the escape of their intended victims: so that the legate felt obliged to conceal his fruitless treachery. Again he had recourse to falsehood. He unscrupulously announced that he had agreed to a capitulation, by which all the inhabitants were allowed to escape with their lives. At the same time he sent out his scouts, to pursue the fugitives, and bring back any wanderers they might overtake, hoping to procure some victims for the sake of his church. The scouts returned with one hundred and fifty unfortunate men, women, and children. When brought to his presence, he consigned these, with the three hundred knights who accompanied the viscount, to execution. Fires were kindled which consumed three hundred human beings. The remaining one hundred and fifty were hanged.

So ended the first crusade against the Albigenses. No

doubt a pernicious and bigotted creed had stifled for a while the voice of conscience in these misguided fanatics, and their ignorance led them to suppose that they were acting like good soldiers and missionaries of Christ, when persecuting and burning the heretics.

Before dismissing the subject, we must give an account of some of the principal actors in this war on the side of the Albigenses. Their cause was good, their valour great; but they were forced to yield to an overwhelming superiority of numbers. Raymond Roger was a prisoner. The Count of Toulouse had submitted to the most humiliating concessions, and the Albigenses were either destroyed or obliged to hide themselves. The French lords, who began to feel some shame for all the blood that had been shed, and for their broken word to the brave viscount, wished to return home; and the knights and vassals also demanded their dismissal, having fulfilled their term of service.

The legate alone felt that enough had not been done: for some Albigenses still existed, though in concealment, and secretly circulated their opinions. The sacrifice of so many thousands, was not considered sufficient punishment whilst any heretics remained, and the wish of Arnold Amalric was, that the whole nation should be destroyed; imagining that with the annihilation of the heretics, their opinions would be eradicated. Before the breaking up of the camp, the legate required the Crusaders to bestow the conquests that had been made on some prince who would complete the extirpation of heresy.

The Viscounties of Beziers and Carcassonne were first offered to the Duke of Burgundy, who nobly refused them, saying, that it appeared to him they had done Raymond Roger evil enough, without despoiling him of his heritage. The Count of Nevers also declined them on similar grounds. At last, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, a Frenchman, and lord of a castle near Paris, was found base and ambitious enough to accept of the territories of Raymond Roger. His mother was an English woman, and through her he had obtained the earldom of Leicester. He was a cruel perfidious noble, and a fanatic in religion; just the man to please the legate,—that wolf in sheep's clothing. Simon de Montfort took possession of the provinces of the viscount, and received the homage of his vassals; and though almost all

the great lords had returned home, he with his soldiers continued the war until the end of the year 1209, when it appeared to be suspended. Still the noble viscount remained a prisoner; and Simon de Montfort, perceiving him to be pitied, loved, and regretted, determined that he should perish; so he gave the fatal order for his execution, and it is supposed that the viscount was poisoned. The perfidious Simon then exhibited the body to his subjects, and gave him an honourable funeral.

Let us now pause and enquire what was the result of this religious persecution. Thus far had *might* triumphed. The perfidious and vindictive policy of the See of Rome, had all but annihilated the comparatively defenceless Albigenses. Their cities had been pillaged and destroyed, their lives had been sacrificed, and a few poor fugitives only remained: and these, taking refuge in caves and mountains, were liable at any time to be hunted down. A few, a very few, fled to the Vaudois; yet as if to show the power of truth in overcoming the mightiest obstacles, this remnant carried with them their opinions, which gradually spread, until they were adopted by our own Wickliffe, named "the morning star of the Reformation." From his time to the present they have survived; notwithstanding the enormous power which was exerted by the greatest potentates on earth for their suppression. But no form of persecution can ultimately triumph over men, capable of the heroic acts of self-denial and self-sacrifice performed by our forefathers; and to their noble struggles, in defence of the rights of conscience, against those whose theory and practice were, to keep no faith with heretics, and to give them no quarter, though often leading to persecution and death, we are indebted for the recognition of this principle—that freedom of religious opinion, is the privilege of every human mind. Thus the good seed which sprung from the ashes of the martyrs, has produced its fruit; and we owe a debt of unspeakable gratitude to those who so nobly bled for the cause of truth and freedom.

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The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.—MILTON.

## THE SCHIMKY.

*Translated from the German.*

The following account of a curious race of people, one of those peculiar features in a country that are everywhere fast disappearing, is taken from the memoirs of a lady who has left a very interesting description of the every day life of her native town, Dantzic, in Prussia, about seventy years ago. It was then the great corn market of Europe.

"The rude craft from Poland that crowded into the river, Mottlau, as soon as May set its waters free, could hardly be called ships, but rather long pointed rafts without mast or sail, steered by a clumsy rudder, and rowed each by more than a hundred Schimkys. The whole remaining space was piled as high as possible with barley or wheat lying open to wind and weather. When the cargo was discharged, the vessel was broken up, the wood sold, and the crew must find their way home across wild moors and pathless forests on foot. Could a stranger have beheld the scene from the long bridge, he must have thought he had got amongst the canoes of the South Sea Islanders, so utterly un-European did the Schimkys look. It seemed impossible such beings could exist in a country otherwise civilized, and so near Germany. Yet these meagre, tawny, large-boned figures, spite of their savage appearance, had nothing revolting about them. A well-clad comfortable Schimky would be beyond the bounds of possibility. The head was closely shaven, except of the national whiskers, turned yellow by sun and wind, and was covered with a coarse home-made straw hat or flat fur cap: the neck and chest were bare. Trowsers and a frock, girt round the waist with a bit of rope, both made of the coarsest linen, formed the rest of their attire. Wooden soles, thickly set with nails, were bound on to the naked foot, and served instead of boots. The frightful noise that a party of them made in passing along the street was a terror to us children, but I never heard of a Schimky doing harm to any one, or committing any crime. They were serfs, and their life was held of rather less value than a dog's or a horse's. If a nobleman killed one from carelessness or in a passion, he

paid ten dollars fine, and there was an end of the matter. And yet there does not exist a more contented, more joyous people than these degraded serfs, who do not feel the want of what they have never known even by name. Freedom would be a most inconvenient gift to the present generation at least.

"How they go on at home in the winter I know not, in summer they lead the life of a savage. Day and night they lie under the open sky by the river side in order to watch and stir the enormous heaps of corn, till they can be put into the granaries. A very stiff porridge of peas or buck wheat is their unvarying food, cooked in a huge crock hung from a pole upon two forks. If the party can lay hold of a few tallow candles to flavour the soup, the meal is splendid. There they sit crowded together in picturesque groups about their steaming kettle, handling their great wooden spoons, a favourite article of manufacture with them, and dip and swallow and chatter without end. It is true they have their dainties, but they are peculiar ones. As I walked through the granaries one morning, I saw a Schimky prowling about an open provision warehouse, into which he cast longing looks. We stood still a moment to see what it was that this strange fellow had in view; all at once he darted upon a barrel of herrings by the door, but not one did he take out; he only dipped a large lump of black bread he had brought with him, deep into the liquor, and ran off without looking round, as if he had secured some very valuable prize. A draft of corn-brandy is indeed still more to their taste than tallow candles or herring liquor; but even when this creature—half-child, half-ape—gets beclouded, his good temper remains, or their is no malice in his quarrels.

"In the clear twilight of a fine northern summer's night the distant view of the many little fires by which the Schimkys pass the night on the river's bank is very romantic. Strange tinkling sounds are borne on the wind,—one cannot guess from what instrument. The Schimky's must be born Paganinis to bring out anything like a tune from the little red and yellow toy fiddles they buy for a few pence, but nothing disheartened they fiddle away polonaises that they have heard, or make out of their own heads, and generally succeed in throwing their audience into wild excitement; with loud shouts they seize each other's hands, and ranged in couples

they go through the graceful windings of their national dance, or the wild leaps of the mazurka.

"When the sun is shining, especially if you are a little short-sighted, you sometimes see a strange, stout, uncommonly splendid figure approaching, seemingly a Chinese mandarin enveloped in a garment of gold brocade; but on coming close the mandarin changes into a Schimky, hung from head to foot, behind and before, with ropes of the largest, finest golden onions for sale. Besides these, one meets also wandering mountains of crockery; nothing but the shrill cry, 'Pots! pots! buy pots!' that proceeds from them, betrays the Schimky who is housed in this brittle covering. His head alone appears above this travelling shop, and it might easily be mistaken for a part of it. Pots and pans of all sizes are strung upon a rope like beeds, and are then wound skilfully round him. They are made in Poland and brought to Dantzic for sale. The Schimkys also carry on a trade in wooden spoons, which they make in the long winter evenings. They set off on their long journey home, overjoyed if, after months of severe struggles with want and difficulty, they have been able to save enough to buy a few yards of coarse blue cloth, and if besides this they can carry with them a pair of strong nailed boots, their happiness knows no bounds.

## THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

What might not be the effect of bringing home to our minds, and setting before us in our lives, the perfect example of our blessed Master? I fear that we place him too far from us. I fear that we too much neglect to bring him near, and keep him before us, and realize the manner of his conversation and life; and that he requires us, not only to do according to his commandments, but according to his example. Yet why do we not realize this? Why not, in every season, look to him; think how he did in a similar situation; what dispositions he indulged on similar occasions; how he would conduct himself, and how feel, in circumstances like our own? Is not this practicable? Would it not greatly assist us? Would it not often deliver us in perplexity and error? It is true he lived many ages ago. But time and distance are nothing in a case like this. The mind has power

to bring him near, and he is as important and personal a friend now, as if we had lived in his own day. It is true, also, his example is in a sense so perfect, that we may not hope to equal it. But there is nothing impracticable in the virtues of Jesus; his character is one of the most practical in the world; exhibiting specimens of the very dispositions, principles, habits, which are the most constant and indispensable need in the intercourse and duties of life. What more so than his invariable gentleness, his untiring benevolence, his ready forgiveness, his humility, meekness, and patience, his cheerful contentment, his activity in duty, his fortitude in suffering, his unreserved trust in divine providence, his holy submission to the divine will? These are the prominent features in his human character. These are the qualities in which he should be our example; they are the qualities every day, every hour, needed, and the possession of which would render every day, every hour, tranquil, lovely, happy.

Is there not something possible—I had almost said, easy,—in setting up before us such a pattern? If we should do it faithfully, would not our hearts cleave to it? And should we not soon learn to loathe every path, in which we have not seen his pure feet tread? Should we not delight to gaze upon his benevolence and piety, his activity and patience, his humility and fortitude? And while we contemplated them familiarly, should we not even copy them involuntarily, and grow like him, as a child grows like its beloved parent,—unconsciously, and because we could not escape the celestial contagion?

HENRY WARE.

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## BIBLE STUDIES.

BY MRS. HAWKSHAW.

NO. I.—CREATION.

Whence came this fair creation,
This wonder teeming earth,
This silent canopy of stars?
And time, when was its birth?
Rose the world from eternity,
Like the sun from yon boundless sea?

Finished and perfected for man,
By fiat of Almighty will ?
Or through long cycles was it formed ;—
Mysteriously and still
Did atom upon atom fall,
And brooding order settle all ?

Not to reveal the truths
That nature can unfold,
Are we to task the sacred page,
And read its records old ;
Yet did the world in earliest youth
Possess one truth, one highest truth.

That all from one creating mind
Of matter into being rose ;
That all sustained by it shall be,
Until its final close ;
A changeless and almighty God
Had blessed the earth his creatures trod.

Truths many yet mankind may learn,
And science yet unfold ;
But none like that some nameless sage
Taught to the world of old ;
Still shines it now, as first it shone,
Unmixed, divine, alone !

A thousand falsities of man
It hath survived, and will—and oft
In purer form, in ruder minds,
Then in the false and soft :
The tawny Caffre worshipped one
" Good Father "—but the Greek had none.

There is deep beauty in the night,
And gladsome beauty in the day,
And wondrous things for those who search
Upon the humblest way :
Love all, mark all, but reverently
To the Creator bend the knee !

## SEARCH FOR EMPLOYMENT.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

*(Concluded from page 89.)*

The excellent school which I had entered met daily, and for the three weeks, succeeding the memorable Sunday, when I, homeless and wretched, had received such cheering, generous kindness, I continued to attend it regularly, receiving during the whole period, in common with some other starving pupils, a small portion of cooked rice for dinner, from the mistress, who had thus been enabled to supply us, by the consideration of a lady visitor. I observed that the mistress used to spend the greater part of her own period of rest, at the middle of the day, in preparing the dinner for these outcasts, and this instance of generosity, as well as all the intercourse I had with the school, gave me a truly valuable lesson, by showing me how much good there is in the world, which is never heard of.

But comparatively happy as I felt, when sheltered in this quiet haven, so pleasantly employed in acquiring knowledge, and so thoroughly enjoying the companionship of the good natured boy, Jem Sanders, who had first introduced me to the teacher's notice, I knew I ought to be earning my own livelihood, and not living upon charity, while I had hands to work with. My clothes, too, were hardly enough to cover me, and the winter was approaching, which would render it necessary for me to obtain some warmer quarters for the night, than the fruit woman's stall.

Every afternoon, when school was over, I used to wander about the streets seeking work, with a heavy heart; and well do I remember the bitterness of my feelings, when one day, having stopped at the door of a shop, to watch some children getting into a pretty poney carriage, a gentleman, who thought I was begging, said rather harshly, "I never give to beggars in the street. Why don't you work, instead of idling about and getting into mischief." Had I not done my best to find employment? and when more than half starved, had I ever got into bad ways, or begged, as I was

thus accused of? I felt so angry at first that it made me actually think of doing the very thing for which the gentleman had blamed me so unjustly; but better thoughts soon succeeded, and then I wept for sorrow that I was indeed forced to be idle. Just then some one near me exclaimed "Come, come, thou must not give way to despair; tell me thy name, and I will see what can be done for thee, if as thou says, thou really wishes to work."

I turned round surprised, and perceived close to me, an old gentleman, strangely dressed, with a broad brimmed hat and odd looking coat, but with a merry benevolent expression of countenance, which encouraged me to confide my history to him, in answer to his numerous enquiries. He listened very attentively, and then told me, he did not live at Berwick, but was staying with a friend, to whom he would mention me, and he hoped I should soon hear of some situation. Then taking me to a ready made clothes warehouse in the neighbourhood, he clothed me from head to foot, in plain, strong, suitable garments, which made me feel warmer and more respectable, than I had done for many months past. This good deed completed, I vainly attempted to express my thanks, which the old gentleman interrupted by putting a shilling into my hand; and giving me the address of the friend, with whom he was lodging, he walked off, but I ran after him, wishing to return the money, which I said was quite too much after all he had done for me, and which I shrank from receiving after what had been said to me that afternoon about begging. The good man smiled, and holding the shilling out to me to take it again, said "Thou must not refuse what is a free will offering on my part, and if it troubles thy conscience uncomfortably, thou canst repay me, when thou art a rich man, as thou hast told thy brother Johnny thou means to become. Fare thee well; be honest, and thou wilt be sure to thrive, and attain a decent livelihood."

He disappeared, and full of delightful dreams for the future. I impatiently awaited the morning when I was to wait upon this new protector, whom my heavenly Father had raised up to me, in the hour of need. A disappointment, however, was in store for me the next day;—the old quaker gentleman had been suddenly summoned home the night before, in consequence of the dangerous illness of his youngest daughter, and his friend had heard nothing of me. But he received me

kindly, and did not seem to doubt the truth of my story, though he said he had no employment to offer: and I left his house not a little disheartened by another failure, which seemed the harder to bear, because success had this time appeared almost certain.

I slowly returned towards the town, the gentleman's house which I had just left being situated about two miles out of Berwick, and as I was passing the open gate of a large nursery garden, a man who was lifting plants into a cart, which stood at the entrance, asked me to lend him a helping hand with some of the heaviest shrubs. I gladly did so, and we worked hard for a couple of hours at various parts of the business, when we were interrupted by the men's dinner bell. They asked me to go with them, saying I had earned a good meal, and while thus employed, one of them proposed to me that I should become a gardener, and told me a boy was wanted just then, as they had lost one of their sharpest hands the week before, and the man, who had first spoken to me, said I could not do better, and directed me where to find the master of the nursery garden.

There was nothing I liked so well as the idea of working in the open air in the country, and amidst beautiful flowers, and I soon made my way to the head gardener. He seemed to think favourably of me, but objected to taking a boy of whose character he was so entirely ignorant, and I did not know who to refer him to, except the teacher of the Sunday school, and the shopman from whom the good quaker had bought my new clothes, and whose testimony would confirm the truth of that part of my statement. The master gardener appeared pleased at this reference, and then told me that if the teacher's account of me proved satisfactory, he would engage me. I felt so overjoyed, I could not walk quietly, and ran so fast and so heedlessly along the public road, I fell against some one else, who I found was Jem Sanders, looking very sorrowful, and presenting such a contrast to his usual blithe, lively appearance, I was quite alarmed, and anxiously asked what had happened.

His tale when told was pitiful enough. His father had met with a bad accident, which would prevent his resuming his work for a couple of months to come, and the family would soon be in danger of actual starvation, when their little store of savings should be exhausted. Jem wept bitterly, and I

did my best to comfort him, but with little success. I offered him sixpence of the shilling I had received the previous evening, and with some difficulty persuaded him to accept it.

We then separated to our different dwellings, and I lay down to rest, and muse upon my own happy prospects and my friends very sad ones. By and by, I recalled Jem's wish to find employment, that he might help his starving brothers and sisters, and this led me to think about giving up my new place to him. He was older, cleverer, and stronger than I was, and bore a high character with every one, who knew him, for his honesty, industry, and obliging disposition; there did not seem to me a doubt that the nursery gardener would prefer him to me. But it was a long time before I could make up my my mind to this sacrifice of my new-born hopes;—several times I tried to go to sleep, determined to believe I was not called upon to give up this opening to any one else, but I could not sleep, neither could I say my prayers, while my mind continued in this state of conflict. At last I endeavoured to pray, that I might have strength to see and act up to whatever was really my duty, and immediately all seemed to become clear to me. I saw plainly that I could do Jem an important service by letting him apply for this situation, and I settled I would do so, and that I would go the first thing in the morning and tell him of my intentions. As soon as I said this to myself, I forgot all about my own disappointment, and feeling very happy, dropped asleep directly.

Proud of the good news I had to communicate, I went the next day to Jem's father's, and it was truly delightful to witness the happiness of the whole family, particularly of Jem himself, who threw his arms round my neck, without being able to speak. The matter was comfortably arranged that very afternoon, and I had the happiness of hearing that Jem was engaged at a salary of six shillings a week. The men at the garden told me I had been a great fool to act as I had, and that I should soon repent what I had done; but they were mistaken, for this little incident had given me more pleasure than I had experienced since my arrival at Berwick.

I could not help feeling somewhat depressed again, when a few days had gone over, and I knew not where to find a meal, besides having taken a bad cold by sleeping in so ex-

posed a situation. As a last resource I sought my friend Mrs. Elliott, and told her how badly I was off. To my surprise, she said she had been wishing I would call, as she knew of a shoe maker in the town, who wanted a boy to carry out parcels, sweep up the shop, and make himself generally useful. Though very busy, she put aside what she was about, and having forced me to take some food, walked with me to the shoemaker, who lived in a dark narrow street, leading down to the river.

The shop was close and very small,—the back room, which was the largest, being occupied by a foreman and three apprentices, all employed in making shoes. Nothing could look less inviting as a place of residence, but hunger and cold reconcile one to many hardships, and when I heard the shoe maker, Mr. Barlow, say he would take me immediately, and give me three and sixpence a week to begin with, I thanked God for so great and unexpected a blessing. I tried to express my gratitude also to Mrs. Elliott, but she would not hear me, and completed her kindness by providing me with a lodging under the same roof, in the attic of a poor tailor, who, as I afterwards learned, would not have consented to such an arrangement with a boy in Mr. Barlow's employment, had it not been for her recommendation.

When I came to know more about the place and its inhabitants, I did not wonder. The tailor and the shoemaker might have been born in different worlds, so little did they resemble each other ;—not that Mr. Barlow was a bad man, but he did many things, which I had been taught to consider wrong. He did not often go to church, and frequently made use of improper language, while his shop was so untidy, and in such confusion, it was difficult to find what was wanted in it. His apprentices too were idle quarrelsome young men, and had it not been for my dear father's early pious instructions, I should have been in great danger of being led away by their example.

But I had also another preservative against this risk, in the good advice, and improving society of the poor tailor, whose name was Tom Jones. He was a cripple, and never left his attic to breathe the air of heaven, or look upon the green fields. He lived entirely alone ; for he had lost his wife and only son, and no other relations were left to him. His means of subsistence were precarious, and no day passed

without his having to endure much bodily suffering; but never did I see any one so patient and apparently so happy. How I used to enjoy being with him, when the business of the day was over, and when tired of the noise, confusion, and disagreeable state of things below, I crept up the steep stairs, and entered the neatly arranged little room, which seemed a quiet haven, where no storms could enter. Everything in this small apartment looked bright and clean, and regularly at eight o'clock every evening, the well scoured tin kettle was singing on the fire, a white though very coarse cloth spread on the round deal table, a loaf of brown bread and a little jug of milk on one side, at which I always took my place, and on the other side sat Tom Jones, with Robinson Crusoe, the Sunday School Magazine, or some book on Natural History. He would read aloud to me for an hour or two, while I mended my clothes or practised writing; and when it was time to go to bed, he used to bring out the Bible, and I read a chapter to him. He then repeated the Lord's Prayer, and I used to go to bed, though sometimes I could not help watching him, after I had lain down, as he always took out a black profile likeness of his son, and a lock of hair tied with blue ribbon, which had belonged to his departed wife, and looked at them for a long time; while sometimes the tears would roll down his cheeks, without his perceiving them. He would then put them carefully away, and repeat his own prayers, before retiring to rest.

This poor tailor, so happy in his little garret, though cut off from almost all the pleasures of life, constantly reminded me of my own well-ordered home, and strengthened me in my efforts, to hoard up money enough to take a little store to my mother, when the spring should be sufficiently advanced. I could only accomplish this by slow degrees, as my weekly wages were mostly spent in paying for my board and lodging, and in the purchase of shoes, of which I wore out a great many, because my chief employment consisted in carrying out parcels to our customers, which obliged me to walk several miles a day. As May approached, I found I had saved six shillings, and I longed so yearningly to see my mother again, and Johnny, and Jane, that I determined to delay no longer, but asked and obtained leave to set out for my dear home on Saturday morning, upon condition of returning in time for business the following Monday.

With the mention of this visit to my old home, I shall conclude the brief history of my boyish endeavours to obtain employment, and which terminated thus fortunately; as it is not now my purpose, to detail the events of my later life, or to tell how I afterwards became organist to the beautiful cathedral of Durham, in addition to my trade of shoe making, and then sent for my mother and Johnny and my sister Jane, who came and lived with me almost as comfortably and quite as happily as my young imagination had fancied so many years before it came to pass.

The sun was setting behind the grey hills, when, having started from Berwick early in the morning, I approached the humble cottage, where I had passed my pleasant childhood. It was situated close to the road side, at the bottom of a steep hill, and when descending this rough inclined plane, I saw some one, who in the fast waning light I felt sure must be my own mother. She walked very slowly, as if greatly fatigued, and carried a large basket, apparently heavily laden in one hand, while with the other, she frequently raised a handkerchief to her eyes, as if weeping, and as I drew nearer, I distinctly heard her sob. For a moment, all my delight at seeing her vanished, for I thought some new misfortune must have happened, and I could see that neither Johnny nor Jane were standing at the door to wait for her return. But in another moment I had rushed forwards, and thrown my arms round her knees, while happiness at finding her alive and well, suspended all other feelings, and choked the words I strove to speak. She started violently, and then recognising me in an instant and folding me in a warm embrace, which even now brings tears to my eyes to think of, she uttered a shrill cry of joy and wonder, as she exclaimed "My Bobby, my Bobby, art thee come back again to thy old mother at last? God be praised, God be praised for this great mercy. And where hast thee been all this weary time, and why didst thee go without telling me? I never thought to see thee again, in this world, but the Lord has surely heard my prayers, and praised be his name."

Such scenes as these, are never forgotten as long as we live, but they may not be described, and I shall not attempt to tell my readers more of what then passed between the widowed mother and fatherless boy. Alas, my poor parent, I found to my great grief, had never received the letters

before habits have become fixed, and before error has taken its seat and filled the soul with prejudice.

The Sunday School has already accomplished a great reformation in this country, and it is no doubt destined to make yet greater conquest,*—to send out a people who shall be established in every good word and work, who shall be able to open the doors of superstition and set the deluded captives free, and who shall be firm and dauntless amidst the scoff of the sceptic and the sneer of the infidel.

If there had been no Sabbath, there would have been no Sabbath School, and, if there had been no Sabbath School, thousands who are now eminent for piety would have been blasphemers, sunk in the deepest ignorance and vice.

These institutions, therefore, constitute the greatest advantages that the young possess; take these away, and the Sabbath will lose its attractions.

The Sabbath School has been the salvation of this country. While the nations of the continent have been filled with bloodshed, the people of England have been in comparative peace, have joined in a sacred bond of brotherhood, and this is because of the light which has been diffused by Sabbath School instruction.

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I sometimes think there are two sides to the commandment "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"; and that we may say, "Let others do unto you, as you would do unto them;" for pride often prevents our giving others a great deal of pleasure, in not letting them be kind, when their hearts are longing to help: and when we ourselves should wish to do just the same, if we were in their place. Oh! how often I've been hurt, by being coldly told by people not to trouble myself about their care or sorrow, when I saw them in great grief, and wanted to be of comfort. Our Lord Jesus was not above letting others minister to him, for he knew how happy it makes one to do aught for another. It is the happiest work on earth.

FROM MARY BARTON.

* Littleborough, in Gloucestershire, was the place where Robert Raikes had his Sunday School. Religion has flourished there ever since.

## THREE MONTHS UNDER THE SNOW.

*(Continued from page 174.)*

Nov. 26.—I ought to have put in our inventory, several things which may be useful to us, but I will not speak of them, for it will hinder my relating the discovery I have made, and which has been to two captives a cause for great joy. Whilst looking into the state of our furniture and provisions, I searched into every corner to see if I could not find some books. I knew that my father never came up to the chalet without bringing some good book, to read to his people, in place of public worship, which they can never attend here. But it seems he had already taken his little library back to the village. We regretted this very much, for in our solitary prison we had nothing to support and comfort us in the long evenings. This morning I perceived behind the oak chest, a plank, which had slipped there, and I tried to get it out, thinking it might be of some use. While I was doing this, a heavy book fell down, which had been lost no doubt, for several years. It was an old and much worn Bible.

When my grandfather saw this book he exclaimed, "It is the best friend that could visit us in our solitude. My child, the Bible is a book made for the unfortunate, or rather, it is a book which proves in the most touching way, that there is only one misfortune—to forget God, and one true happiness—to love him. You see, my dear Louis, if we are alone, we are not deserted. We have already found means to keep our bodies alive. We now possess food for the soul. It remains with ourselves to make a right use of it. But mark my child, the course of events, by which we are led, first, to feel the great want of divine assistance, and then to find the help of which we are in need. We expected your father in the village for some days; we were uneasy and wished to know the causes of his delay. If we had waited one day more, we should have seen him return. We set off. You know what accident happened to me by the way, which made it impossible to return next day. The snow fell, and we were prisoners. The Lord led us here,

But in one breast remained
That lofty truth, that faith in God ;
The chieftain of a wandering band
Kneels on the flow'ry sod,
And 'neath Chaldea's starry skies,
Commits to God his great emprize.

Prepared to leave the clime
That gave him birth, that holds his dead,
To seek in stranger lands a home,—
Unknown what forms of dread
May meet him on that toilsome way,—
No wonder such a soul should pray.

Oh, 'tis a blessed thing,
Such faith in God as filled
That ancient sage's earnest heart,
And meaner passions stilled :
Yes, that old story ne'er can die,
Great truths beneath its surface lie.

What first impressed the thought
Upon his heart that God is one ?
Softly and sweetly did it come
Like dew the flowers upon ?
Or like the lightning did it burn
Its mark, wherever he might turn ?

Perhaps the lonely voice
With which the desert speaks of God,
Or the glad accents that the flowers
Breathe upward from the sod,
Or deeper than them all, the tone
With which the night sky speaks alone.

His heart had heard ;—for he had kept
It ready for such angel words,—
Not ever listening to the chime
Of gold, or lowing of his herds ;
The faithful heart, its conflicts past,
Shall find the truth it seeks at last.

## BARTIMÆUS.

"I can no longer watch the sun sinking behind those hills, and then look upwards into the deep blue sky for the first evening star," said Bartimæus to his wife, who was guiding his footsteps carefully along the rugged way, which led from the hill side back to Jericho. "For ever those pleasures are lost to me ; and never again shall I gaze, dear wife, upon thy face, and that of little Ruth—" he continued, with a less steady voice, placing his hand affectionately on the shining head of his little daughter, who trotted at his side. "But still how blest I am, to have you both with me, and ever so kind and loving. And if I never again can distinguish my Ruth, from her playmates, by her bright eyes and merry smile, I shall at least, by her sweet voice, and light bounding step ;—and *thy* presence," he continued, pressing his wife's hand, "I ever recognise as the chief good of my existence. Thou hast been my partner and my help-meet in every scene of life hitherto, my hopeful companion in trouble, as well as the sharer of every joy ; and now when I can no longer work as formerly for daily bread, thou art still near me, with cheerful voice bidding me hope for good, though thy heart must be grieved, I know. What shall I render unto the Lord for all these his innumerable blessings to me !"

The wife could not answer directly, for her heart *was* full of anxiety, and her husband's words, caused her eyes to fill with tears, and her voice would be unsteady, she felt. But Bartimæus did not notice her silence—his mind was filled with the holy thoughts which the hour inspired, and in his heart he was thanking God for his mercies, and imploring his blessing on their humble home ; for a dark prospect there was in truth for that little family, and often did heavy thoughts thrust themselves upon the wife's attention ; for since her husband had been stricken with blindness, she had often been troubled to get even daily bread, and poor Bartimæus grieved deeply over his own uselessness, and sometimes thought his affliction a mark of God's anger, and that he was lying under the heavy chastening hand of the Almighty for his sins' sake. But when he talked thus, the wife sent little Ruth to stand at his knee, and she repeated to him in her low sweet voice her favourite psalm—

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,
"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
"He leadeth me beside the still waters,
"He refresheth my soul,
"He leadeth me in the straight path
"For his name's sake.
"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
"I fear no evil, for Thou art with me;
"Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me;
"Thou preparest a table for me
"In the presence of mine enemies;
"Thou anointest my head with oil;
"My cup runneth over.
"Surely goodness and mercy follow me all my life,
"I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

"Yes, my child, it is even so, my cup doth indeed run over, and goodness and mercy do truly follow me all my life"—and he kissed the flushed cheek of his little daughter, whilst tears stood in his sightless eyes. "Now learn, my Ruth, another psalm"—and he taught her

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul,
"And why art thou disquieted within me?
"Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him
"Who is my deliverer and my God."

Some months passed away, and from time to time, tidings reached Jericho, of the wonderful events which were passing in Galilee, and which had taken place at Jerusalem, at the time of the Passover, and at the Feast of Pentecost. The name of Jesus was well known amongst the people, though but few had seen him, or witnessed the wonderful scenes of miraculous power which were related of him. The return of those who had gone to Jerusalem for the Feast of Tabernacles, was most anxiously looked for, as they would bring well authenticated tidings back with them; and no home was more deeply agitated by the news than that of our friends. Very poor and humble it had now become, for in spite of the good wife's exertions, poverty had come upon them with giant strides, and Bartimæus, guided by the little Ruth, was sometimes obliged to seek charity from those who passed along the crowded thoroughfares.

But how could events, which were beginning to occupy

the thoughts of wise and great and powerful men, affect so deeply this poor and afflicted family, who seemed so remote and cut off from the busy world? And yet no hearts thrilled with deeper amaze than theirs, when they heard that one *born* blind had received his sight, in the presence of numbers of people at Jerusalem. A few words had passed,—a single act had been performed,—and the man gazed for the first time upon this world in its loveliness;—now turning his eyes in speechless admiration from earth to heaven, then marvelling at the forms and wondrously differing faces around him, he sought in vain for him who had done him so incalculable a good.

"And the Master said, that neither that man had sinned, nor his parents?" said Bartimæus with trembling earnestness, which showed how deeply his happiness was involved in the assurance he sought.

"He did, my friend," replied Iddo. "Those who were around him, asked, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither this man sinned, nor his parents, but it is that the works of God might be made manifest in him.'"

The brow of the blind man brightened wonderfully, a cloud seemed lifted from it, and he murmured, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever."

The winter passed slowly away, and spring came with its beauty and freshness. To common observers the humble cottage was unaltered, and its inmates as poor and helpless as they had been for many many months, but those who looked more closely would have seen the eager restlessness of excited hope in Bartimæus, in the wife a struggle between feelings of a conflicting nature, whilst the little Ruth danced around each, and could scarcely control the liveliest demonstrations of joy.

"He will be here tomorrow, dear mother," she said, "the good Jesus will:—he has crossed the Jordan to day, so now we need not doubt, but that he will come within my father's reach. At earliest dawn we will throw ourselves in his path, and beseech him that my father may see. He cannot, he will not refuse to heal him. Every one says the good Jesus is merciful and gracious, he will have pity."

The Mother kissed the eager Ruth, and in a low voice

said, "Pray to God, my child. Remember the words of David, 'He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the sorrowful, neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he crieth unto him he heareth.'"

A great multitude issued from the streets of Jericho. The name of Jesus of Nazareth, was borne on the air by many voices, but ere the foremost of the throng had reached the spot where Bartimæus had seated himself, Ruth was beside him, with the certain tidings that he was approaching. "Even now, dear father, you may hear them,—one moment more and I shall see the Master, and those whom men call his disciples."

Bartimæus did hear the sound of many voices, and when he felt assured, by the gentle pressure of his wife's hand and the timid whisper of his little daughter, that the Lord was then passing, he strove to gain attention by saying, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." But the people, indignant that he, who had been the guest of the wealthy Zacchæus, should be detained by a blind beggar, began to utter loud reproaches, and bade him be silent.

"Heed them not, dear father," whispered Ruth, "speak again; the good Jesus will not be angry, I know he will not."

"Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

Jesus stopped, and desired that he who called on him so piteously should be brought nearer, and then in tones far different from those of the reproachful multitude, he said, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?"

Bartimæus replied, "Lord, that I may receive my sight."

And Jesus said unto him, "Receive thy sight—thy faith hath saved thee."

One moment of deep tenderness with wife and child—one long silent look on their beloved faces—an assurance of speedy return,—and Bartimæus accompanied his honored Master, gathering up truths which he would henceforth teach, for who could say to the sorrowful and the poor with so much power, as the afflicted and restored Bartimæus, the words he had taught his child,

"Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him
"Who is my deliverer and my God!"

L. C.

## THE BROKEN FLOWER POT.

*From The Caxtons, by E. Bulwer Lytton.*

My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes (it was summer,) and his book in his lap. Suddenly a beautiful delf blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments spluttered up round my father's legs. Sublime in his studies as Archimedes in his siege, he continued to read on.

"Dear, dear," cried my mother, who was at work in the porch, "my poor flower-pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmims, Primmims!

Mrs. Primmims, my nurse, popped her head out of the fatal window, nodded to the summons, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless.

"Oh!" said my mother mournfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the great blight last May,—I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my last birth-day! that naughty child must have done this;"

Mrs. Primmims cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention, and cried promptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy, it was I!"

"You! how couldy ou be so careless? And you knew how I prized them both. Oh, Primmims!"

Primmims began to sob.

"Don't tell fibs, nursey," said a small shrill voice, and coming out of the house, I continued rapidly—"don't scold Primmims, mamma; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

"Hush!" said nurse, worse frightened than ever, and looking aghast towards my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes wide awake.

"Hush! and if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, dear? speak! (this she said in a whisper,) or papa will be so angry."

"Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident; take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There's a kiss, don't fret."

"No, mamma, you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose."

"Ha! and why?" said my father, waking up. Mrs. Primrose trembled like a leaf.

"For fun:" said I, hanging my head—"just to see how you'd look, papa, and that's the truth of it. Now beat me, do beat me!"

My father threw his book away, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong: you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear. Oh! Mrs. Primmims, the next lesson of this kind you try to teach him, and we part for ever!"

From that time I first date the hour when I felt that I loved my father, and knew that he loved me. From that time too, he began to converse with me, and though his talk was often above my comprehension, still somehow I felt happier and better and less of an infant, when I thought over it, and tried to puzzle out the meaning; for he had a way of suggesting, not teaching—putting things into my head, and then leaving them to work out their own problems.

Not long after the events I have related, I was playing with a beautiful large domino-box of cut ivory. This domino-box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs. Primmims, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah!" said my father one day when he found me ranging the ivory parallelograms in the parlour, "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"

"Oh yes, papa."

"You would be very sorry if your mamma was to throw that box out of the window, and break it for fun."

I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer.

"But perhaps you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of could change the domino-box into a beautiful geranium in a beautiful blue-and-white flower-pot, and that you would have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill."

"Indeed I would!" said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you ; but good *wishes* don't mend bad actions—good actions mend bad actions."

So saying, my father shut the door and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what he meant. But I know that I played at dominoes no more that day. The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden ; he paused and looked at me with his grave bright eyes very steadily.

"My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to ———, (a town about a mile off,) will you come ? And, by the bye, fetch your domino-box : I should like to show it to a person there." I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father upon the high-road, we set out.

"Papa," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now."

"What then, my child ?"

"Why—how then can my domino-box be changed into a geranium and a blue-and-white flower-pot ?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him—one here," and he touched my heart ; "and one here," and he touched my forehead.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do, my son."

My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and. after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium. "Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the cost sir ?"

"Only 7s. 6d," said the gardener.

My father buttoned up his pocket. "I can't afford it today," said he gently, and we walked out.

On entering the town, we stopped again at a china warehouse. "Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago ? Ah, here is one, marked 3s. 6d. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birth-day comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, son. For truth, that blooms all the year round, is better than a poor geranium ; and a word that is never broken, is better than a piece of delf."

My head, which had drooped before, rose again ; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me.

"I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers common in

country towns, and who sell all kinds of pretty toys and nick-nacks. "And, by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his account books, "I think my little boy here can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that work-box which you enticed Mrs. Caxton into raffling for, last winter! Show your domino-box, my dear."

I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his praises. "It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my son gets tired of his play-thing, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it"

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give *that*. Well my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium—we can buy the flower-pot," and I pulled a handful of silver from my pockets.

"Did I not say right?" said my father, passing his handkerchief over his eyes—"you have found the two fairies!"

Oh! how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot.

"It is his doing, and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

"What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all; "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of! We will go back tomorrow, and buy it back, if it costs double."

"Shall we buy it back, my son?" asked my father.

"Oh no—no—no! It would spoil all!" I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

"My wife," said my father solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child—the sanctity and happiness of self-sacrifice—undo not what it should teach to his dying day!"

## CONSCIENCE.

*From Mrs. Follen's "Well-spent Hour."*

"NEVER neglect the voice of conscience," said Mrs. Nelson. "Always when you are in doubt as to what you should do, try to find out what is right, and never act till you feel satisfied with what you are doing. Children are ignorant, and may think that to be wrong which is not so; or that to be right which is wrong. But they can always go to some friend who will help them to find out what is their duty, and then this little judge within will soon tell them what to do. We all pray that God would teach us our duty; and when we pray from our hearts, and God grants our prayers, it is by showing our consciences which is the right way, that he teaches us, and he makes them speak so plain that we cannot misunderstand what they say. It is of the greatest possible importance, that you always listen to this voice of God in your heart, when it directs you what to do even in a trifle. The way that children learn to be wicked is, by not listening to this voice and obeying it in little things at first; and at last they forget it entirely till they do something so wrong, that it speaks to them so loud, and blames them so severely, that they cannot help hearing it and trembling. So you perceive that this voice is a messenger from God, telling us at all times what is our duty; and that this is the way he instructs us."

Catherine did not forget these words of her mother. A short time afterwards, when talking with her cousin about the things that her mother had taught her, her cousin said, "Do you think that God sees and hears us now, and at all times?"

"Yes," said Catharine; "when I once asked my mother that same question, she asked me, whether if I were all alone, and were to do a thing which I knew was wrong, I should not feel as if some one saw me? and I said, Yes. Then she asked me where it was that I felt as if some one saw me. And I told her, in my heart; and she said that it is there that God speaks to us, that it is there he is with us wherever we go, and that it is there we know and feel that

he sees and hears us. And she told me that this feeling is what we call *conscience*."

"But are you not afraid," said her cousin, "to think that God sees and hears you always?"

"No," said Catharine, "because I know that it is he who makes me so happy when I do right, and that he would know when I did right, and love me, if nobody else did. And then if I do wrong, he makes my conscience tell me of it in an instant; so that it seems as if some good friend were taking care of me all the time. I don't feel afraid now of being alone, for I think that God will take care of me. I should only be afraid of doing wrong."

## THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S WAKING THOUGHTS.

BY COLLIN WOOD.

Oh! the sun is brightly beaming,
Cloudless is the clear blue sky;
And on earth, warm rays are streaming
From that glorious orb on high.

Roses red are now unfolding
Every leaf of varied hue;
And each pretty bluebell's holding,
Pure and sparkling drops of dew.

Insects bright are swiftly flying
Over valley, hill, and brook;
And for sweets, the bees are trying
Every flowery sunny nook.

Little birds are gaily singing,
Notes of love their voices raise;
And the groves are loudly ringing
With the great Creator's praise.

Gladness all around is blending;
Everywhere rich beauties glow;
God his blessings down is sending
On his creatures here below.

I must up to school be hasting,
And in bed no longer stay,
Nor my precious time be wasting,
For this is the Sabbath day.

## THE SLATE QUARRY.

"Please sir, the ponies are ready," said the waiter, popping his head in at the door of the little sitting room in an inn in Cumberland, where we had been breakfasting. Nelson jumped up at the sound, and wagging his tail, went round to the door to be ready for a start. We were soon ready too; for the bright morning had roused us early, and we were anxious to be out in the beautiful country. The ponies pricked up their ears as we mounted, and Nelson gambolled round us, giving his short sharp bark of joy; and, with every hope of a delightful day, we set out on our travels.

It was a beautiful summer's morning. Soft silvery clouds hung in wreaths about the mountains, and then floating upwards, were borne along by the gentle breeze, casting their shadows on the lake below. The dew lay thick upon the grass, and the wild flowers sparkled with a thousand diamonds as the sun shone through the trees on them. Our way, for some time, lay through a beautiful avenue of trees by the side of the lake,—the bright blue waters shining between the rugged stems of the trees, like a picture set in an old oak frame. Our ponies walked leisurely along, for it was very hot and very beautiful, and we did not wish to hurry. By and by we emerged from our shady road, and leaving the lake, wound along a valley, between magnificent mountains; on one side of us rose rocky precipices, overhung with trees and ferns and lichens, and on the other, the glorious sweep of mountains, floating up to heaven. A crystal stream came sporting down the valley to meet us, and here and there huge masses of rock lay in the clear waters which danced and sparkled over them, and cast up many a shower of shining spray. So beautiful it was, we wished to stay there for ever; but we had to get back to our inn that night, and a long journey still lay before us.

Turning towards the mountains which we had seen girdled with clouds, we ascended a rugged precipitous path between still higher mountains, for nearly nine hundred feet. We got off our ponies to ease them; but a bright foaming

stream came rushing down beside us, amongst rocks and overhanging trees, and beguiled the steep ascent; and when we reached the top, we wanted neither rocks nor river to make us forget our fatigue. From the deep and solitary valley below, towered—sharp, rugged, and perpendicular—one huge gigantic crag, sixteen hundred feet high. No sign of vegetation grew upon it, but rugged and barren its majestic brow was lifted to heaven, and its precipitous sides seemed to afford footing to no living creature. We gave our ponies to a little lad, who was passing by, to hold; and scrambling up the side of the opposite mountain, we lay down to look at the sublime scene before us. It was so glorious, and seemed to bring us so near to God, that we could only say with the disciples, "Lord, it is good for us to be here;"—good to go forth and see God's wondrous works of love and beauty, and behold how he has spread life and happiness, beauty and goodness, everywhere. Happy insects were on the wing in that solitary region, and bright flowers grew at our feet. And was there no other sign of life in this magnificent solitude? Were there no human hearts, no immortal lives there, to delight in all this beauty, and to be the better for beholding it? When we first looked at that huge rugged crag, with stern, cold, barren front, it seemed impossible that any life should dwell upon it, or within it; but as we looked more carefully, we saw signs of human workmanship on the precipitous side of the bare rock, and in the deep stillness of the summer's day, we heard sounds as of hewing rocks or stones.

Returning to our ponies, the lad who had held them told us that there was a slate quarry in the rock, and that people lived in it the whole week long, from Monday morning till Saturday night, only going home to their cottages in the valley for Sunday,—a day of peace and joy indeed, in that quiet valley. We asked our little companion whether many accidents happened in the quarry? The colour rushed to the boy's face, and then left him deadly pale for a moment. We were sorry we had asked him such a question; but soon recovering himself, he said in a low voice, "Father was killed there last Christmas."

There was a silence for a few minutes, and the boy was the first to speak. "He was killed," said he, "in trying to save my brother. There was a fall of slate in the quarry,

and father thought it had killed Jack, and in trying to get him out, some more slate fell on father's head."

There was a silence again, for the lad's sorrow burst forth afresh as he spoke of his father, and thought over that fearful time again. At last I said, "And *was* your brother saved?" and then he told us, in his simple words, how it had all happened.

His father and brother were at work together in the slate quarry, one Saturday; there was a kind of reservoir of water near the place where they were working. The father was at some little distance hewing down the blocks of slate which had been blasted, and which had afterwards to be cut and smothed for use. Little Jack had got up to a higher ledge in the mine, and was watching the huge masses of slate amongst which his father was working. As he looked, he thought he saw some of them cracking, and loosening from their hold above. He called to his father, to warn him of his danger; but his father was hard at work, and did not hear him.

"Father! father!" cried the boy again; but still his father did not hear. He saw the rent growing larger, and the great mass of slate just ready to fall upon his father. Regardless of danger to himself, he flung himself down from the ledge of rock he was upon, and was rushing to warn his father of the danger. The motion attracted his father's notice—the boy pointed rapidly to the overhanging mass—his father sprang back from beneath it—and before little Jack could reach him, the whole mass fell with a tremendous crash.

When the cloud of dust and dirt subsided, the father looked round for little Jack. He was nowhere to be seen. The great sharp masses of slate were scattered in huge fragments all around, and seemed to fill the place where the boy had been standing. "Jack!" exclaimed his father, in a fearful agony. Again and again he called him, but he did not answer.

In that brief moment of horror, the thought of the mother at home preparing for their happy Sunday, came to his mind, and with almost more than human strength, he tried to move the masses of slate. Some of the other workmen, who had heard the crash, came to see if anything was the matter, and set to work to help him. They had just succeeded in

removing a huge mass which rested on the top of the slate, when one of the men exclaimed, "Howard! Howard!" The warning came too late. As they had moved the slate at the top, another huge crag of slate which it supported, was loosened, and fell with tremendous weight on Jack's father. He lay crushed beneath it in an instant. There was the stillness of death in the mine. There was light enough to see at once that all was over, and the men stood round in awe-struck silence.

At last one said, "But Jack! *He* may not be killed. Don't let us give *him* up. But one of us must go and tell Howard's wife, and prepare her for his being taken home. Do *you* go, John. She knows you best, and you'll break it to her better than any of us can. We'll see what can be done for the lad, if, please God, he is still alive."

John left the mine, and taking his dangerous way down the precipitous front of the rock, was soon at Howard's cottage in the sheltered vale below. It was a snug comfortable home, and looked as if the peace and love of domestic life dwelt there. The father's arm-chair stood by the bright fireside, ready to welcome him home that Saturday night; and his wife was busy making their little cottage look its best, for their happy Sunday.

John came in. It needed no words to tell his news. The wife read it in his face at once. She was hurrying out to see whether nothing could be done, when John gently stopped her, and shaking his head sorrowfully, told her it was useless, that all was over, and that they would soon bring her husband home to her. He did not speak of Jack; for while there was a shadow of hope that he was still alive, he would not add to her great grief. She said nothing more, but silently motioning to John to leave her, she closed the door after him, and kneeling down in the silence of her stricken home, poured forth her tears and prayers to God.

And while the mother bowed down her heart in sorrow and in prayer to God, where was little Jack? Had she lost *him* too?

When the great mass of slate fell, he was in a deep recess in the rock, below the part where his father had been working. The overhanging rock prevented the slate from falling on him; but it had entirely blocked up the little cavern which sheltered him. He tried to move some of the blocks,

but all in vain. At first this did not trouble him. His only thought was of joy and thankfulness that he had, as he hoped, saved his father's life; his own life seemed of little value, compared to his. But after a time, when he examined the place where he was shut up, his heart sank within him for a moment. It seemed as if he were buried alive. No one might know that he was there; and if they did, it might be dangerous or impossible to attempt his rescue. He was without food, or light, or help of any kind—quite alone.

"No, I am *not*," said Jack to himself. "Mother and I have often read that we are *never* alone. *God* is with me, even here. He will take care of me." And kneeling down in the darkness and desolation, he prayed God to take care of his dear father. And then he sat down on the bare rock, quietly to wait for whatever God might send him. He thought of the little sparrows, and that Jesus says God takes care of them, and will much more take care of us. "Fear not, therefore,"—and the little boy did not fear.

He did not know how long he had sat in the deep darkness; for minutes seem like hours at such times. But by and by, as he sat on the inclined part of the rock, he fancied he felt his feet getting wet. He stooped down to feel, and his fingers dipped into some water! It was very strange, he thought, for he had not noticed any water there before; he supposed he must have overlooked it. His thoughts were gone back to his father, and he was wondering whether he had got hurt at all, and was trying to remember, and to *feel*, that God was with his father, and would do what was best for him, when he fancied he felt the water coming higher up his feet—up to his ancles—and slowly up and up his legs! He sprang up with a new and terrible fear. The reservoir of water was above that part of the mine where he was. Perhaps the shock of the slate falling might have injured the reservoir, or some might have fallen into it and broken it, and the water escaping was running down into his little cavern! He stood still, and tried to collect all his senses about him, that he might know truly how it was. As he stood, he thought—no, there was no mistake—he was *sure* that he felt the water creeping slowly higher and higher up his legs! "O God!" exclaimed the boy, in agony, "*Must* it be so? Is there *no* help?" He scrambled higher up the cave, and felt with his hands all over the hard rocky

roof, to find if there were no outlet upwards—no escape anywhere from the death that was so fearfully though slowly approaching. His hands felt all over the cold rugged roof; but no crevice could be found; nothing but the hard impenetrable rock. He clambered up to the highest part of the cavern, and began to hope that he had found a place of safety, for there was no water there. Alas! it was only that the water had not yet reached it. As he hung clinging to the rugged sides of the rock, he felt the water rising to his feet again,—and higher—higher.

"Then God's will be done," said the boy; and as this heavenly thought passed through his heart, its anxious beatings ceased, a sweet peace came over him, he felt that God was with him even there, and that all was ordered by him for his happiness. He did not fear any more. In his dark watery grave he lifted up his heart to God, and was happy. The water rose slowly but surely, higher and higher—up to his waist—and to his shoulders. His hands clung faintly to the rock, as if they could hold no longer.

"Mother, dear mother," said the boy. "It is God's will. God bless you. I am quite happy, mother dear. *You* made me so. You taught me that God is good to us, and is always with us. His will be done. Good bye, mother," he said, and then his hands insensibly loosening their hold, he sank into the water.

And where was the mother, while her dear child was in the valley of the shadow of death?

The shock of her husband's death had taken away all power of thought; and not till he was carried home to her, and kneeling by his side, their sweet home-happiness, now gone for ever, came freshly to her mind—not till then, did she miss her boy. She sprang up, as if suddenly struck, and was rushing wildly from the house, when the same kind hand was gently laid upon her arm, and John said, "He will soon be here—Jack will soon be here—but he is not well." And then he told her all that he could about the accident; how little Jack had tried to save his father's life, and been shut into the rock, by the falling of the slate; and how the reservoir had been injured, so that the water escaped and filled the cavern where he was; and how they had only just cleared the slate away from the opening in time to save him from being drowned. He was just sinking when the

light of their lamps shone on the dark waters—friendly hands were stretched out to help him—kind voices sounded sweetly in his ears as he seemed to sink to sleep—little Jack was saved! But though he was rescued from that fearful death, it seemed doubtful still, whether he could live. Some men were bringing him home to his mother, for her to do what she could for him.

A second time that day, slow careful footsteps entered the cottage, and a sad burthen was brought in. The father lay in his last sleep in one little room, and now his child, as still, and cold, and pale, as if he too were dead, was laid upon his little bed in another room. And the mother, forgetting her great grief, bent over him to listen for some sign of life. He did not speak, or move, but she thought he breathed ;—and kneeling down beside him she chafed his chill hands, and warmed them in her bosom, and laid her cheek to his to warm him back to life. Gradually a faint flitting colour stole over his pale cheek ; his hand gently moved within his mother's ; his eyes slowly opened, and he looked at her. Oh who can tell the deep unuttered joy that filled her heart as that long loving gaze met her eye? Who tell the silent gratitude of that heart so sorely stricken? The boy, worn out with exhaustion, closed his eyes again, and fell into a deep sleep, and the widowed mother poured forth her silent prayer of thankfulness and deep submission, unto God.

We will not enter on the history of the little boy's recovery, so saddened over by the great sorrow of his father's death. To the mother, all the orderings of God's providence were sacred and beloved ; and she led her children, in the midst of all their sorrow, to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Such was the history we heard from our young companion, as we wound our way at the foot of those stupendous rocks ; then wishing him farewell, and leaving him our heart-felt sympathy, we proceeded on our way, through beautiful mountain passes, back to our little inn.

"There are trials and sorrows, even amidst those peaceful scenes," said I, as we rode along.

"Yes," answered my companion, "but there are joys and comforts too ; comforts springing from those very sorrows, such as brighter hours can never give. God feels very near to us, in this beautiful creation ; but he draws still nearer to

the widow's heart that breathes the loving trusting words we have just heard."

The glorious scene we passed through that day, is always associated in my mind with this story ; and I never think of that stern rugged rock without remembering the strong loving trust in God of the little lad in his dark watery grave, and the firm unwavering faith and cheerful resignation of his mother in her sorrow. We went home to our inn that night, not only the happier for our beautiful day amongst the mountains, but also the better for the lessons we had learned there.

M. D.

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## GREAT PURPOSES AND SMALL DUTIES.

In a room, whose appearance told of the well-to-do condition of the owners, sat a young girl intently reading. Before her was a glass of early spring flowers, sweet violets and primrose stars ; but these shed their beauties unheeded ; with head reclining on her hand, her whole soul seemed drinking in the words that met her view. She was perusing the life of one of those great beings who have sacrificed wealth, friends, nay even life, for the benefit of their fellow creatures. As she read, great aspirations swelled within her ; she felt a spirit and energy that would enable her to sacrifice anything and everything, to do some great and glorious deed ; a thousand plans arose in her mind by which she might, with greatness, benefit others.

She was aroused from these dreams of great self-sacrifice by a voice bidding her perform some trivial household duty. Pettishly complaining of being thus interrupted, she sullenly obeyed, and during the remainder of the day went about in silence, bestowing no cheerful word, performing no small duty willingly, feeling that in her heart noblest aspirations dwelt, and fancying it degrading to be concerned with the trifles of every day life.

At night when the arms of sleep had embraced her, the same thoughts pervaded her dreams. At last a vision, clear and distinct, came before her. A bright spirit appeared to descend and bade her follow where he should lead. Through the darkness they journeyed in silence together. At last the spirit stopped at the entrance of a small house, in a narrow

close court. Gently lifting the latch they entered. The room was very small, and one rush candle by its dim ray revealed the poverty that prevailed. On a straw bed in one corner a young girl was laid: she was thin, and worn by sickness, and the hectic flush that burned on her cheek, imparting an almost heavenly beauty to her sweet face, told plainly the disease that had seized her for its prey. By the bed side were her father and mother watching with looks of deepest love and anxiety every movement of the sick girl. The silence was broken by her murmuring in a low sweet voice, "O mother, grieve not for me. I shall be happy in that other world, where you and all I love will soon join me." Saying these words with love and hope beaming in her countenance, she closed her eyes with a smile; and her young spirit was borne by the angels to the abode of the great God.

The father and mother sank upon their knees and bowed their heads in sorrow; yet in the midst of their grief they poured forth a thankful prayer to the almighty Father, thanking him for giving them a child—thanking him for the self-sacrificing love that had pervaded her life. They spake of the troubles and poverty they had passed through, and how she ever was cheerful and resigned, performing the smallest duties with readiness and good will, always ready to assist them or any other fellow creature. They spake of the universal love she inspired, and still continued to utter thanks for being permitted to have and know one so good and pure, even though the sobs that at times stopped all utterance, plainly told their heart-broken grief at her early death.

The spirit gently drew the young girl, bathed in tears, from this abode, whispering, "Study this scene, and consider if true greatness is not to be found in the character of the humble unknown child who has just departed from this world!" Then he spread his wings and journeyed to the realms of light and love.

The girl awoke, and still the silver words of the angel rang in her ears, and as her thoughts went over the midnight vision, this truth struck upon her soul; that the truly great are not only those who make large sacrifices—noble and ever to be held in remembrance as such are—but also those who in every day life continually practise habits of self-sacrifice,

and are ever performing some little act of kindness and of love.

Regretting her conduct during the past day, she made a firm resolve to perform all her little duties with cheerfulness, although still cherishing thoughts of greater deeds.

M. E. C.

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## BIBLE STUDIES.

BY MRS. HAWKSHAW.

### NO. II.—PARADISE.*

Where the Euphrates and the Tigris roll,
With nameless rivers now unknown to man,
Through flowery plains,—first lived a human soul,
And the long history of our race began.

A strange and fearful story it hath been,
Sinking the heart to read, for woe and strife
Have reigned triumphant oft; yet come between
Those strong but gentle things that are our life.

That pair who trod the solitudes of earth,—
Did ever thoughts of coming times arise
Within their hearts? It might be, when the mirth
Of their young children woke those sympathies

That link us to the future;—but the past
To them was all a blank;—the future lay
A thing of untold beauty, that would last,
When they to shadowy realms had passed away.

From childlike peace and innocence they fell,
And all seemed changed around them. In the tone
Of the deep thunder, or in ocean's swell,
They heard not nature's music, but her moan!

The quiet evening, with its purple skies
And incense-breathing earth, was not the same;
A cloud their Paradise o'ercanopies,
And winds in sadness sigh man's guilty name.

* This has been accidentally misplaced. It should have preceded "Abraham, the Monotheist," p. 109, which our readers are requested to alter into No. III. of the "Bible Studies."

Trees, mountains, deserts spoke of Deity;
They saw his footsteps and they fled dismayed;
Nought but the avenging Maker could they see;
They heard the voice of God, and were afraid!

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## THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF SELF CULTURE.

READ AT A TEACHERS' MEETING, LOWER MOSLEY STREET SCHOOL, MANCHESTER.

The duty of self-culture, of developing our various capacities to the utmost by assiduous cultivation, is one which all admit. But is it felt by all as it ought to be? and if not, may not the reason be that we have placed the duty on too low a ground, that it has not been connected with our highest and deepest affections, and that hence there is little of hearty earnestness in our efforts. We do not rouse ourselves, and put forth all our energies against the obstacles in our way; but our progress, if progress there be, is with a halting, hesitating step.

A division is commonly made of our duties; viz., to God, to our neighbour, and to ourselves; comprehending under the first, chiefly, the cultivation of the affections towards him, duty and obedience to his will expressed or implied; under the second, justice and charity in its various forms; and under the third, the cultivation of our various capacities to the end of attaining the stature and symmetry of the perfect man.

There seems to me a certain confusion of ideas in this notion of the existence of a duty to *ourselves*, to cultivate our various moral and intellectual powers, and develope our capacity of happiness. It is the indistinct but instinctive recognition of the truth that all that we do, and all that we are, exert some influence on others, that our happiness itself is not a matter of indifference, which produces the notion of this duty to ourselves in regard to self-culture, when its immediate bearing upon outward action is not very obvious. But in fact the duty here is not to ourselves; and it is most important that we recognize the truth that we cannot live wholly to ourselves in even the least things, that there is no action of our lives which perfectly indifferent to others, and that therefore there is no action of our lives which we

are at liberty to consider merely in its bearing on our own happiness, however high a view we may take of the conditions of that happiness.

Far be it from me to treat as of little value the love of excellence for its own sake, a deep and full appreciation of beauty in all its forms, a high estimate of the capacities of our nature, and a lofty ambition to realize them in ourselves. The energetic action of every principle of our nature is required for our complete and healthy moral growth. Without this native love of goodness, and perception of the beauty of holiness, we shall be in danger of devoting too exclusive thought and effort to mere outward labours for the service of others; forgetting that, after all, the most powerful influence is that which is exerted unconsciously, radiated as it were from souls harmoniously developed and instinct with spiritual life, kindling a kindred life in souls which before were dark and dead.

Of the power of this innate love of virtue, constituting as a motive to action the loftiest form of ambition, we have noble examples both in ancient and modern times —in men whose lives give glorious evidence of the capacities of human nature, even under the action of partial and defective principles; of the power of the human soul over itself and over the circumstances of its condition. But its ultimate reference being to self, it has been and ever must be incapable of producing the self-denying, self-forgetting spirit of the Christian. It could brace men up to meet suffering and death with lofty courage, and to scorn to swerve a hair's-breadth from the course which their ideal of excellence suggested as alone worthy of a man; but it could not bring them to stoop to the humble services and despised labours whose cheerful performance best manifests the presence of the Christian spirit. Their whole aim in their strivings after excellence having reference to self-exaltation, though of the highest kind,—and though free from the grovelling attributes of common selfishness, yet still recognising self as the object of all their efforts in life,—they failed in realizing the highest excellence of which they were capable. So with us;—if we cultivate our various capacities under a confused notion of a duty to ourselves, even though we take the highest model as our standard, we shall fail. There is something incongruous in the idea of cultivating a spirit of love to God, with any ulterior object;

in the idea of cultivating a self-denying, self-forgetting spirit, with a view simply to the perfecting of our own nature and the attainment of our highest happiness. That which we attain from these motives may *resemble* these graces of character, but it will not be genuine, it will be only an imitation. Self is still the moving principle ; and there can be real love of either God or man only so far as self is forgotten ; its very essence is self-renunciation.

This is no less the case with regard to the intellect, and those secondary moral powers which come into operation chiefly in our action upon the world around us. If we have no other motive to their cultivation than the development of our capacities of happiness, or even the attainment of the ideal we have set up in our own minds, our efforts will be at the mercy of every change in our mental state ; and both our ideal—certainly the distinctness with which we realize it—and our estimate of the conditions of happiness, will vary from time to time with the urgency of present inclinations and interests. Only minds of the highest order, possessing great force and intensity of will, are capable of that steady, never-failing discernment of the distant object amidst all distractions of present pursuits and interests upon which the success of the principle, unsustained by any sense of positive duty beyond self, in any great degree depends. And their attainments, without such support, only show the height to which they might have risen under the influence of a loftier principle. But let men be inspired with a real love and devotedness to God, and they are supplied with a present, unfailing incentive to the cultivation of all their powers. The motive supplied by the perception, once for all, of the necessity of such efforts to the efficient performance of their allotted work is immediate and constant. Once possessed and penetrated with this spirit life will assume a new aspect. What formerly seemed trivial, is seen to be important, as affecting their capacity of usefulness and efficiency in the service of God.

It is told of Ignatius Loyola, that after he had renounced the world, perceiving the difficulties thrown in the way of the work he had proposed to himself, by his imperfect education, he applied himself sedulously to the acquisition of the learning of the times, including the Latin language. He divided his time between preaching to the people and other works of charity, exercises of devotion, and wrestling with the difficul-

ties of Latin verbs. This apparently trifling incident strikingly exemplifies the operation of the true spirit of devotion to the service of God. That a man under an access of enthusiasm shall make great sacrifices, in order to rush into some field of labour which affords scope for all his powers, and promises an immediate harvest, is no certain indication of the real temper and settled purpose of the soul. But that a man shall postpone for years the commencement of the labours to which he has consecrated himself, and to which he looks forward as the purpose of his life, and that he shall apply himself in the meantime to perfecting himself in such knowledge and acquirements, however humble, as are necessary to success in the work he has chosen, assuredly proves a depth of devotedness and singleness of purpose truly apostolic.

The lightest part of the soldier's duty is to sustain unflinchingly the crash of battle, and under the excitement of conflict to lose all fear, and all thought but of victory. It is the fagging drill, the marching and countermarching, the weariness and hardship of every kind, of which the battle is but the crowning result, which try the mettle of the man and prove the soldier. So, it is not in great works, in great sacrifices which by their very magnitude rouse the spirit to its intensest action, in arduous struggles with external foes where the excitement of conflict comes to his relief, that the fidelity of the christian warrior is most severely tested. It is in the silent contest with foes invisible to mortal sense, often lost but never abandoned, ever renewed and finally won, the laborious working out of his emancipation from the power of the flesh and the devil; it is in the self-training and the self-discipline, compared with which the outward work to which he is called is mere pastime, that the soldier of Jesus Christ is most surely proved. It is in maintaining strenuous but unseen efforts for the development of our various powers and capacities, rather than in their exercise in their appropriate work, that our most difficult duty lies, in the faithful discharge of which only the highest motive will sustain us.

And truly in the work in which we are many of us engaged as Sunday school teachers, there is ample scope for all the power, moral and intellectual, which we possess or can acquire. We have to aim at developing that moral and spiri-

tual life which it is the proper duty of the parent to arouse, but which has been neglected. In how small a degree we accomplish this we must all be painfully conscious. The work is peculiarly difficult. Are we resolutely applying ourselves to acquire the qualifications of mind and heart, the temper and the intellectual skill and resources, which alone can render our efforts even partially successful? Or are we content to go on, from Sunday to Sunday, conscious of our little success, aware of our deficiencies, yet making no effort to remedy them? The answer which our consciences make to these questions affords the test of how far we are really inspired by devotedness to the service of God, and how far we are unconsciously actuated by other and lower feelings. Unless our benevolent impulses are reinforced and sustained by the sense of being engaged in God's work, and by a settled purpose of devotion thereto, we shall be apt to become wearied by the difficulties and disappointments which we constantly meet with from the small apparent effect of our exertions, and from the frequent indifference to our instructions, on the part of those for whose benefit we are engaged, and our kindly feelings will be liable to be checked by the coldness with which they are frequently met.

Passing beyond our peculiar work as Sunday school teachers, we see around us a mass of vice and misery, of social evils of all kinds, by which our brethren are weighed down to the earth physically and morally, and which we long to be instrumental in removing, but which we lament our inability to stir. The adverse powers are too strong for us. We see reforms and improvements of various kinds which wait for the hands of stronger men than we are, but for want of which thousands and tens of thousands are, to human apprehension, irretrievably ruined, while we must stand by, and idly watch them go down to perdition. What we have to do, and what we shall do if we are sincerely devoted to the service of God and desirous of being fellow workers with him, is to cultivate diligently our various powers so as to fit ourselves for an ever enlarging sphere of usefulness. Living and acting in this spirit, we shall find our opportunities of improvement and usefulness multiply upon us. Men's worldly business seems to many, perhaps to most, completely removed from the scope of such considerations, as a matter in which they have only their own interest or pleasure to

attend to, with which duty has nothing to do but in the way of restraint upon its improper pursuit. It would be strange however that the occupation in which so much of our time is consumed, through a necessity which implies only God's will and appointment, should afford no opportunity, or only rarely, of doing his work.

It is as true now as it was eighteen hundred years ago, that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than "the children of light." It is undoubtedly the fact that greater practical skill and sagacity, a more thorough comprehension of the necessities of their position, and of their resources, and a more intelligent use of them, is usually manifested by those who are devoted to worldly aggrandizement, than by the majority of those who are most zealous in the cause of human improvement, and to whom the world has to look for all the labour, with that definite aim and purpose, which is requisite, over and above the unconscious agency of the majority of men, to the working out of the designs of providence. And the respect which is paid to worldly success is really a tribute to superiority, real or supposed, in these qualities of mind. Now this contrast which is undeniable and which is so injurious to the cause of humanity, need not exist. Our worldly avocations afford us the very opportunities we need of acquiring and strengthening the mental qualities which are quite as necessary to successful action against the moral and physical evils which afflict society, as to the attainment of worldly success and distinction. We ought to welcome, as affording us an indispensible training and discipline, the constant calls upon us for activity, self-denial, and laborious application, which are made by our daily duties : while the requirements of our business, and our intercourse and connections with others to which it gives occasion, at the same time that they make constant demands upon us for action in the christian spirit, will afford the opportunity of acquiring that knowledge of mankind, and that experience of the world and its affairs, without which our efforts in the cause of justice and humanity will be mere futile beating of the air, exercising no influence on the course of events, and only subjecting ourselves to the faint praise for our good intentions, and the principles we advocate to the contempt, of the self-styled practical men of the world. So that whether success or failure await us

in our worldly career, we shall find, if we regard it aright, that our capacity for usefulness has been enlarged, and that we are fitted by it for action in a wider and loftier sphere.

With spirits thus exercised and prepared for higher service, we may without presumption look upon the increased difficulty of the parts which may in future be allotted to us, in the scope they give for the intenser action and fuller development of our noblest powers, as the reward of "faithfulness in the few and small things," and come to prize our duties as tokens of our Father's favour.

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## OUR AMUSEMENTS AND OUR HOMES.

FROM REV. W. GASKELL'S "HINTS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS."

At length the necessity for innocent amusement has become recognized, and, like most reactions of opinion, it has been carried too far; and the consequence is, that at present there exists a universal attraction *from* home, instead of *towards* home. Now this, it appears to me, is a subject deserving and requiring the most serious consideration of the Sunday school teacher. I see and recognize the difficulties which beset it. The greater these are, the greater should be the thought given to their solution.

One or two suggestions have occurred to me, which may perhaps serve as helps towards an approximation to this, and, as such only, I offer them. There are some forms of amusements that are in themselves innocent and wholesome, and may be made truly holy if partaken of in a right spirit. Among these I may instance country excursions, for those pent up in dim streets and alleys, and rational recreations like concerts for the people. Now may not something of what constitutes the sanctity of home be carried into these? The family affection, the bond of love, constitutes this sanctity; and that, if rightly encouraged and informed, (and herein lies a part of the duty of the Sunday school teacher,) would excite and maintain an earnest desire that all the inmates of a home should share a pleasure together. The anticipations of it would be mutual and manifold; it would be enhanced by each others' sympathy at the time; and we all know how sweet it is to talk over the memory of past happiness by the fireside of after years. The natural bonds

would not, as they now are, be weakened or slackened ; the qualities of self-denial, mutual love, and patience would be strenghtened, by the time which it might be necessary to wait before all could partake of the wished-for pleasure ; and a good check would be raised to excessive and hurtful indulgence. The teacher, it seems to me, might contribute towards this spirit of association, by setting before his pupils the delight of working or saving in order to provide a pleasure for a younger brother or sister ; by suggesting the length of time it may have been since a hard-worked father has had a glimpse of the green country, or a careful mother been able to soothe her soul with the sounds of sweet music. By degrees, perhaps, the patience and the love thus called forth might be extended to some less fortunate acquaintance or companion, who, by a little self-sacrifice on the part of one or more of his fellow pupils, might be enabled to share in the pleasure. Amusements enjoyed in such an unselfish and thoughtful spirit as this, would be sanctified and blessed. A natural and kindly restraint would be put on their frequency, and their home would be, for the time, under the greenwood tree, or listening to some grand and elevating strain of music. Further than mere hints I cannot go ; but you may bring your minds to work upon these, and endeavour to make clear to yourselves what are likely to be the best and most effectual methods of giving a right direction to the amusements and recreations of those who are under your influence.

## THE PURE IN HEART.

"Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God." The silent lake undisturbed by the winds, and unsullied by storms and torrents, reflects the sun, and all the starry hosts of heaven ; and the heart undisturbed by the vanities of this world, and unsullied by selfish passions, reflects, in its deep and silent mirror, the spiritual world, and the Father of spirits.—Dr. Follen.

## NIGHT AND DAY IN THE TROPICS.

The night was mild and moonlight. The oars of our boat were placed upright and carefully driven into the ground, to

form poles from which our hammocks could be suspended. Deep stillness prevailed.

Soon after eleven o'clock, however, such a disturbance began to be heard in the adjoining forest, that for the remainder of the night all sleep was impossible. The wild cries of animals appeared to rage throughout the forest. There was the monotonous howling of some monkeys—the plaintive, soft, and almost flute-like tones of others—and the snorting grumblings of the striped nocturnal monkeys;—the interrupted cries of the great tiger, the maneless American lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots, of parraquas, and other pheasant-like birds. Sometimes the cry of the tiger was heard to proceed from amidst the high branches of a tree, and was in such case always accompanied by the plaintive piping of the monkeys, seeking to escape pursuit. Some accidental combat probably originated the scene, and hence the disturbance spreads to other animals and increases more and more. The jaguar pursues the peccaries and tapirs, and these, pressing against each other in their flight, break through the interwoven tree-like shrubs which impede their escape ; the apes on the top of the trees, being frightened by the crash, join their cries to those of the larger animals ; this arouses the tribes of birds, who build their nests in communities, and thus the whole animal world becomes in a state of commotion. We witnessed the same occurrence repeatedly, and found that the voices were loudest duing violent falls of rain, or when, with loud peals of thunder, the flashing lightning illuminated the deep recesses of the forest.

Such scenes were wonderfully contrasted with the stillness which prevails within the tropics during the noontide hours of a day of more than usual heat. All distant objects had wave-like undulating outlines ; not a breath of air stirred the fine dust-like sand. The sun was in the zenith, and the flood of light that he poured down upon the river, and which, from a slight rippling movement of the waters, flashed sparkling back, rendered still more sensible the red haze which veiled the distance. All the naked rocks around were covered with a countless number of large thick-scaled iguanas, lizards, and variously spotted salamanders. Motionless, with uplifted heads and open mouths, they appeared to inhale the burning air with ecstacy. At such times the larger animals seek shelter in the recesses of the forest, and the birds hide themselves

nnder the thick foliage of the trees, or in the clefts of the rocks ; but if in this apparent entire stillness of nature, one listens for the faintest tones which an attentive ear can seize, there is perceived an all-pervading rustling sound, a humming and fluttering of insects close to the ground, and in the lower strata of the atmosphere. Everything announces a world of organic activity and life. In every bush, in the cracked bark of the trees, in the earth undermined by different insects, life stirs audibly. It is as it were one of the many voices of nature, heard only by the sensitive and reverent ear of her true votaries.—HUMBOLDT.

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## SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY COLLIN WOOD.

The sun is now from view reclining,
Gilding all the western sky ;
And the evening star is shining
In its spangled home on high.

See the moon in splendour glowing,—
With fond praise each heart she fills ;
Hear the cattle loudly lowing
On the green-clad flowery hills.

Bats along the lanes are winging,
Darting round the clustered trees ;
And the nightingale is singing,—
Soft its voice floats on the breeze.

Insects o'er the plains are hieing
To their leafy homes they come ;
Others round the hedgerows flying,
Keeping up a constant hum.

Little birds that have been singing,
Whose shrill voices upwards rose,—
And the groves that loud were ringing,
Now are hushed in sweet repose.

A gentle calm is o'er me stealing,
I must to my bed away ;
And in prayer to God be kneeling,—
Thus to end the sabbath day.

# "I WILL."

## CHAPTER I.

### "I WILL" ASSERTS HER RIGHT.

By one of those commercial convulsions to which the manufacturing districts of this country seem periodically liable, my father lost his fortune, including the whole gains of his laborious life and the small estate which he had inherited from his ancestors. This last seemed to put a finishing stroke to his distress; he lost all hope for this world, and died from depression of spirits; leaving my mother with five children unprovided for. She was a quiet well disposed woman, a most tender loving wife, and only two indulgent and anxious a mother. She had always enjoyed a comfortable competency, and having no extravagant tastes, her life had flowed on in an easy quiet economical way. She relieved those who were in want to the extent of her ability; she did not busy herself with the affairs of her neighbours, but duly received and paid their visits; she with her whole household regularly attended church, and had a devout respect for the minister, and was considered a religious woman. Now, when she had lost her helpmate, and had to act upon her own judgment, and gain her livelihood, she felt bitterly her dependant habits. "She was willing to do anything for her children, but what could she do?"

I had just left a boarding school, where for three years I had worked hard and was thought *to be educated*; my brother was bound apprentice to an engineer, and lived in his master's family; my younger brother was a boy at school, and my two little sisters were so delicate that though they were six and seven years old they had not been taught anything.

My uncle had a large family and had lost money by my father, and so could only help us by kindness and good wishes. He persuaded the creditors to allow my mother a small sum of money with which to furnish a house, with the intention that she might take lodgers. I was advised to go out as a governess. I had heard so much about the hard-

ships of a governess's life, that I did not rejoice at this plan, but quietly assented to the offers of friends to look out for some situation to suit me. As I was quite inexperienced, it was found that I could only obtain a small salary of twenty pounds per annum, if I lived in the family and gave up the whole of my time; if I was a day governess and lived at home, spending the time from nine in the morning until eight at night, I was to have thirty pounds a year. With this I was required to be well dressed and find my own washing. I begged to have a few days to consider before I decided; for though I had had little experience about the management of money, I foresaw that it would be little that I could spare out of this sum for the benefit of my mother and sisters. Well do I remember those three days. They were the turning point of my life, a communing with God, a wrestling of the spirit. Most people will remember some period in their lives, when they were called upon to look unto themselves, to consider the course which duty marks out for them, the principles which should guide them in action. Such was this time to me. If I accepted this situation, I should be comfortably provided for, I should be fed and clothed and able to pursue my own studies, but I should be of little use to my family, indeed could seldom see them. On the contrary, if I kept a school at home, I might educate my younger sisters, might help and strengthen my mother's oppressed spirit, and might be companionable to my brothers. I should have much more of struggling with labour and poverty, and perhaps with hunger, but I should not be alone; I should have loving hearts around me. I determined to decline the situation and begin a school; for in the days of our prosperity I had heard my mother say, there was no good school in our neighbourhood, to which she would like to send my sisters. All my friends without exception disapproved of my plan, made objections on account of my youth, inexperience, so much being required now a days in a teacher, &c., &c. It was in vain that I urged that every year would see an improvement in these respects. They would not listen to my reasons and treated me as a wilful child, that would have its own way and must take the consequences. The more that earthly friends seemed to fail me, the more earnestly I sought counsel and guidance from my heavenly Father. Whether it was from a spirit of opposition, or a pride to

shew that I could do what I willed to do, I will not say; but the more that was said against *my plan* (it was not against *me*, for all united in commending my spirit and gave me credit for good intentions), the more firm and resolved I became; and of this I am sure, that I was much more influenced in the course I took, by thought for others than care for myself.

## CHAPTER II.

### "I WILL" STRUGGLES, BUT WAVERS NOT.

At last the opening day arrived. I had called upon the clergyman of our parish and the doctor, our former tradespeople and acquaintances; and on the whole met with much kindness and no little good advice.

I had bought one form,—the Pembroke table in the middle of the room was to be used as a writing-desk; these and a small table and chair in one corner for myself composed the furniture of my school-room. My old school-books were neatly arranged on the cupboard in the recess on one side of the fireplace. The blank maps which I had drawn at school were hung on the wall opposite the window, and a few chalk heads over the chimney piece. As I sat for a few minutes before nine o'clock, I looked round with entire satisfaction at my work. I had done what I could, and must trust in the blessing of God for the result.

I had eight pupils and my two sisters to begin with; the number was greater than I had dared to hope. I worked and talked and taught incessantly during the six school hours of each day, and perhaps it was well for me, that having no servant, the greatest part of the house work devolved upon me. If I had not felt it to be a part of my duty to keep the house clean, I might, from very weariness, have sat still in my free hours, and so my health might have suffered from the sedentary life. I used to rise at six, put on a dress which I kept for the purpose, (which was a linsey woolsey petticoat, print bedgown, and strong linen apron,) and clean the front steps, before the doors and windows of my neighbours were opened. I know that I did feel some remains of pride, and remembrance of our former prosperity, whilst doing this particular thing; but I overcame all scruples; I had my bread to earn, and my character to establish. Many were my

difficulties and discouragements. Some parents would make the children use their old school books, and these would not be all of the same kind, so that the children could not learn in class. (This, however, was a good thing in the end, for it obliged me to throw aside books and teach verbally geography, grammar, and in a great measure history.) All the parents agreed in one thing, viz : that they would get as much as they could for their money.

Towards the end of the quarter, the money which the creditors had given us, was nearly exhausted. We had portioned what we had, so that we might know how much could be allowed for each day's expenses, taking for granted that the school bills would be paid as soon as they were due.

Quarter day came at last. In my best handwriting I wrote out the bills, and felt quite impatient until twelve o'clock arrived, when I could distribute them to my pupils. Two days passed and no bills were returned. I did not like to ask the children, lest they should suspect our poverty ; but I examined every child's bag, as it came into school, for the chance of its being there. For two days we had only two meals. I felt the qualms of hunger ; I must get money somewhere ; my mother must not starve ! I did not like to ask my uncle, because he disapproved so much of my plans when I undertook to provide for my mother. I could not beg ; earnestly did I pray, "Lord strengthen me in the hour of temptation ; guide me in the way I should go ; leave me not, nor forsake me, for in thee do I trust." On the third day we had in the house, only a little meal which we made into porridge, and a little bread which we kept until the next day. I felt stifled ; the house seemed too small for me, and I rushed into the open air which God has given freely to all his creatures, and there, under the canopy of heaven, I felt that we all belong to his human family—and then comes to remembrance that comforting sentence—"Not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge."

There is nothing so good for a chafed and troubled spirit, which has the desire to work but does not see how to bring about what it wishes, as a brisk walk through a crowded busy street. Self-preservation calls forth attention to giving and receiving civility, and the variety of passers-by suggest thoughts which draw us out of ourselves, make us see how much worse off we might be, and how equally fortune's favours are really

dealt. I met sturdy beggars looking cheery amidst dirt and rags; for they had begged a few pence and could make merry with their companions. They were not ashamed to beg. I met the labourer returning home from his day's work; he has no money in his pocket I dare say, but he knows the end of the week brings his wages. I thought these are happier than I am. But the home of the one, where is it? And the wheel-like life of the latter, what would it be to me? One hearty old man, stopped his shandray cart, to say, "that it was a fine evening, that times were mending, that he hoped all was going on well at home," little thinking what an aching heart was under a calm face. I met the mother of one of my pupils riding in her carriage, looking pale and weary, and it seemed an effort of strength even to make a polite bow. "Oh why does she not pay her bill? Why has one woman so much and another so little money?" I met Mrs. Berry, an old friend in our past days; she remarked that I looked tired, was afraid I sat too close to my work, desired me to take care of my health, or what would become of my mother! And concluded by asking me to go home with her and to take a cup of tea. When the spirit is bowed down, the words of sympathy and kindness almost take away self-command, and self-reliance. I felt inclined to pour out my heart's trials; but I was too proud to confess my poverty, to allow that I had not fulfilled the course I had chalked out for myself and been unable to support my family—nevertheless I thankfully accepted her offer. The tea almost choked me, as I thought how my mother would have enjoyed it, and felt as if I had no right to take it all myself. I could not possibly take it home, and I smiled to myself, as I wished for the monkey's pouch. A packet of biscuits was given me for the children, at least they at home should eat to-morrow.

The day following I felt very faint, and was gaping all school time. Saturday afternoon with neither food nor money in the house is not a good preparation for the enjoyment of the Sabbath. I dermined to go and ask my uncle to lend us money until our bills were paid. On my way I met my cousin Harry, a good natured lad who had not long been apprentice to a machine maker; he was not likely to have much money to spare, but he would give pity, and it was less effort to open my heart to one of my own age; and when he asked what made me look so sad, I without

struggle said, "Harry, I have had no food to day, and I have no money, and I don't know when people will pay my school bills."

"Dear Ellen, only think what plenty there is at our house; I left a plate of rice pudding that I could not eat at dinner to-day. Here, take this money; it is all I have, but I will run and ask my father for more."

"Oh, don't Harry, on any account," as I counted and found there was two shillings and ten-pence; "this will keep us for a day or two, and surely somebody will pay us before then. Don't tell anybody, Harry, and I will pay you again."

I remember that it was a cold late spring; there had been no rain for six weeks, and an east wind prevailed for many days, and on this particular day, 30th March, there was still much snow lying under the hedges, the country looked dried up, and there were few signs of spring. Men walked with their hands in their pockets, and women and children drew tightly round them whatever clothing they had. A manufacturing town on a Saturday night is a busy scene. The shops are gaily lighted, and kept open to a late hour. Wooden sheds line the streets along the foot-paths, and contain food and wares to suit the customers, which at that time stream along the streets in crowds. Here and there a strong light shews that there is something attractive. The crowd stops, cheap meat is seized by the police, because it is unsound; or a thief has been taken in the fact; or a drunken man has fallen down and cannot tell his road home. Curiosity being satisfied, the crowd moves on. If one had time to look about, how many histories one might read from those faces.

The young married woman for the first time spending her husband's wages, anxious to shew what a good manager she is, looks at one thing, then at another, hesitates, thinks, chaffers with the dealer; she has her experience to buy. The woman with thin haggard face and hurried step, carrying a baby in her arms folded in a cotton shawl, and besides holding a basket, with two children running beside her, ponders over her money and her wants. It is wonderful how such women with their limited education do contrive to provide for their families, fortunate as they may consider themselves, if the wages with which they set out in life con-

tinue the same from year to year, and they have no "turn outs" and short time reductions, whilst their family as surely increases.

I was determined if possible, not to spend all the money. I first bought a loaf of bread for tenpence; then I went to a butcher's stall, and looked at a nice fresh piece with 4d. marked on a ticket.

"Can I have one pound of this meat?" speaking to a jolly looking man.

"Nay, my good lass, I can't cut that, it's a nice roast for Sunday's dinner." He looked in my face. What did he see there? His humane heart was touched. He saw that I had not myself alone to care for—he saw that I was not a giddy, flighty body. Changing his tone, he said, "I beg your pardon ma'am, what kind of meat do you want?"

"I want one pound of meat for soup." I am sure it was in a humble tone, for I felt so small.

"That'll be New Bailey soup I'm thinking. My mistress says as how different kinds of meat makes the best soup. Now here's what we call parings of meat, you shall have it for three-pence," as he put two handsfull of pieces into my basket.

I thanked him, and could have said heartily, "may God bless you and keep you from want;" but feared he might misunderstand me.

I then got one gill of split peas, some salt, pepper, and one pennyworth of broth vegetables; with these I knew that we could make excellent soup, and with a little milk we could live for two days.

At last the money did come in; and all immediate anxiety being over, we all set our heads to work, and arranged our expenses so as to have some money left at the end of the next quarter. We put aside the rent and taxes (no pity, no delay from these cormorants); then we allowed a little for sickness and accidents, and divided the rest by the number of weeks, allowing two weeks additional for the bills to come in. There would be no butter nor sugar this quarter, and not one article of clothing.

## CHAPTER III.

### "I WILL" MORALIZES.

Years have passed, and my troubles are now over. My

mother has all the comforts that her simple, kind, unselfish nature requires; we have a respectable woman to help us in our house work. I have money in the bank, and I can afford to take two or three children without pay. My life is still one of constant labour; but having established my character, as a good teacher, I am in some degree independent of the caprices of parents. I had a call one day, a long time ago, from the butcher from whom I bought the meat on that worst of all our days. He had pitied me, had sent his boy to see where I lived, had inquired about me, and they placed under my care three daughters, to whom I was to teach whatever I liked. They were good children. I have often been to stay with them at their farm in the country, and have received much kindness from this family.

In the many hours of struggle, discouragement, and weariness, my greatest strength and comfort has arisen from my firm belief, that all events of our lives are ordered by infinite mercy, and that not one sincere hearty effort after duty is lost. And if my simple story excites one person to self-reliance, to earnest following at the call of duty, and to unwavering trust in our heavenly Father, it will not have been told in vain.

## PRAYER.

Every time, that is not seized upon by some other duty, is seasonable enough for prayer: but let it be performed as a solemn duty morning and evening, that God may begin and end all our business, and the out-going of the morning and evening may praise him; for so we bless God, and God blesses us. And yet fail not to find or make opportunities to worship God at some other times of the day; at least by ejaculations and short addresses, more or less, longer or shorter, solemnly or without solemnity, privately or publicly, as you can, or are permitted: always remembering that as every sin is a degree of danger and unsafety, so every pious prayer and well-employed opportunity is a degree of return to hope and pardon.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

## THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN.

How many times has this awful truth been uttered to wake the slumbering soul, to rouse up man's better energies in time for him to save his soul alive, to warn him of that terrible moment when the end of his life shall be at hand, when he shall feel that the time for working in his Father's vineyard is ended, and that he must now present himself before the judgment seat to receive his sentence. In that hour he shall see each man rewarded according to the deeds done in the flesh,—those that have done well receiving the resurrection into a blessed life, but those that have done evil, the resurrection of condemnation. It is an awful thing to die—to feel that the time is come for fixing the seal upon one's life, and giving it the stamp which marks its character for good or ill—that now the night is come wherein we can no longer work, can do nothing more in this life to work the will of him who sent us into it, and can no longer prove that the repentance which we feel for past sins is true and heart-felt, and does not need, itself, to be repented of. It is an awful thing to feel, that we have arrived at that period when our heavenly Father sees that a longer continuance in this scene of trial will do us no further good, and that we must be removed hence. If we can then think of the condition of our souls, of the many imperfections that have attended our best services, and the many grievous faults that still remain uncured, how bitter must be the thought that our Father, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, judges that our life must now end, for he knows that we shall do no more to improve the trust committed to us. We may perhaps at such a time, when this world is rapidly fading away, and the future is opening vividly before us, feel with terrible force, how utterly we have neglected the talent entrusted to our care. We shall indeed then feel that sin is the sting of death; and we shall feel too that it is then too late—we are not worthy to receive further time of probation—but must pass on into the presence of God, bowed down with a deep sense of our own unworthiness. The sins which have most easily and constantly beset us, will still be with us—accusing us to

our own consciences—and bitter will be the feeling that the time has past by for working out our repentance. How shall we then lament over our past misspent time, and think with great sorrow of our neglect of the lessons which have been given us from our Father's chastening love. In what bitter anguish shall we then call upon him to have compassion upon us, and to send his pardoning mercy to our souls.

We sit by the bedside of a friend whom God is taking from us. He has been the joy and solace of our life—our souls have been knit together. We think, with fearful trembling, how dark and blank our life on earth will be, without his company and friendly sympathy. His work is done, and he is going hence. We are left behind to travel the rest of our pilgrimage alone. Weary and desolate does the road seem now that he is gone, whose presence had brightened our path. We feel that he is gone to his Father in heaven—for we know that he had always lived here, as in his sight, and had striven to do his work. We look forward with eager longings to the time when we shall meet again in that happy scene. But gradually our hopes are overcast with doubt—our own past life rises up before us—we compare it with that which we have just seen close—and then we feel ourselves, while still in life, that the sting of death is sin. The sting of our great grief at parting with those who are taken from us, is poisoned by the thought that our own past life may have rendered us unfit for admission to that society of the blessed into which we fully believe that our dear friend has entered. How grievously does this thought aggravate our sorrow. In a little while, when the first fresh anguish of the parting has passed away, we learn to thank our heavenly Father for the remainder of that road which he has left us to travel over, and the prospect of which had at first cast down our soul: for along it we now see work to be done, and temptations to be resisted, which may prove the truth and strength of our repentance, and in God's infinite mercy may lead us too, into his presence. We praise his name for his great goodness in giving us these additional helps to enable us to do those things which are well pleasing in his sight. We resolve to do all things to his glory, and to show by our lives, that these lessons of his love have not been lost upon us, and we thank him with a fervent heart

for that repentance which begins by the bedside of a dying friend. This repentance may not be too late, for it has life in it, and will bear fruit, if we watch over it with unwearied care, and pray earnestly for God's blessing upon it. Then the sting which we felt so keenly at the death of our friend, may, in God's mercy, have saved us from the far more terrible one which we shall feel, if our own death bed should be embittered by the memory of sins unrepented, and of a whole life misspent.

## HYMN IN SICKNESS.

Father, thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent
To warn me back to thy control,
And pray, that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

The errors of my heart I know;
I feel my deep infirmities;
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise,
But like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

Forgive the weakness I deplore;
And let thy grace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
But wholly cast myself on thee;
Oh, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine.—H. WARE.

## HEAVEN ON EARTH.

WE need not seek a higher life than is here presented to us. We need only seek for good, by due cultivation of this real world, and we shall find it is perfectly adapted to us, and we shall daily better understand, rule, and embellish it. It is the vague longing for that which we can do nothing to realize, that renders all our efforts uncertain, sad, and fruitless. Believe that *here*, on this earth, is our true heaven,—and we can make it so.—STERLING.

## LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

*From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

It was a still, clear night in the month of May 1543 : the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and all the world slept in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thought ; but in his eye kindled the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindliness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forhead, fell in waving locks upon his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived : the long straight robe, with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

This old man was the great astronomer, Nicholas Copernicus, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine ; titular canon of Wernica ; and honorary professor of Bologna Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his great work 'On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies.' In the midst of poverty, ridicule, and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical science. On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book, which his disciple Rheticus was getting printed at Nuremberg ; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the results of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for his purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in

the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three pieces* of wood, and directed it successively towards the four cardinal points of the horison. No shadow of a doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had *indeed* destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had at first learned to decipher, and folding his attenuated hands across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these his glorious works. He then returned to the table, and seizing a pen, he wrote on the title-page of his book—'Behold the work of the greatest and the most perfect Artisan: the work of God himself.' And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded, with a collected mind, to write the dedication of his book.

'To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III.: I dedicate my work to your holiness, in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanderers, notwithstanding the proverb which says that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c.

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS—*Of Thorn.*'

Soon the first dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leant his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. After sixty years of labour, he in truth needed repose. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration: it was abridged by the entrance of

* Tycho Brahe has preserved to us a drawing of this instrument, which was the means of accomplishing such wonderful discoveries, and which was sent to him after the death of Copernicus by John Hanovrius, bishop of Wernica. It is difficult for us to conceive how a triangle so rude in its formation, and so irregular in its movements, can have supplied, in the hands of this great man, the place of those infallible telescopes which have since served to confirm his discoveries.

an aged servant, who, with slow and heavy step, ascended the tower stairs.

'Master,' said he to the canon as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, 'the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is only waiting for your proof-sheets and letters.'

The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair, as if wearied by the effort.

'But that is not all,' continued the servant; 'there are ten poor sick people in the house waiting for you; and besides, you are wanted at Frauenberg, to look after the water-machine, which has stopped working; and also to see the three workmen who have broken their legs in trying to set it going again.'

'Poor creatures!' exclaimed Copernicus. 'Let my horse be saddled directly.' And with a resolute effort, shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.

The house of Copernicus was, in outward appearance, one of the most unpretending in Wernica: it was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio, in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as in science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome and Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlour on the ground-floor, which was ever open to all who came to him for remedies, for money, or for food. Over the door an oval aperture had been cut, through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical *gnomon*, or dial-hand, of Copernicus; and the only ornament the room contained were some verses written by his own hand, and pasted up over the chimney-piece.

It was in this parlour that the good canon found the ten invalids who had come to claim his assistance; he dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to others, and on all he bestowed alms and words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labours, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out for Frauenberg, when a horseman, galloping up to

the door, handed him a letter. He trembled as he recognised the hand-writing of his friend Gysius, bishop of Culm. 'May God have pity on us,' wrote this latter, 'and avert the blow which now threatens thee! Thy enemies and thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets; the priests excommunicate thee from their pulpits; and the university, hearing that thy book was about to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing presses of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late!'

Before Copernicus had finished the persual of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horseman, who had been charged to escort him back, asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

'I must set out directly,' replied the old man in a resigned tone; 'but not for Nuremberg or for Culm: the suffering workmen at Frauenberg are expecting me; they may perhaps die if I go not to their assistance. My enemies may perhaps destroy my work—they cannot stop the stars in their courses!'

An hour later, Copernicus was at Frauenberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon this town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of the river Bouda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering, like their fathers, from continued draught, had now only to turn a valve, and the plenteous stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.

This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very inopportunely, because this was the festival of the patron saint of Frauenberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water again flowed freely into the town. His first cares, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy men who had received injuries whilst working in the sluices: he set their fractured limbs,

and bound them up with his own hands, then commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return and visit them on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself which was destined to crush him to the dust.

As he crossed the square, whilst passing through the town on his return home, he perceived amidst the crowd a company of strolling players acting upon a temporary stage. The theatre represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all sorts of ridiculous instruments—in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing were in exact imitation of those of Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking, that he directly recognised himself, and paused, stupified with astonishment. Behind the merry-Andrew, whose busines it was thus to hold up the great man to public derision, there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated him as a representation of Satan, and who caused the pretended Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears—which were no other than asses' ears, of considerable dimensions. The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and trampled a crucifix under foot : in the second, he explained his system, by juggling with apples in guise of planets, whilst his head was transformed into a likeness of the sun by means of torches of resin : in the third, he became a charlatan, a vender of pomatum and quack medicines—he spoke dog-Latin to the passers-by ; sold them water, which he had drawn from his own well, at an exorbitant price ; and became intoxicated himself with excellent wine, in such copious draughts of which did he indulge, that he finally disappeared under the table : in the fourth and closing act he was again dragged forth to view as one accursed of God and man ; and the devil, dragging him down to the infernal regions amidst a cloud of sulphurous smoke, declared his intention of punishing him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downwards throughout eternity.

When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole life held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his enlightened faith branded as impiety, and his self-

denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself, of mankind, and even of Providence itself, rushed upon his mind. At first he hoped that the Frauenbergians, the children of his adoption, to whose comfort and happiness he had devoted himself for fifty years, would cut short the disgraceful scene. But alas! he saw his defamers welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by the emotions and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labours of the morning, he sunk exhausted to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognise their benefactor; the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip—they heard that he had come that very morning to the town in order to relieve their distress—in a moment the current of popular feeling was turned, their ingratitude was quickly changed to remorse—the crowd dispersed the actors, and crowded anxiously round the astronomer. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days—days of trial and anxiety—during which the lamp of genius and of faith still shed its halo around the dying man. On the day succeeding his visit to Frauenberg, a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the bishop of Culm: thrice had the students of the university made an attempt to invade the printing-office whence the truth was about to issue forth. "Even this very morning," wrote his friend, "a set of madmen tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts either day or night, guarding the entrance, and keeping watch over the workmen. The printers perform their work with one hand, while they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand our ground for two days, thy book is saved; for let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. . . But if either to-day or to-morrow, our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand' . . Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want—he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day another messenger made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings: "A compositor, gained over by our enemies,

has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book, and it has been burned in the public square. Happily the impression was complete, and we are now putting it into press. . . But a popular tumult might yet ruin all !'

Such was the state of suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence ! Life was ebbing fast, and the torpor of death had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloped up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom ; it was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Copernicus ; *this* messenger brought tidings of victory.

The spark of life, so nearly extinguished, seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man : he raised himself in his bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, and glanced at its contents with his dim, expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features ; the book fell from his grasp ; and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, 'Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace ?' Hardly had he uttered these words, before his spirit fled from earth to return to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the 23rd May—day had not yet dawned—heaven was still lighted up with stars—the earth was fragrant with flowers—all nature seemed to sympathise with the great revealer of her laws—and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed his earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the departed, and seemed in his turn to say, "The king of creation gives thee the kiss of peace, for thou hast been the first to replace him on his throne."

Persecution followed Copernicus even in the grave, The court of Rome replied to his dedication by condemning his book ; but the book was the instrument of its own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome herself, which at last recognised, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling-house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last *oboles**, to raise a monument to

* A small coin.

his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him in Warsaw. This statue is from the hand of the great sculptor Thorvalsden.

## THE CAMEL.

Our readers, in perusing the Scriptures, have doubtless often read of the great use made of the camel, by the inhabitants of eastern countries; nor is it surprising when its value is justly considered.

The camel is a native of Asia, and peculiarly prized by the Arabs, who it is said look on it as a sacred animal, sent them from heaven, and suppose that without it they could not even carry on the necessary business of their lives.

The milk of the camel forms a great part of the Arabs' nourishment, its flesh when eaten young is even esteemed a delicacy, and its hair, which annually falls from it, is converted by the possessor into clothes, covering for tents, &c.

This animal has a keen sense of any injury done it, and is known to cherish its anger until an opportunity for revenge occurs; the Arab is aware of this, and if by any chance he has incurred its displeasure, before again attempting to approach it, he spreads his clothes before it, on which the camel spends its rage by treading on and shaking them with its teeth. Notwithstanding this, however, its disposition is very tractable and docile, it is soon taught to kneel to receive its load, but will refuse to rise if overburdened.

What is particularly valuable in the camel is its amazing strength, which enables it to carry, though slowly, above a thousand pounds weight.

Its patience under privation might be a lesson to many possessed of the noble gift of reason. It will travel several days on the scanty pittance of a little barley meal, or perhaps a few dates or thorny plants of the desert, and without a fresh supply of water, though its natural desire for it is such that it can scent it when above a mile distant, and when its need is very great, will directly make its way towards it.

The swiftness of the camel when required is also surprising. It can accomplish a career of a hundred miles in one day, across the unsheltered deserts of Arabia, the parching heat of which, we who are accustomed to wander over the green

pastures and by the still waters of this lovely country, can form little idea of.

The soft and spongey feet of the camel, so admirably and strikingly adapted to its clime, and its additional stomach for retaining a quantity of water, speak plainly to us, as well as all other beautiful arrangements in creation, of the wisdom and goodness of that Providence, without whose will not even a sparrow falls. L. P.

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## DAVID'S HARP,

VERSIFIED FROM KRUMMACHER'S PARABLES.

Musing one evening, calm and still,
King David sat on Zion's hill ;
Against his harp, that silent stood,
He leaned his head in pensive mood.

A holy prophet found him there,
And said, "my king, thy thought declare."

Then David spake ; "my mind ran o'er
What changes life had brought of yore ;
How oft this harp hath gladly rung
While I my joys to it have sung ;
How oft in plaintive tones of woe
My many griefs been called to show !"

"Be like thy harp !" the prophet cried.
"What meanest thou ?" the king replied.

"Thy bliss," he answered, "and thy woe
Alike from that have caused to flow
Sweet hallowed strains, which rose to heaven,
And to its strings a soul have given.
So let them both their power combine
To make of thee a harp divine."

Then rose elate the poet-king,
And grandly swept each sounding string.

W. G.

## THREE MONTHS UNDER THE SNOW.

THE JOURNAL OF A YOUNG INHABITANT OF THE JURA.

*Translated from the French.*

### INTRODUCTION.

The Jura is a long chain of mountains, or rather, several chains, standing side by side, and reaching from Basle in Switzerland to the borders of France. It contains a great number of valleys, and many of its mountain-tops are very high. Some are much higher than others; they are less fit to live upon, and therefore have fewer inhabitants. The highest are *very* cold. The summer-time is short; grass and herbs can hardly grow. These are all covered with snow very early in the year, and some are so high and cold that the snow never melts quite away from them. A few small plants grow near the tops of the highest mountains, and in some places the sides are covered with large woods of beech, oak, or fir trees, whilst on others, grass grows well enough to feed very fine cattle—oxen, cows, and goats. The shepherds and their flocks can only live upon these mountains for about five months of the year—that is, from May or June until the beginning of October. When Spring comes, and the snows melt, and the tops can once more be seen, the villages which are always built in the valleys, or on the lower slopes, send forth their flocks and herds to the mountains. This departure is always made a general holiday, though it would seem mournful enough, for the poor shepherds to be going away from their families during the fine season, to lead a life of labour and hardship. Whilst they are on the mountains, milk is their only food, and often they have nothing to drink but water out of a cistern. Their time is spent in watching their flocks and making the large and excellent cheeses of pressed curd, called "gruyere cheese".

Every shepherd has a hut of his own, called a "chalet,"* which is generally built of stones. The roof is covered with narrow slips of fir, called shingles, and great stones are laid upon them, to press them down, and prevent their being carried away by the violence of the wind.

The inside of the chalet is in three parts. First, there is

* Pronounced *shallay*.

a small stable, in which the cattle are placed at night; then a narrow and well-aired dairy, where the milk is kept in pails of white wood; and lastly, a kitchen, which also serves the poor shepherd as a sleeping room, and in which he cheerfully rests on his bed of straw. This kitchen has a large chimney, and under it hangs an enormous cauldron or iron pot, to heat the milk for making cheese. All the time the shepherds remain on the mountains, they see no one, except a few strangers who visit the country. They are always glad to give their cream in exchange for a little fresh bread, which is a rare dainty in the chalets. Hard as their lot seems, they still love it, and there are scarcely any who would change it if they could. Age after age passes away, and yet they remain faithful to the customs and homes of their forefathers. The summer season ends on the feast of St. Denis, the 9th of October, when they all leave the chalets, and return to their village homes. This day, like that of the departure from home, is a holiday, and of course a far happier one to fathers, as well as to mothers and children. The winter is not an idle time with the shepherds, for, being cut off very much from the rest of the world, they are used to do almost everything for themselves. These mountaineers are clever in making household utensils of every sort; and besides the tools and furniture which supply their own wants, they cut and carve a variety of pretty things in wood, which are sold and carried about all over Europe.

During the long winter, children are taught at home, the road to school not being always open or passable. Thus gathered round their own parents, and taught in love, many children become extremely fond of learning. The usual plan is, to let them join in reading some interesting book, which instructs them and helps to pass the time for the rest of the family. The young villager of the Jura must not, then, be looked upon as an untaught child—he has learned to write and to *think*, and can therefore tell his own story. Having given this short account, we shall now refer our readers to his own words—he will explain how it was that he came to write this journal, and how, shut up with his grandfather in a chalet, he was able to find means for writing down all that happened.

We trust, young friends, that you will never be exposed to such severe sufferings: but in the course of life, without be-

ing liable to great dangers, you will often need patience and courage. The example of Louis Lopraz will convince you, that the child who is the faithful disciple of Christ, has strength given him to do what is far beyond his years. You will see, from this story, that the school of misfortune is often the most useful to us ; and that God's mercy is shown, as much in days of sorrow and trouble, as it is, in those of joy and gladness.

### JOURNAL OF LOUIS LOPRAZ.

Nov. 22nd, 18—. Since it is the will of God that I should be shut up in this chalet with my grandfather, I mean to write each day what happens ; so that if we should die in our prison, our relations and friends may know how our last days have been passed ; or, if we should be saved by the divine goodness, this journal will help to remind us of our dangers and sufferings. By the wish of my grandfather I undertake this work, to shorten, in some degree, the hours that would otherwise pass slowly and be very difficult to employ.

I will first relate what happened to us yesterday. For several weeks we had expected my father in the village. St. Denis's day (9th of October) was passed. All the flocks were come down from the mountains with their shepherds. My father only did not appear, and we all began to ask, "what can detain him ?" My uncles and aunts were sure there was no cause for anxiety. Most likely there was still grass to be had, for which reason my father kept the flock a little longer on the mountain. My grandfather was at last alarmed by this delay and said, "I will go myself and see what has kept Francis. I should not be sorry to visit the chalet once more. Who knows whether I may see it again, next year ? Will you go with me ?" added he, looking at me. I should have begged to go with him of my own accord, for we were hardly ever separated from one another. We were soon ready to set out We went up slowly, following the narrow paths sometimes close by the side of deep precipices. About a mile from the chalet, curiosity led me to the edge of a steep place, and my grandfather, who had already warned me several times, caught me by the hand and drew me back. In doing this a stone rolled from under his foot, and caused a sprain which hurt him sadly, but in a little

while he could walk, and he hoped it would pass away. With the help of his oak-stick, and leaning on my shoulder, he contrived to get here. My father was very much surprised to see us. He was busy getting ready to depart, so that if we had waited quietly in the village one more day, he would have come himself to set our minds at rest.

"Is it you, father?" said he, coming forward to support him. "Did you think an accident had happened to me?"

"Yes, we came to know what kept you, when all the neighbours were gone down."

"Some of the cows have been ill, but they are well now. I sent Peter this evening with the rest of our cheeses, and I shall go down to-morrow with the flock."

"Are you very much tired, Louis?" said my grandfather to me. The tone in which he asked this question made me sure he had some particular reason for it, and I did not reply very distinctly. "I think," said my grandfather, "it would be well to send the child with Peter. The wind changed half an hour ago, and will perhaps bring bad weather at night. My father expressed the same fear and agreed to follow the advice.

"If you wish it," said my grandfather to me, "I will make an effort to go down with you. A little time for rest will be enough."

"I want to wait for you," said I to my father, throwing my arms round his neck. "Grandpapa must have a night to rest; his foot is hurt, owing to my fault."

I then told him what had happened at some distance from the hut. It was agreed that we should go down together on the morrow,—which was to-day. Over the fire was a porridge pot, which my father saw me look at with longing eyes. He served out into an earthen pan, a soup made of maize-flour boiled in milk, which we ate out of a wooden bowl like soldiers. Afterwards I went to bed. I slept, without listening to the conversation of my father and grandfather, who talked for a long time after supper in a low voice. The next day I was surprised to see the mountain white all over. The snow still fell in an unusual quantity, blown about by a violent wind. It would have amused me if I had not known the alarm of my parents. I was very uneasy myself, when I saw my grandfather try to walk a few steps and move with difficulty, supporting himself by the furniture and against

the walls. The accident of last evening had made his foot swell and caused him great pain.

"Go, go," he said to my father. "Take the child away before the snow is deeper. You see it is impossible for me to follow you."

"And do you think, father, that I will leave you?"

"Put your flock in safety and afterwards think of me. You can come back with a litter to take me home."

"Let me carry you on my shoulders, father, and let us set off without delay I entreat you."

"With such a load, my son, you could not drive the flock and guide this child."

Thus we spent a part of the day without deciding what to do, still hoping some one might come from home to help us. At last I said I was old enough to be a guide, and help my father to lead the flock; but it was in vain, my grandfather would not yield. He would not expose us to danger by the charge of himself. My father was almost angry. I wept. When this contest was over, I dared to think it was not beyond my help, and said to my father, "Leave me also in the chalet; you will then be sooner at home, and will come back with people to set us free. Grandpapa will have some one to wait upon him and be his companion. It is an opportunity for me to show that I feel his goodness. We will take care of one another, and the Almighty will guard us both."

"The child is right," said my grandfather. "The snow is already so deep, and the storm so violent, there is more danger for him to follow you than to stay with me. There, Francis, take this staff. It has an iron spike at the end. It will help you to go down as it did me to come up. Drive the cows from the stable and leave us the goat and the food which remains. I am more anxious for you than for us."

My father had held down his head. Suddenly he raised it and took me tenderly in his arms. I felt the tears fall on my cheek. "I will not blame you, my dear Louis, but you see the consequences of your disobedience. Promise me never to do so again. God has permitted what we see; but I must own to you that neither your grandfather nor I foresaw the great difficulty we are in. Had we expected last night the misfortune of to-day, we should have used Peter's help to carry away your grandfather."

When I saw my father ready to set off, I gave him a pretty straw-covered bottle in which was a little wine that had been given me the evening before. "Take this," I said; "you will want it to-day more than we shall. You know my poor mother gave me this bottle, the first time I came to visit you on the mountain. I am so happy to think it will be useful to you at a time like this, so important to you and to us."

"Marie!" exclaimed my father with deep feeling; "she is at peace." He pressed me again in his arms, in remembrance of her who could no longer bless me.

We made the flock turn out and they seemed much surprised to find the ground covered with snow. Some of the cows ran hither and thither about the chalet. At last they were all put in marching order. In a little while, my father disappeared with the flock, altogether hidden from us by the whirlwind of snow. When we could no longer see them, my grandfather still tried to follow them with his eyes. He leaned upon the window without speaking, but his lips seemed to move—his hands were clasped and his eyes raised to heaven. The sight of him made me remember my duty. I felt as he did, and prayed to God for my father. Thus we remained for a long time. Then the wind began to blow with more violence. We were wrapped in thick dark clouds and night fell almost suddenly. The wooden time-piece struck only three o'clock.

"May God have mercy on him," said my grandfather; "but he has long passed the forest, and is not exposed to this storm. How anxious he will be for our fate."

We had been so taken up all day, that we had not thought of food and I was famished. Just then I noticed to grandpapa the bleating of the goat.

"Poor Blanchette," said he, "she calls to be milked. Light the lamp, we will go and milk her and then get our suppers."

"We will breakfast too, grandpapa."

These words made him smile. By the light of the lamp I could perceive that he looked more cheerful, and this gave me a little courage. Meanwhile the wind groaned loudly. It whirled underneath the shingles and shook them, till one might have expected the roof of the chalet to be torn away. At times I looked up.

"Fear nothing," said my grandfather, "this house has stood many such storms. The shingles are kept down by great stones and the roof slants to lessen the force of the wind upon it."

Then he made a sign for me to go before him, and he went into the stable. The goat bleated still more at sight of us, and almost broke her chain in trying to come nearer. She eagerly ate the handful of salt I gave her, and licked my hand over and over, not to lose a morsel of it. We got a large can of milk. I had need of it. My grandfather said to me as he came back to the kitchen, "We must never forget Blanchette, but must carefully milk her night and morning. *Our* life depends on hers."

I replied, "You think, then, we shall stay here a long time?"

"That is not certain, my child, but it may be so. We must always hope for the best, and take proper care in case the worst should happen."

After supper I went to fill the manger for our nurse. I gave her fresh litter, and stroked her, it must be owned, more kindly than usual. She seemed very glad to see me. It is because she is alone in the stable, and goats cannot bear to lose their companions. When she saw me go back towards the kitchen she began to bleat in a sad tone.

We staid awhile by the fireside. May they be also beside it in our home of the valley! The chimney of the chalet is as wide at bottom as a common room. It is narrower above, but the opening to the roof is so large, the snow got driven in by the whirl-wind, and troubled us very much. It made a disagreeable sound while melting in the fire, and we were continually obliged to shake off the flakes which covered our clothes.

"You see, my child, that to night we can only find warmth in bed. Let us take shelter there. The snow will not reach us. To-morrow we will try to keep a warm corner in the fire place. Let us pray to God and trust in his care, for he is with us every-where—upon the mountain as in the plain. If the snow which covers us were a hundred times deeper, we should not be concealed from him. He sees our clasped hands—he hears our feeble sighs. Yes, our Father, thou art with us—we will sleep without fear under the shadow of thy wings."

I was touched, and I have never prayed with more of trust than last night. This morning when I awoke, it was quite dark, and at first I thought that my sleep had ended sooner than usual. However I heard my grandfather groping about, and rubbed my eyes, but could not see more clearly.

"Grandpapa," I said, "you have got up before the day!"

"My child," replied he, "if we wait till the day lights us, we shall stay a long time in bed. I believe the window is blocked up with snow."

This news made me cry out with terror, and leaping to the bottom of the bed, I quickly lighted our lamp, and then we found my grandfather's fear was too true.

"But the window is low," said he, "and besides, it is likely the snow has drifted in this place; perhaps we should not find it two feet deep a little way from the wall."

"Then they can come to save us?"

"I hope so, but next to God we must depend upon ourselves. Should it be his will that we are shut up here for some time, let us see what are our means of support, and when we know them, we will regulate the use to be made of them. Day is come, there is no doubt of that. The *Cuckoo** has struck seven o'clock. It is fortunate I did not forget to wind it up last night. I must be careful to do so always, for we like to know how time goes, and we must be exact with Blanchette."

Thus have we begun the day, but it is sad and weary. I cannot write any more. Grandpapa advises me to leave the rest of my tale for to-morrow.

Nov. 23rd.—If this continues, I shall hardly be able every evening to write a history of the day. When I was at school I was often praised for the ease with which I wrote themes given as exercises to the best scholars. I am far from being able to say, much more to write, all that I think and all that I feel; but I will do my best. If these pages should some day be read by strangers, they must not forget how they have been found in a chalet, the work of a school-boy. This morning when we found ourselves closely imprisoned as last night, we were very sorrowful. However we thought of our breakfast and of the goat. Whilst grandpapa was milking her, I watched him very closely.

"You do well," he said to me, "for you must learn to

* A kind of clock manufactured by the Swiss peasants.

take my place. You see that I can hardly stoop to reach Blanchette. Come and try to milk her yourself."

For a minute I succeeded in pressing out some drops of milk, but it seems I hurt our nurse, for she kicked and nearly upset the pail of milk. Last night and this morning, I have made two attempts and succeeded better. After breakfast we looked over everything that could be found in the chalet for use. I will give the list of them another day. I have yet much to say and am afraid to stop short, as I did yesterday.

When we had looked over our provisions and utensils, we wished to know what o'clock it was. I placed myself under the chimney and looked up the only opening which remained free in the chalet. In a few minutes the sun, all at once, shone over the snow, which rose a good way above the opening and I shewed this to my grandfather. It was easy to see the depth of the bed of snow, because the opening does not project upon the roof—it is a straight hole like that of a hayloft.

"If we had a ladder," said my grandfather, "you could mount up and unfasten a trap that your father made (as he told me lately) to guard against the rain and cold, until the chimney, which is in a bad state can be repaired."

"If the chimney goes narrower," I replied, "it would not reqnire a ladder, I might climb up like the chimney-sweepers."

For some time we were thoughtful, and grandpapa recollected having seen in the stable a long fir pole—he reminded me of it. I clapped my hands with joy. "It is all that I want, I have often climbed up trees of no thicker stem. The pole has its rough bark upon it and that is all the better for me. But how to get it up the tunnel—this would not be easy. The entrance is very wide and high, and we managed it, for the wood was not too dry to bend.

I set to work and tied a cord round my waist, to lift up a shovel when I was above. I used my hands and feet, supporting myself against the walls of the tunnel, till I reached the roof. I then began to make a place for myself, by clearing away the snow with my shovel, and when able to look round, it appeared to me, the snow was deepest for about three feet close to the chalet. In fact, the wind had drifted it there, just as people raise the earth round vegetables, to nourish and preserve them from drought.

Enormous was the quantity of snow that had fallen in so short a time,—all that can be seen from the chalet is one white carpet. The forest of firs on one side of the valley, and which limits the view, is white as anything else, except the trunks, which appear quite black. Several trees are broken under the weight of snow, and I have seen large branches, and even stems broken to pieces.

At this time the north wind was strong and freezing ; the dark clouds, driven before it, opened now and then, and the sun shone through, and this dazzling brightness flew over the field of snow with the swiftness of an arrow. The cold seized me. When I tried to tell grandpapa what I could see, he was aware that my teeth chattered, and bid me hasten to undo the trap, clearing as much as I could of the space round the chimney. This took a long time, and gave me much trouble, but it made me warm. Then I put the cord in the pulley, so that drawing it towards us opens the trap, and it shuts by its own weight. We tried several times to be quite sure this plan would answer, and I came down more easily than I had mounted up. My clothes were wet through, and I had no others. We lighted a bright fire with fir cones and branches ; then lowering the trap, and leaving only space enough for the smoke to escape, we have spent the day by the fireside, with no other light than that of the hearth. Our stock of oil is very small, and we see that we must not expect soon to quit our prison. We only used the lamp while milking the goat.

It was a new and very sad thing for us thus to while away the whole day. I believe the hours would have seemed shorter if I had not been in a state of constant expectation. I fancied some one might come to set us free. I mounted again upon the roof to see if any one come, and continually questioned grandpapa. "I hope," he said, "that your father is safe at home, but perhaps the roads are broken up, or the paths blocked up by heaps of snow."

After having completely closed the opening of the chimney, we went to bed last night, with the hope that to-day would bring us help. But this morning we see it is impossible. It seems to have snowed all night. We have had great difficulty in opening the trap. I have at last done so, and we can light the fire. I found two feet of fresh snow. grandpapa wishes that I would not hope to leave this prison-

house before spring. It is not this captivity which most saddens me. The dangers to my father, and, if they are escaped, his alarm on our account, make me much more anxious. This spring I came to spend some days with him, and brought pens, ink, and paper, because he would not allow me to give up reading and writing while absent from school. On leaving him, I was going to carry away what remained of the package. But he said, "leave it in this chest : you will find it next year in good order." This then is the paper and the pens which serve me now, and very differently from what I expected.

Nov. 24.—I still tremble to think of the peril we have escaped. How to imagine while thus buried under the snow we have not been consumed by fire ! Here is a new danger against which we must be on our guard. We were sitting before the fire, and to pass the time, my grandfather made me calculate a little. I had spread some ashes on the hearth, just as in some schools sand is used for drawing figures. Whilst I finished my little sum by the light of a torch, we felt something hot behind us. This was a sheaf of straw we intended to use, and which I had put too near the hearth. I threw myself upon it to put out the fire, but only burnt my hands. In spite of the pain and difficulty of rising, grandpapa rushed to the sheaf, carried it off all on fire, and threw it under the chimney. "Take away all that can catch fire," cried he. I drew back our seats, the stock of wood, and everything near the hearth. It was a dreadful time. The flames increased. We held the sheaf close against the hole, with an iron fork and the fire shovel—not a drop of water to be had. The chalet was lighted up with a red glare, the smoke had no vent and stifled us. If we let the sheaf fall, the fire would spread around, and we should be lost. Bits of lighted straw flew from one side to the other. They might fall on the bed in the corner of the room, or set fire to the rafters overhead, or to the wooden partition of the stable. It seems as if a sheaf of straw could not be long burning out, and yet I thought we should never see the end of it. At last the conflagration was over. "Stamp," said grandpapa, "upon every straw that still burns, and put out the least spark." He did the same himself. All at once we were in utter darkness, but we could not lose fear, until quite sure the fire had not touched any part around us. By

degrees the smoke dispersed. We lighted the lamp, and found ourselves black as charcoal burners ; but, thank God ! we are saved without any other injury than slight burns on the hands and feet, and the chalet is safe too. We shook off the ashes and dust that covered us, and my grandfather still accusing himself of negligence, said to me, "We cannot too quickly repair our faults. We should have avoided this danger. In the dairy there is an empty cask,—we must stave out one end and place it on the other, near the hearth. We will fill it with snow which will soon melt, and we shall then have a store of water in case of accident. But above all, be more careful and attentive. I need not warn you, that if the chalet were to take fire, it would be death to us. We could have no means of escape. Such an accident is as fearful to us as it is to sailors on the ocean."

We then set to work directly. We opened the door of the chalet, and filled the cask, having put it in a convenient place. We do not want for snow ! I had a heavy heart on opening our door. I saw before me the white wall, that separates us from the whole world.

Nov. 25.—God wills that we should put all our trust in him.

The snow continues to fall heavily. I have again had great difficulty in clearing the trap from a load of it. We thought it best to free the roof from a part of the weight it bears. It took me a long time yesterday. I left under my feet a bed of snow, thick enough to guard us from the cold, and I threw off the rest. It is some change to be a little time outside my prison, though all I can see around is very sad. Nothing can be distinguished outside the hut, except the uneven ground. The cistern that I still saw yesterday has vanished. Nothing can be more mournful than the view. The earth is white, the sky is black. I have read at school the accounts of travels in the frozen ocean and the polar regions. It seems to me we are taken there. But as the unfortunate voyagers who have suffered so much from cold, and been exposed to such great dangers here, sometimes returned to their country, I hope that we also, shall see my father and our village again. We are not entirely unprovided in our far-off dwelling. We have found more hay and straw than will be wanted for the food and litter of Blanchette through a whole year. If she continues to give us milk,

we have a most valuable supply of food. But an accident might deprive us of this, so we were very glad to find in a corner of the stable a little store of potatoes fit to eat. We shall cover them with straw to guard them from frost. In the stable my father had also laid up some wood, but what is left would not be enough to warm us through a long winter. It is therefore well, that we have thought how to close the trap at those times, when we can best spare a fire. As we are afraid of wanting fuel, we must learn how to drive away the cold. Happily, the snow which shuts us up in prison, is also a shelter for us. I am surprised we feel the cold so little, buried as we are here. "That is the reason," said my grandfather, "that corn is preserved so well under the snow. So it will be with us. The snow will hide us all winter, and in spring we shall look through the window." But before that time comes how weary we shall be! God grant it may all end then!

In addition to the wood we have a heap of fir cones. I had collected them myself to burn in the village. By chance they had not been taken down; and if we are driven to it, we shall not mind burning the mangers and racks of the stable. To save life we must not mind trifles; we must do like the sailors, who cast their cargo overboard, when the ship is in danger. Most of the furniture has been taken away from the chalet. Some useful kitchen things are left, and besides these a hatchet, (but it is notched,) and a saw that has no edge. We have each a pocket knife. Our greatest want is that of provisions. We have but a sorry store. What a misfortune to find only three loaves, that have been a whole year on the mountain, and can hardly be cut with the hatchet! They were in an old chest of carved oak, that my father had brought up here some years ago, because it took up too much room at home. We have also found in it some salt, a little ground coffee, a little oil, and some lard.

"See how things come just at the right time," said I, on finding it.

"Very well," said my grandfather, "but we will not eat any of the lard. It will serve instead of oil for the lamp. Would you not rather be content with poor food and have the more of light?"

"Yes, surely," I replied, "how else could we endure the long evening which begins almost in the morning?"

We have only one bed, but we sleep quite at ease. According to the fashion of the mountains, it is large enough for five or six people. It is in one corner of our single room, which is a kitchen and workshop for making cheese. One coverlet has been left, and if that is not enough we have hay and straw. No curtains, no mattrass, only a great straw bed. I wish very much that grandpapa could have a more comfortable resting place—a good bed would make an old man forget many hardships. For myself I could sleep upon the bare ground, and I have often spent the night in the hay loft, and miss nothing here. I only wish we could be like the marmot for two or three months, and sleep till warm weather comes. I had no sooner said this, than my grandfather made me feel my ingratitude and folly.

"Let us leave the brute creature to its lone sleep," he replied, "God has seen fit to make us suffer, it is true; but by this means he reveals himself to us. A noble reward this! Accept it, my son, with gratitude, and fulfil the duties it lays upon you. Watch, it is told us, for you know not at what hour the Lord will come."

*(To be Continued.)*

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## A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

It is very pleasant day after day, to read the accounts of all that is being accomplished in the promotion of benevolent objects; and when we think of the terrible consequences and wickedness of war, perhaps no efforts are more delightful to witness, than those which are now making in the cause of peace. Many of our readers have most probably heard of the great annual meeting, or congress of nations, which is held in different parts of Europe, to endeavour to induce people to decide their disputes by referring them to impartial judges, instead of fighting. This year, the congress will take place at Frankfort, and it is an interesting feature of the approaching festival, to know that it will be attended by an Indian Chief, who has come over to this country, as a delegate from the United States, in the cause of peace. His name amongst his own people is Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, but he is known to the rest of the world by the English appellation of George Copway. He married an English lady, and they have had four children, of whom only one is living, and this

one, with Mrs. Copway, has accompanied him to England, where they landed last Sunday.

Mr. Copway belonged to the Crane tribe, and was born in one of the Indian's portable tents, which are called wigwams. His mother who belonged to the Eagle tribe, was a cleanly, active affectionate person ; and an excellent huntress. Her little boy was brought up to look upon war as the noblest of human pursuits, although his father seems to have been a good gentle-tempered man, who in other respects gave his son a sound moral education. During the wild life of his early years, the young chief was principally occupied in hunting, for his tribe were dependant upon game for their daily food, except when the wild rice could be procured, or they could exchange the skins of animals with white men, who would give them provisions in return. But they often suffered severely not only from cold but hunger, and when this happened, George's mother would eat very little for many days together, in order to leave more for her children. On one occasion they were nearly dying of starvation, after having been obliged to subsist for some time on parched beaver skins and moccasins.

When George was twelve years old, he lost his kind mother, who died of consumption after three months' illness ; but for two years previously, she had enjoyed the happiness of knowing true religion, and after her conversion to Christianity, and before the bark chapel which the Indians were erecting was ready for worship, she used frequently to call the little ones together in the wigwam, and pray with them several times in the day. In the summer following his great loss, George himself became a Christian, and spent the next two years at school. We must not omit to mention, that on the day when his good father, first heard of the Gospel tidings, he immediately emptied his last keg of whiskey into the rice lake, and from that time forth, entirely abandoned the use of spirituous liquors.

When only fourteen, the young Indian was selected to join one of the missionary stations, and invited to become a religious teacher to his heathen countrymen ; and deeply did he feel the responsibility which then rested upon him, but he prayed for divine help to perform his difficult duties, and for five years pursued his arduous labours with unabated energy. He then visited New York and Boston, and returned to one of the Canadian mission stations, where he

became acquainted with an English gentleman, to whose daughter Elizabeth he was soon afterwards united in marriage. He still continued his benevolent work of instructing the Indians, and with his patient light-hearted wife, made many long difficult journies to distant tribes, where he preached to the people, and endeavoured to civilize them by every means in his power. While on board a schooner, on one of these wild excursions, his little boy then three years old fell overboard ; he saw the child sink, and the vessel was sailing fast, but throwing himself into the water, the chief dived, and happily saved his boy's life.

It is impossible in so short a space, as this brief notice affords, to give any adequate idea, of the extent and value of the labours of this active Christian, we can only state that his great object now, is to purchase lands, to form a permanent Indian settlement, which the government will have no longer the power to take away from the helpless tribes, who hitherto, when they have attempted to build houses, and have succeeded in making considerable progress in the arts of civilized life, have too often been turned out of their homes and lands, and thus the labours of years for their improvement have been rendered entirely useless. To effect this noble purpose, a large sum of money will be required, and Mr. Copway is at present engaged in making an appeal to the United States and this country for aid, which we trust will be liberally afforded. He landed in England on the 20th of this month, (July,) and has spent several days at Liverpool, before going to London. No one in looking at this gentle-mannered, kind, genial-hearted Baptist missionary, would suppose he could once have been a Canadian warrior, and it is surely a sign that better times are coming, when a member of one of these wild tribes, is sent to this country to promote peace, and to banish war for ever and ever.

May he, and Elihu Burritt, and all the kind hearts that are thus engaged in spreading abroad the principles of the Gospel, succeed in their good work ; and may we, who read of their services to mankind, try to help them by observing the law of kindness in our homes, for we should never forget, that nations are made up of private families, and if every one loved their neighbours as themselves, there would be *no more war.*

*Liverpool, July 24.*

## IMPORTANCE OF THE SABBATH.

BY A SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

I believe that it was God's purpose from man's creation, that he should be trained to habits of industry. For this purpose he was first put in the garden of Eden "to dress it, and to keep it." I do not mean to say that it required much energy on his part, for we have every reason to believe that the ground yielded spontaneous fruits; but that by this simple occupation, God was teaching him to foster the mighty principle of diligence and activity.

It was after the fall of man that this great design of the Sabbath began to manifest itself,—when he was exiled from Paradise, when he was compelled to work at the expense of his physical strength, and to eat bread by the sweat of his brow. It was then that the rest was welcomed, that the Sabbath was believed to be a boon. Many of the working classes are obliged, in the discharge of their duties, to put all their bodily strength into operation,—to begin early, and work late, while each day his body groans under the effects of his hard task, and he seeks repose in slumber as the only means of resting his wearied limbs.

It is seldom during the week that he can spend an hour in the bosom of his family. In the morning he goes to his employment before they have risen, in the evening he returns after most of them have retired to rest;—so that there are few family delights, and but little social enjoyment. His mind is overwhelmed with care, his countenance is filled with gloom. He regards himself as a civil slave. He envies the rich man who lives in luxury and rolls in wealth, and complains that his fate is so hard—that his destiny appears so fixed.

But to a Christian and a man of sense, Sabbatic rest changes the scene. Early as the lark his family have risen to prolong the hours of that sacred day; a cheerful fire blazes upon the hearth; on one side, filled with maternal pride, sits the mother, on the other with the best of books in his hands, sits the father; while the children, neat and clean, with faces gay as the blushing rose, are listening to the word of life, which is able to make them wise unto salvation. And after their parents have led their devotions they partake of their simple fare as the bounty of heaven.

Thus peace and contentment dwell in every heart. But if we possessed no Sabbath, such a scene could exist only in fiction.

It would be impossible for anybody to work week after week, and month after month, without losing their health and vigour, and life becoming a burden. But the very thought of this blessed day is sufficient to cheer and encourage the industrious—to enable him to labour with greater energy and assiduity, to kindle a spark of hope in his breast, to repel the hard constructions which he might otherwise put upon the dispensations of Providence, and to sweeten his bitterest moments and his heaviest toils.

The Sabbath is important, because it gives the opportunity of practising cleanliness.

Many people are dirty from the effects of their trade ; and as their means are but scanty, they cannot often have a change of linen. In fact, many who have to go amongst dust and dirt, are careless as to whether their clothes are clean or not. But as Sunday is the time when their neighbours appear in their best clothes, they are obliged, from respect and necessity, to make themselves tidy.

It is not only advantageous for personal, but domestic comfort.

On the Saturday the rooms are scoured, the furniture is polished, and all things are set decently and in order ; so that they display the importance which they attach to the Sabbath by the preparations which they make for its approach.

It is important, because it affords time for reflection and mental cultivation. Few have opportunity for reading or becoming acquainted with the operations of their own minds except on this day. And from these sacred hours of relaxation they have the means of a moral reformation, for a glorious march in the field of intelligence.

The Sabbath is important to the young.

In no country has the rise of education been so rapid as in England ; not merely amongst the higher orders of society, —those who could afford to go through the degrees of the University,—but amongst those who earn the scantiest pittance, and live upon the humblest fare.

Let us inquire how it reached them. Did it come from a Government grant ? No, it sprang from a heart whose

tender chords were touched with human woes, from the heart of the immortal Robert Raikes ; he was a man who was ready to engage in any philanthrophic enterprise. When he looked upon the distress, it was not to satisfy a vain curiosity, but to commiserate and to relieve.

He was sorry when he witnessed the extreme poverty of the poor ; but his soul melted with pity when he saw their ignorance. As he had no hopes of reforming them, he looked toward their children, and even they were growing up in ignorance and folly. At an early age they learnt to despise parental authority. They would be governed by no power save that of their own licentious passions, and the silence of their parents appeared only to tolerate the worst feelings and passions of human nature. Their headlong course no one could check, but like the maddened horse which has got quit of its reins, they were running forward to destruction, heedless of danger. The sanctity of the Sabbath did not deter them ; but they might be seen either thronging the public thoroughfares, romping in the woods, or gambling in the fields ; while some might be seen returning home, laden with the fruit of some neighbouring orchard.

Well might Raikes' sympathy be roused when he beheld such scenes of daring and such open profanity. He was anxious to effect a change, but how to accomplish it was a perplexity. It was in this strait that his mind suggested the propriety of forming a class to administer secular and religious knowledge. There appeared to be difficulties in the way, but undaunted by them, he carried his plan into execution. Many left their sports to receive instruction, classes were filled, and then schools were filled. The young were now blessed with privileges that had never fallen to the lot of any preceding generations. They were now in a position to listen to the dictates of religion and morality.

And the knowledge which was thus gained on the Sabbath, imparted a bias to the mind, and caused them to pursue the same course on the week-day evenings instead of spending their hours in the vain amusements of the streets, and the impious language of their companions.

No plan could have been better adapted to the young than Sabbath-school instruction. It begins at the beginning. It inculcates in the mind the great principles of truth and righteousness while the mind is tender and easily impressed,

before habits have become fixed, and before error has taken its seat and filled the soul with prejudice.

The Sunday School has already accomplished a great reformation in this country, and it is no doubt destined to make yet greater conquest,*—to send out a people who shall be established in every good word and work, who shall be able to open the doors of superstition and set the deluded captives free, and who shall be firm and dauntless amidst the scoff of the sceptic and the sneer of the infidel.

If there had been no Sabbath, there would have been no Sabbath School, and, if there had been no Sabbath School, thousands who are now eminent for piety would have been blasphemers, sunk in the deepest ignorance and vice.

These institutions, therefore, constitute the greatest advantages that the young possess ; take these away, and the Sabbath will lose its attractions.

The Sabbath School has been the salvation of this country. While the nations of the continent have been filled with bloodshed, the people of England have been in comparative peace, have joined in a sacred bond of brotherhood, and this is because of the light which has been diffused by Sabbath School instruction.

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I sometimes think there are two sides to the commandment "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you" ; and that we may say, "Let others do unto you, as you would do unto them ;" for pride often prevents our giving others a great deal of pleasure, in not letting them be kind, when their hearts are longing to help : and when we ourselves should wish to do just the same, if we were in their place. Oh ! how often I've been hurt, by being coldly told by people not to trouble myself about their care or sorrow, when I saw them in great grief, and wanted to be of comfort. Our Lord Jesus was not above letting others minister to him, for he knew how happy it makes one to do aught for another. It is the happiest work on earth.

FROM MARY BARTON.

* Littleborough, in Gloucestershire, was the place where Robert Raikes had his Sunday School. Religion has flourished there ever since.

## THREE MONTHS UNDER THE SNOW.

*(Continued from page 174.)*

Nov. 26.—I ought to have put in our inventory, several things which may be useful to us, but I will not speak of them, for it will hinder my relating the discovery I have made, and which has been to two captives a cause for great joy. Whilst looking into the state of our furniture and provisions, I searched into every corner to see if I could not find some books. I knew that my father never came up to the chalet without bringing some good book, to read to his people, in place of public worship, which they can never attend here. But it seems he had already taken his little library back to the village. We regretted this very much, for in our solitary prison we had nothing to support and comfort us in the long evenings. This morning I perceived behind the oak chest, a plank, which had slipped there, and I tried to get it out, thinking it might be of some use. While I was doing this, a heavy book fell down, which had been lost no doubt, for several years. It was an old and much worn Bible.

When my grandfather saw this book he exclaimed, "It is the best friend that could visit us in our solitude. My child, the Bible is a book made for the unfortunate, or rather, it is a book which proves in the most touching way, that there is only one misfortune—to forget God, and one true happiness—to love him. You see, my dear Louis, if we are alone, we are not deserted. We have already found means to keep our bodies alive. We now possess food for the soul. It remains with ourselves to make a right use of it. But mark my child, the course of events, by which we are led, first, to feel the great want of divine assistance, and then to find the help of which we are in need. We expected your father in the village for some days; we were uneasy and wished to know the causes of his delay. If we had waited one day more, we should have seen him return. We set off. You know what accident happened to me by the way, which made it impossible to return next day. The snow fell, and we were prisoners. The Lord led us here,

to bring us nearer to himself. After having sought in vain for what we desired so much, you have by chance found a book, which is more likely to advance our piety than any other. Here is one thing amidst a thousand, that may be rightly called the ways of Providence. In fact the affairs of the world are so ordered, that one event springs from another. We are visited sometimes by joy, sometimes by sorrow, and always subject to trials ; for by these changes in life, this succession of events, happy and unhappy, character is formed, and we are enabled to gain the virtues which make a Christian. We draw near by degrees to our great Master, we learn to be disciples of Jesus Christ."

I replied, "I need not say I *feel* these thoughts ; you can see I do. Since we came here, all you have said to me about my duty towards God, has struck me in a new light. Up to this time I have prayed to obey and try to please *you*, but now I have a new feeling. I love the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart, and the thought of him comes warmly over me, just as when I think of you and my father. The idea of God is still awful, but Christ I can love without fear, and he will lead me, and teach me, how I *may* love our Father who is in heaven. It is you, my grandpapa, who have given me this happiness, and I will never more dare to regret the accident which has kept us here."

After this conversation and others of the same kind, we embraced each other, and for a long time spoke no more. I had never before felt a joy like this. Thus God can change evil into good. It is good for us to be afflicted, and the mourners are comforted. May the Lord who has drawn me towards him by suffering, preserve me from forgetting him if that suffering should cease. As I have now been taught resignation, may I then be inspired with gratitude.

Nov. 27.—Always snow ! It is rare at this season to see so much fall even on the mountains. In spite of this I am astonished that my father does not come to rescue us, and I continually express my surprise. Until now, my grandfather could not bear to let me see his anxiety. Our conversation to day shews me, that he is not less alarmed than I am.

"In fact," said I, "this snow has not come down all at once. The first, second, and even third day, of our captivity, it seems to me, that a road might have been opened towards us."

"I am very certain said my grandfather that Francis has done all he can, but perhaps he has not been able to make our neighbours and friends share in his fears, and he could not save us all alone." "You believe then, that though they were able to take us away, they have left us, at the risk of finding us dead in the spring. Would *our* neighbours show less kindness than those we sometimes read of in the newspaper, who do the hardest work even at the risk of their own lives, to save unfortunate people who are shut up in mines or wells." "I agree that our fate seems hard, my dear Louis, but they know we have a shelter and some food." "But they know also, that food may fail us, that you are old and infirm, and that I have not yet the strength of a man. They *ought* to have pity on us." "They must have made some attempts, and found it impossible to get to us." "But the order is always given, to open the great road when blocked up with snow, and make the whole length of it passable for carriages. The thing is done; we see it almost every winter." "Government orders such works for the public service, and it costs much money." "So then, what is done for the convenience of travellers, they will not do for two unfortunate people in danger of life. I call that very cruel." "Government knows not that we are here." "My father would not have failed to make it known, and to call everybody to help us."

Thus we spoke to each other and then grandpapa being silent, I took hold of his hands, saying, "I beg of you to hide nothing from me. Are you not as anxious as I am? Speak to me openly. Now that I can resign myself to the will of God, I am not unworthy of your confidence. Tell me what you suppose and do not leave me to my own fancies. I would rather see clearly what my misfortune is, and above all, I want to know what you think." "Alas! my dear Louis, I own to you, that I fear your father has met with some accident. It is best to tell you, for you have seen through my mind. But still, this does not explain everything, for besides him, there are others that ought to think of us."

Then I began to sob and weep. For some time grandpapa let me grieve. We were sitting beside the fire which had almost gone out. We staid there very late, in the darkness. My grandfather held one of my hands in his, and

often pressed it, to comfort me. At last he said, I have told you my fears, do you not wish me to tell you my hopes? We may imagine everything. The power of God is beyond our understanding. Do not despair. Cheer up, for the sake of your father and your grandfather.

Nov. 28.—We have noticed exactly how much oil or lard our lamp burns in a day, and we find, that if we use it twelve hours, our store will last but a month. We have resolved therefore, to burn it only three hours a day. The light of the hearth will do sometimes, but even this pleasure must be enjoyed with care. It is a great pity, for the fir-wood makes a bright light, and I love its sparkles and crackling noise. When we have no light we talk. My grandfather has always something of interest to tell me, and I shall go away from here, however few our prison-days may be, much better instructed than I came. For several years he has been able to work but little, and a rich neighbour has lent him books. I now profit by what he has read. He makes me do some lessons. We find questions in mental arithmetic, help more than anything, to shorten the day. He asks the questions, and we try who can answer them first. When one of us is ready with an answer, he tells the other, and so we go on. In this way, an hour or two is soon spent. At first, my grandfather always had the advantage, but not to discourage me, he let me believe he was still thinking of the answer, long after he had found it. With a little practice I have become more ready at this, and he assures me, it is nothing to what I shall yet attain.

Nov. 29.—My journal brings me to a date that I cannot forget. It was on the twenty-ninth of November that my mother died, four years ago. Last year, this day was a Sunday. After leaving church, I walked with my father round the Cemetery, and we stopped a few minutes by the tomb where lie the remains of our best friend. The grass was not yet withered by cold. Some daisies had bloomed again, as often happens. It seems as if I saw them still, moved by the breeze as if to bow, and thank us for our visit. We did not speak, but our hands were pressed together and said more than any words. I had not lived so long with my mother, without knowing how good she was, but the feeling of the household shows how great the loss to me. Since

my mother's death, I believe my father has not let a single day pass, without speaking of her. Sometimes he looks at me, and tries to trace her likeness in my face, or, if I speak to him, instead of answering me, "It seems," he says, "as if it was her voice I heard." Now that my grandfather sees me separated from both, he speaks of them continually. He tells me all that happened at home before I was born and since; when I could not know myself or my parents. Oh! when he gets upon this subject, I want nothing else to pass the time, we may then put out the lamp and wait patiently for bed time. All he says to me, which perhaps I should have little heeded but for our accident, is now fixed for ever in my memory.

So then, I have long been a joy to my parents, without knowing it and without thinking about it. My childish prattle and kisses were dear to them, though I cannot recall the time or the cause. It was the sole reward of their love and care. In regard to this, my grandfather said, "Do you not see the wisdom and goodness of God? The child wins love before itself knows how to love, that we may be prompt to guard from every danger the little helpless being that fears nothing. We are more anxious for him, because he can take no care for himself." When I try to recall my earliest remembrances; I see my grandfather in the chimney corner, my mother in the garden, my father coming into the house with a faggot on his shoulder. By degrees these thoughts become more clear to me, and I regain others of the same kind.

Nov. 30. I have found out a way of employing our hands for a part of the day, without burning more oil than we can spare. The light of the hearth is enough. As we have the remains of the sheaf, we twist, or rather I twist, the straw into long cords which are very useful. I have seen my father fasten such cords round our stacks of peas to support them, or even draw them round the wheat or the rye, which is apt to shed. We may get some chair bottoms when we have wood for making them. I seat myself close to the fire, so as to work in the small space which it lights. My grandfather watches me, and gives me the straw as I want it. He guards against any new alarm of fire, and holds it at some distance from the hearth. This is amusing—it is like working for the fine season, which draws nearer to us;

besides it does not prevent our talking. My grandfather makes me tell him what happened at school, where I had the misfortune to find the hours rather too long. I like most of all to tell him about the visits of our kind and rich neighbour, who from time to time gave us the books for our prizes. He also gave us verses to learn by heart. Time in those days passed very quickly, especially when he repeated verses, which he explained so well.

My grandfather said, "you have not forgotten them I hope, as they pleased you so much ;" and he wished me to give him some proof of it at once. "Have you written these verses ?" "I had written them, but I lent them and the paper has been lost." "Well my child, try to make up for this vexing loss. I wish you would sometimes repeat poems to me one by one ; you may write them in your journal."

Dec. 1.—I feel a dread of writing this date. If some days of last month have seemed long, how will it be in those to come ? Yet, if it should be the last of our prison life—but I must not again be looking forward to that. The snow is so deep, it seems to me, that a whole summer will not be long enough to melt it. It has now risen up to the roof, and if I did not climb up each day to clean the chimney, we should soon be unable to raise the trap, or light the fire. I am so grieved that my grandfather cannot get out of this prison. I asked him this morning what he most missed. He replied, "a ray of sunshine ; and yet," added he, "our lot is far less miserable than that of other captives, many of whom have no more deserved a prison than ourselves. We have fire and often light. We enjoy even here a certain kind of liberty, we find means of passing the time that are unknown in the four walls of a dungeon. We do not every day see a goaler, proud, cruel, or indifferent to our troubles. The evils that we suffer by the will of God, never have the bitterness of those which we think are owing to the injustice of man. In fact we are not alone my child, and though it grieves me to see you in this chalet, I yet will own to you, that it supports me to have you with me, and I think you are not ill-satisfied with your companion. There is nothing even down to Blanchette, that does not soothe our captivity, and I assure you it is not only for her milk that I love her."

These words made me consider, and I asked leave to bring the poor creature nearer to us. "She is very dull by her-

self," I said, "and she bleats very often; perhaps that is bad for her and bad for us also. What hinders our finding a corner for her here. She will be grateful for the honour we do her, and perhaps she will be all the better nurse."

The idea was approved, and I set to work. In a corner of the kitchen most out of our way, I put up a small rack, fixed to the wall with large nails to make it more firm. I put two stakes for a support—then, without delay, I brought Blanchette near to us. She seems very much pleased with the change. She is quite joyful and continues to thank us. If this went on, she would be rather troublesome, but when used to her new place, she will be more quiet than before. At this moment, as I write, she is lying on fresh litter quietly chewing the cud, and looking at me as pleased as if she could guess, that I am writing her history. She wants for nothing now, and is the happiest being in the chalet.

Dec. 2nd.—We forgot after supper, to form some plan for the time of our going out, and it is so late I must cut short my journal. It would always be well filled and interesting, if I could repeat all that grandpapa tells me, but he wishes me to give the history of what we do, rather than an account of our conversations.

Dec. 3rd.—To-day I have been upon the roof, to see the bright sun. Dry, cold weather, has begun, after the continued snow storms. How the white carpet dazzled my eyes, and how beautiful the forest appeared! I dare hardly tell grandpapa all the pleasure I have had, but after much thought I have found out, what seems the most simple thing in the world, and I reproach myself that it has not sooner come into my mind. It needs only to clear away the snow from the door, and to make a path with a gentle slope, by throwing the snow from both sides. I have already set about this work. My grandfather shall soon have his wish and see a ray of sunshine. I have toiled all day, there is more to do than I expected, but I should have done more had I been allowed. My clothes are now drying before the fire, and I am wrapped in a coverlet, to note down in my journal this day's happy undertaking.

Dec. 4th.—The work is going on. I did not rest, so long as my grandfather would let me go on with it. He had thought of this before I did, and I have scolded him for

keeping it a secret. He feared the fatigue and damp would hurt me, and he would not use the strength of his grandson for himself.

Dec. 5th.—We can go out of our house now! The road is made, and I have had the pleasure of helping grandpapa to walk along it, supporting him on one side, whilst he leaned upon a bar, which I have fixed at one end to the house, and at the other to a stake driven into the ground. We rested for a few minutes at the end of our terrace which is not very long. The day was dark, and it did not cheer us to see the black forest, and cloudy sky, and the snow that surrounds us with the stillness of death. One single living being came within sight. It was a bird of prey, which flew far from us with a harsh cry. It gained the valley and flew in the direction of our village. "In old times," said my grandfather, "the flight and cry of that bird would have been explained as signs of our fate. But God is too good and too wise to let us see into the future, and if he did so, he would not make use of a brute creature to prophesy to us. Come, my dear Louis, let us await his will. I thank you for the trouble you have taken for me; another day it will do me more good." We came in-doors, and in spite of my efforts, we have been more grave than usual. We tried in vain to keep up conversation. Thus the result does not always answer to our hope. The gloomy weather might be enough to account for our low spirits, but in reality, I believe being able to go out of the house, made us at first fancy we were free, and then we felt ourselves prisoners as before.

Dec. 6th.—One thought leads to another. This time my grandfather has been the first to speak. He knows that I shall profit as much as himself by the plan. He has set me to carry off the snow before the window. It will take much time, for it is very deep in that place; besides, to gain our end and get day light, the slope must be less on one side than on the other. I have begun the work, but I would not let my grandfather do any of it. He has not insisted, knowing how precious his health is to me. "I would not," he said, "expose you to the least distress, merely to pass away the time for myself."

Dec. 7th.—We have done less to-day. It snows again, and the wind is so cold I have not had leave to work outside.

I have only swept away the fresh fallen snow at the door. I must do other work. Every thing needs repair. I will not fail in perseverance. It was by trying that I learnt to milk the goat, so that my grandfather could leave her to my care. Our life depends on Blanchette. She is quite well, and no longer lonely and dull. She gives more milk than before.

Dec. 8th.—The weather is milder to-day, and I have been at work. An accident befell me, which at first only made me laugh, but might have proved very serious. I had carried away a great deal of snow, and thought I was near the end of my task, when the heap I had thrown overhead, fell down and entirely covered me. My grandfather was in the chalet, fearing nothing, because he had warned me how to avoid the accident. I had not obeyed him with sufficient care, and did not call out, lest he should be alarmed, and thinking I could free myself. I did succeed in getting my head clear, but it was all I could do without help. For a long time I struggled, but in vain, for the snow did not give me a firm footing, and I was obliged to call grandfather to help me. He came in great alarm, and with difficulty, got to the place where I was almost buried. When one arm was free by his help, I soon got out, but I could hardly get leave to go on with this work, which failed only from my carelessness.

Dec. 9th.—O Lord have pity on us! This is the most terrible day of our captivity. I had no idea of a storm on the mountains. How shall I describe what is passing even now around us? We have heard the dreadful roaring. When we tried to open the door, we saw whirlwinds of snow, and the wind came with such force into the chalet, we had the greatest difficulty to fasten the latch. We have also let down the trap. We could not light a fire, because all the smoke came down upon us. We have been very long in the dark. We milked Blanchette and drank our breakfast without boiling it. Before putting out the lamp, we read a few chapters of the Bible.

My grandfather has kept up my courage by his calmness. His words of hope and trust, have been mingled with the darkness and noise of the tempest. At the very time when one might have thought that the curse of God was upon us, he spoke to me of the tender mercies shown us. "This

very power," he said, "which seems now so terrible, will soon appear full of gentleness and love. It seems now as meant to destroy us, but these tempests will cause a new world to rise up. You will see the fields quite green again, and after that, the golden harvest. The sky will be bright and beautiful. These mountains collect the waters which will run among the valleys. When the end of our suffering is come, this day which we now find so dreadful, will appear one of the most fortunate of our lives."

By words like these did my grandfather comfort me. We were seated upon our bed, and we had drawn a sheaf of straw over us. My grandfather perceived that my tears fell fast: he put one arm round my neck, and joining my hands together, held me for a long time pressed to him without speaking. After a while he found me more calm, and not because the tempest had ceased, for it was still in all its fury.

"Well," said he, "am I only to speak? Have you nothing to say to me? or are you not strong enough to tell me what you feel?"

"Do not think me so foolish. My tears do not come from a weak and coward heart, so little worthy of yours."

"If so, my child," he said, as he moved the straw which covered us, "you can repeat to me one of your school songs —one for harvest time will be best. This stubble, which keeps off the cold after its grain has given us food, reminds me of the fine harvest this year."

"You make me think of the song I love best."

### HARVEST HOME.

Now is the summer ended,
Now has the autumn come;
The fields we early tended,
Send late their yieldings home.

Sing merrily, halloo!
The Alps are white with snow,
The sun shines warm below,
The sheaves stand in a row,
Halloo!

The wood is under cover,
The barn is stored with hay,
And loads of oats and clover
Move slowly on the way.

Sing merrily, halloo!
The Alps are white with snow,

The sun shines warm below,
The sheaves stand in a row,
Halloo !

The shadows in the valley,
Come early and stay long;
Now are the maidens busy,
With harvest-home and song.

Sing merrily, halloo !
The Alps are white with snow,
The sun shines warm below,
The sheaves stand in a row,
Halloo !

Whilst repeating my song, the wind rose louder than ever, and the door cracked, so that we both started. However, I went on to the end, and after a few cheerful words, my grandfather was silent ; but soon he said, "We have had no fire to-day ; to make up for it we can have a little more light. Besides, it will be well to see what could have shaken the door, and if some accident has happened, we must mend it as soon as we can."

We both got up, and after having lighted the lamp, we found, on trying to open the door, that a mass of snow had fallen against it, and we were shut up as before. This was no doubt a cause for sorrow, but I had learned how to submit without a murmur to new disasters. "Think," said my grandfather, "if this tempest had come on before the chalet was buried in snow, perhaps it could not have stood. Be thankful, then, for a state of things, which may have saved us from a greater danger." The tempest goes on, even while I write. We have bethought ourselves of boiling our milk over the flame of the fir cones. This blaze causes little smoke, and gives out a smell that I like. We are a little warmer. We have read some pages of our Bible, and if God grants it, we shall get some sleep upon our straw bed.

Dec. 10th.—We hear less wind to-day, but we do not know what the weather is. We think that the snow still falls very thick ; at least the trap is so loaded with it, I have tried in vain to raise it up. We can only burn the fir cones, or we should be stifled. For a little more light, I thought of cutting some sticks of fir into narrow slips, and setting one end on fire to let them burn out ; but how much I wished for my window light ! It is hidden, deep as ever. Certainly

when the weather permits, I will try again, that we may have a little more light and liberty.

Dec. 11.—It is bitterly cold, though we are buried in snow, which perhaps is the reason we do not hear the storm. We are chilled to our very bones, so that we could bear it no longer, and we sit in a cloud of smoke. Unhappily, Blanchette seems to feel it worse than we do, and is impatient. We have thought of putting her back in the stable, but she would be colder there and much more dismal. My grandfather is sure the frost must be extreme to be so much felt in our house, close as it is. He thinks the wind has turned to the north.

Dec. 13.—Yesterday we had a terrible fright, and even now I can hardly write of what happened. Alas! we are not now safe from all the danger. I was milking the goat, whilst my grandfather lighted the fire. All at once Blanchette pricked up her ears, as if at some strange noise, and then she began to tremble all over. Speaking to her and stroking her, I said, "What is the matter, my poor Blanchette?" Then we heard dreadful howls just over head. "The wolves!" I cried out. "Hush, my child, stroke Blanchette," said grandpapa, who came to us himself, and gave her a little salt. She trembled still, and the howling went on. "Well, Louis, what would have become of us if you had opened a path up to the window?" said he in a low voice. "Who knows if even the chimney would not have been an entrance for these famished beasts?" "Are we safe, even so closely shut up?" "I hope so, but speak low, and stroke and comfort Blanchette: her bleating may betray us!" One might have thought she feared it would, for she did not make the least sound.

I held the goat in my arms; grandpapa came and sat close to me, and his hand was on my shoulder. I had need to look at him, (sitting so calm and still,) that I might not die with fear. All that I have yet suffered in the chalet, was nothing like the agony of the hours of yesterday. We kept near Blanchette, and still at times we heard the howlings of the wolves. Once it was so loud, I thought our last hour was come. "They are scratching away the snow," I said, throwing my arms round grandpapa: "they will devour us." "I will not deceive you, my child. This is a very painful

state, but I do not think we are in danger. These wolves can roam over the mountain because the snow is hard at the top ; but they will not stay long on the heights. At this season, they go down into the plain towards the villages. Perhaps they have dragged up here the body of some animal, and whilst fighting for it, make this affray which stuns us. Even if they should scent us here, they cannot break through the roof and ceiling, nor guess where to find the window, neither do they know how to open the trap ; but they may all the more weary us by their noise. My dear child, let this teach you still more to trust in the mercy of God. The storm we have endured has preserved us. It has destroyed your work, and averted the danger we had not foreseen. We have been denied the light we wished for, but our lives have been saved. What a mercy that these wolves did not come upon us while you were at work outside. We must be more on our guard for the future." "So then," I said, sorrowfully, "our captivity must be more strict. Winter has but begun. The cold will become more severe ; we shall never go away."

Such was our conversation all yesterday. Until evening we heard the fierce wolves. At last we lay down, but I could hardly sleep, though the howlings were over. To-day I fancied I heard them again, but my grandfather is sure I was mistaken. Blanchette does not tremble now : she eats and chews the cud and sleeps as usual ; and we believe, as she is at ease and quiet, we may be so too.

*(To be Continued.)*

## THE BABY BROTHER.

Little Jane had been told that she might have a holiday ; her mother was poorly and could not talk to her or teach her, and she might amuse herself in any quiet way she liked. There is a pleasure in the sound of the word *holiday*, but it is difficult for a child to be very merry *alone*. Jane went into the garden where the sun was shining brightly, and where the flowers and birds seemed all to rejoice in the warm sunbeams.

A factory child would have thought that garden a charming place indeed ; and Jane thought it a very nice garden, but *she* could go there every day, She looked round to see

if there were any weeds to be pulled up, any flowers that should be tied, or anything else that she could do; but the garden was very neat, and she could not find much to employ herself about. There were green peas which seemed large enough to gather, but the plants grew too high for her to reach, and when she would have ventured to touch the hand glasses which covered some of the young plants which her father was raising, he called out, "Go away my little lass; you will do mischief here, if you meddle." Jane did not wish to do mischief,—she only wanted something to do. "I wish I were not such a *little* girl;" said she to herself: "I seem not able to do any good." She was told to amuse herself; and she took her doll, and sat down in the shade near the roses, and tried to tell stories to her doll. After a time she was tired of this, and she felt rather discontented and a little out of humour, because she was not so happy as she wished to be.

At length her father came in to supper, and he called Jane to bring the loaf and the cheese, and to help him to find the things which he wanted. And now Jane felt happy again.

"Well you seem to like to wait on me, my little maid?" said the father.

"Oh yes, indeed I do," said Jane, "for now I feel that I am of some use. Though I am little, I can do *some good*; cannot I, father?"

The father stroked the child's head, and kissed her, and bade her go to bed softly, and pray to God that she might grow wiser as well as stronger, and more able to do her duty in all ways.

The next day, Jane was called to her mother's bed side: her mother spoke to her very kindly, but in a weak, faint voice, and she lifted up a part of the sheet, and showed Jane a little baby lying beside her. "Here is a little brother for you, my dear," said she, "will you do your best to help me to take care of him?"

"Oh mother," said the little girl, "how glad am I to have a little brother! how I shall like to nurse him! Oh yes, indeed, I will help you all that I can. I shall like him so much better than my doll."

"But it will not be all play, Jane; little baby is very small and weak, and can do nothing for himself,—he cannot even hold up his little head. If you watch by him, you must

be very gentle and very patient; but if you can be gentle enough to help me to take care of him, I know that you will soon love him very much, and soon he will learn to love you."

"Oh mother, I will be patient and gentle,—indeed I will; and I will work neatly, that I may make baby's frocks. Oh mother, how glad I am that I am now going to be of use!"

Jane knelt down at the bed-side and thanked God for having given her a little brother, and prayed that she might grow wiser and better every day, and be able to help to take care of him. She rose up, cheered and strengthened, full of the feeling of the new duty which was before her.—E. C.

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## CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But one was there, who rose and said
To the wild waves, "be still."

And the wind ceased—it ceased! That word
Pass'd through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And fell beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep,
When sultry day is past.

Oh! thou, that in the wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood.
Send thy meek spirit forth in power,
Soft on our souls to brood.

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandate to fulfil,
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say, "Peace, be still!"

## RIDES IN JUDEA.

NO. III.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

When I was young, there was no part of the bible history that I liked better than the account of John the Baptist, before the open appearance of Jesus. Hermits are always an interesting kind of people,—living in caves, eating roots and herbs, and drinking only water; and spending their lives in thinking and praying, and giving the benefit of their meditations to those who come to gain wisdom from them. But, of all the hermits that ever lived, John the Baptist was the most interesting. He is supposed to have been brought up by some religious people, of the sect called Essenes, who disliked the pomp and pride of the Pharisees, and the hardness of the Sadducees; and who were as earnest as the quakers of our day in advising plainness of dress and speech, and self-denial as to worldly pleasures, and the kindest care of the poor. These Essenes had a settlement near the Dead Sea, where they supported themselves by labour, and took in children to teach and train, and sent out missionaries to do good to the bodies and souls of men. If these messengers were kindly received in towns, it was very well. If not, they could rest and sleep in some cave of the many that are found among the rocks, all through the hill country of Judea. If they were hungry, we know from what John did, how they might get food. When the locusts come over from the east or the south into Judea, in swarms which threaten the crops, the cultivator lights a fire of green wood, which causes a great deal of smoke, just in the way of their flight: and this smoke brings down the locusts by hundreds of thousands. The people think that these locusts, when grilled in the fire, make good food; so they pick off the legs and wings, and eat them,—just as we eat prawns. It is no more surprising to some people that the inhabitants of Judea should eat locusts than that we should eat prawns and shrimps. Then, again, there are multitudes of bees in Judea; and they make their combs in very curious places:—sometimes in climbs of the rock, or under the roof of a cave; and very often in hollow

trees. And thus, again, there was nourishing food in the woods and caves for those who travelled there. As for the dress of people who live in that region, it is, to this day, often made of camel's hair, as the covering for their tents is made of goat's hair. These make a coarse and rough sort of cloth,—not so thick but that the air comes through, but fit to keep the wearer dry in heavy rain, and sufficiently warm when wrapped round him at night. Thus, we are not to suppose that John had such strange ways of living as that he ate and wore what nobody else did. He lived as the inhabitants of the wild country were accustomed to do ; and particularly, according to the manner of the Essenes, who went about as missionaries.

Though I was aware of this, I was eager to see the very country where John lived and baptized ; and where he called upon every body he saw to repent ; and where he rebuked the tax-gatherers, who were on their journey to collect the tribute from the people ; and where Herod's soldiers, going to a fort on the Dead Sea, came and asked what he had to say to them. It was settled that we should go : and I do not believe there is a more interesting ride in the world than through the valley of the Jordan.

One fine April morning, we met,—a large party on horseback,—in the valley below the Mount of Olives. There were many servants and guards, who carried provisions for two days, and tents for us to sleep in ; so that, with the laden horses, we made quite a troop. It was about nine o'clock when we began to ride up the slope of the Mount of Olives, on the road to Bethany. We rode through Bethany, which looks, I should think, much as it did when Martha and Mary, and their brother Lazarus lived there. After leaving Bethany, the road from Jerusalem to Jericho becomes very dangerous, from the number of robbers that hide in the caves of the rocks, and pounce down upon travellers who are not strong enough to oppose them. Our party was so large, that we were not attacked : but our guards and servants shouldered their guns, and let their spears be seen glittering in the sun, that any ill disposed people, spying from the rocks, might see how well defended we were, and not fall upon us as thieves once did in this very place upon the traveller to whom the Samaritan was so good and kind. The road was stony, and the sun dreadfully hot ; so that we

were glad to reach the brow of the very high hill from which we looked down upon the great valley where John lived, and taught, and baptized.

Far off in front of us were the mountains of Moab. Nearer to us, but still several miles off, ran the river Jordan. We could not get to see the river; but the belt of trees, winding like a snake, showed us where its channel was. Between it and us, there were woods, and sandy spaces, and one single square tower, which showed us were Jericho once stood. Very few people now had dwellings within sight: but we knew how the valley was once strewed over with towns and villages, and country dwellings: and I could fancy how, in those old times, the people used to talk together under the trees, or before their doors, when the work of the day was over,—the mothers perhaps wondering which of them might possibly be the mother of the Messiah that every one was expecting. Then, if the husbandman came in from the field, he would tell the neighbours that he had met in the woods a holy man, seeking for honey among the hollow trees; and that this teacher had told him that all men must repent, for that the Messiah would soon appear. And another neighbour might have found the same hermit making his fire of green wood, to bring down the locusts, and save the crops and fruit-trees: and they might sit down to their noon-tide meal together, and talk of him who should come. Through all this valley,—from the Dead Sea, which we saw to our right, to far away on our left,—to the north,—the news of John and his preaching must have spread, till, when he went to the river to baptize those who repented, he was followed by crowds. Into this valley we know rode down: and the next day we were to see the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

We stopped to rest this afternoon on the banks of a beautiful stream which is mentioned in the Old Testament. The people of Jericho told Elisha* that they liked their town, and that the situation was pleasant, but that the water was bad, and the ground in consequence unproductive: and then, we are told, Elisha made the waters sweet; and the people were delighted, and the soil became fruitful. The waters are sweet now, and the stream winds beautifully among trees. I took my dinner sitting at the foot of one of these spreading

* 2 Kings ii. 19.

trees, with my feet almost in the water. It was so hot, that we all sought for the coolest seats we could find.

The next morning, we rode on, past the tower which is said to show where Jericho stood, and where there are now no traces of the crowded city which Joshua conquered. There are only some huts, haunted by robbers. On we went, through a wild sort of forest scenery, and over hot sands, for about two hours from Jericho, when we suddenly saw the Jordan flowing at our feet. It has a deep channel, so that it is not seen till one comes to the very bank. The waters were muddy, and flowed in a strong current: but we all wished to bathe in the Jordan; and most of us did so. We found places among the trees and reeds on the bank from which we could go in, and the vegetation was so thick as to make a complete screen to as many as chose. Who is there that would not like to bathe,—to be, as it were, baptized again,—in the sacred river where John prepared converts for Jesus, and where Jesus came to be himself baptized by John? Here it was that the wonder and the inquiry first spread,—whether this was he who should come, or whether men should look for another.

We were sorry to leave the woody and reedy banks of the Jordan, to go to the hot and bare and salt shore of the Dead Sea. But we were near it; and of course we wished to see it. So we rode away southwards, keeping the Jordan at some little distance on our left. We found the Dead Sea as salt, and the scenery as parched and dreary as we expected; but there was great interest in looking upon it,—not only on account of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, but, much more, because the Baptist probably passed his youth among its rocks, and upon the shore which is all strewn with drift-weed and caves, and crusted with salt. Here he may have walked or sat for hours, planning how he could rouse his nation to repentance, and prepare them to receive that greater Prophet whom he was about to announce. Wherever we went in this valley of the Jordan, we might believe that John the Baptist had been before us.

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The most idle are the very people who complain most of the want of time, and find it most difficult to bring anything to pass.

BURNAP.

## BIBLE STUDIES.

### NO. IV.—MELCHIZEDEK.

BY MRS. HAWKSHAW.

Thrice blessed be that book
That from a hoar antiquity can bring,
Figures of that old world, of such a port
As thine, thou priestly king!
The words of thee, by nameless writers traced
Ages ago, shall never be effaced.

A fragment of the moral history
Of that old world, more precious than the shell
Hid in the rock, by which the gazer tells
What changes earth befell;
One marks the earth's mutations, one the mind,
The bounded one, and one the unconfined.

Like the last column of a temple, left
To tell the form it had when in its prime,
Before the ivy wrapped it in its shroud,
And gave it to the withering hand of time,
So standest thou, amid the gloom of years,
We see thy form, and image thy compeers.

Not to one favour'd nation, or one age,
Was the great truth of the One God confined;
The winds have whispered on the mountain tops,
Their heaven-brought answer to the earnest mind.
That question of Him:—We know but in part
How through all time beats the great human heart.
It throbs till its pulsations reach through space,
And men feel they are brothers. Faith and love,
And joys and sorrows, long since passed away,
All human hearts still move.
Not the great mountains, not the fairest scene,
Hath interest like the spot where man hath been.

We have a portion in the past:—to us
It matters something that in antique time,
Jehovah's altar stood on Salem's heights,
And men adored a being more sublime
Than the huge symbol of the Assyrian fanes,
On the grim Moloch with his bloody stains!

## THREE MONTHS UNDER THE SNOW.

*(Continued from page 193.)*

Dec. 14th.—The new danger which has threatened us has made me sad and cast down. It is not only the frightful idea of being torn to pieces by the wolves, but the the thought that I cannot again leave my prison to breath the fresh air. I must give up the plan of clearing the door and window, which would have been such a great gain tc us. Before this happened, I had cheered myself with the hope of a pleasant time to come. I thought to give sunlight to grandpapa, and that we should enjoy a little light near the window, and beguile time with seeing things out of doors. It seemed as if I should be more patient in waiting for the snow to melt, and fill the rivers of the plain. But how different now! We shall no longer know what is going on outside the chalet, and it is become very disagreeable from the smoke. If we are to rid ourselves of this, we must run the risk of being less safe. God grant, that greater anxiety and this pent-up life may not make either of us ill. My grandfather saw my despair, and he blamed it. He recalled to me the thoughts I have expressed in past days. He says I am not myself, he does not know me. I am quite of his mind, and I own it. If I go to bed very sad with my lot, I am still less content with myself.

Dec. 15th.—This is Sunday. What are our friends and neighbours doing this evening which we pass so sadly. Do they think of us? Yes, no doubt, if my poor father is in the midst of them; but if he has perished while trying to save us, the others have already forgotten us. We are dead to the world. In the village they have now the winter's rest from toil, and are gaily enjoying themselves. They visit each other, and spend the evening round a bright fire or a very warm stove. Until now, I never knew how needful society is for our happiness. With others, we can share our labour and it is less toilsome. We share our pleasures and make them doubly precious. If the Almighty should one day lead me back to my friends, how thankful I should be! What delight to hear the noise and see the busy moving of

the village again ! What pleasure to be amidst those who love and care for us, and whom we can serve in return. But our friends ought to know how much we suffer here. How can they leave us in this fearful solitude ?

" Do not go to sleep this night," said my grandfather, "with such unkind thoughts. It is wrong, so to close the day sacred to the Lord. If men forget us, we will pardon them, that we may be forgiven by him whom we forget too often. You pine for the society of your fellow creatures. Think of Christ and he will come and dwell with you, and give you joy and peace." I said, "you will help me, my grandfather, to feel right again, and as I used to feel before the terror of a cruel death came over me. May God give me strength to live, or to lay down my life in whatever way he may see fit to take it."

Dec. 16th.—The milk of the goat, some pieces of hard dry bread, with potatoes cooked in water and eaten with a little salt, is our usual fare. We are obliged to be very careful of our potatoes, for the stock is small. Sometimes, for a change, we roast them in the ashes, and so, I like them best. Until now, grandpapa would not touch the coffee ; but now he must try to regain a little appetite. Our late anxieties have made him poorly. This little treat which he has taken to please me, has done him good. He wished me to have some, but I would not. We must take care of it in case of need, and I do not now want it. Milk diet is quite enough for me. The shepherds of the Alps live upon it the greater part of the year ; and those who eat bread and meat, and drink wine, are not always as strong as they are. In our villages we are used to this variety, and the habits of an old man are hard to change. It makes me very sorry to see grandpapa have only the milk of Blanchette.

As for him, he will not let me pity him, and when I said this evening how much I felt for his sufferings, of which my disobedience was the first cause, he stopped me. " You can tell me something more pleasant, my child. To close this day, let me hear some little piece of poetry that you can remember." I looked at Blanchette who seemed inclined to listen also, and told a fable about the wild goats. Just as I ended she gave a bleat, which sounded so droll, that we both laughed heartily. It was the first time we had been really merry in our prison. " Fear nothing, our pet," said my grandfather, " when we no longer want your aid, you will always

be our favourite goat, and I promise, you shall die of old age."

Dec. 17th.—To-day grandpapa said, "time slips away. The winter is near." "What! winter *near*!" I exclaimed, "is it not come?" "Not yet. According to the almanack, winter begins on the 21st of December. Till then, we have autumn." "I remember at school it was so explained to us. But is this still called the fruit season?" "My child, the crops have long been gathered even in the valley; but you know upon the mountains winter begins very soon." "And ends very late," said I sadly. "Yes, but it may become mild enough for us to be set free before spring. If a warm south wind blows for several days, this snow will melt more quickly than it fell." "And on that depends our lives?" "Does that suprise you? From the hour of your birth you have been as dependent as now. We live surrounded by dangers which we know nothing of, and little is added to them by the state we are placed in here. At any moment, some unexpected accident may happen, and often what appears a most trifling thing, may put an end to your life. Therefore be prudent, when you feel most safe, and be firm, when danger threatens you." I replied to my grandfather, as I have sometimes done before, by opening the Bible, for him to point out the part that agreed with his words. He said, "In the morning think that perhaps the evening may not come to you, and in the evening be not too sure that you will see another day. Be always ready that death may not find you unprepared. Therefore be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh.—Matt. xxiv. 44. Labour now so to live, that at the hour of death you may rejoice rather than fear. I am glad to see," he continued, "that the Bible becomes so well know to you. If you go on, it will be to you a true friend. It will often reply to your thoughts like a faithful adviser. This, my child, is the use to make of every good book, and I assure you, many people who possess large libraries do not gain so much from them, because they read only for amusement and not for daily help. They live to read, instead of reading to live. Take care not to be like them."

Dec. 18th.—My grandpapa has scarcely eaten anything all day. He has again tried a little coffee with his milk, but only tasted it, even when I begged of him to let me steep some bread in it. I can see that he

tries to appear as usual, but it does not lessen my anxiety. If he should be ill, I should be in a sad state. We shall need help from God. I pray, with my whole heart, to be able to say, "Thy will be done."

Dec. 19th.—Why should I complain of difficulties, when each one is a means of improving my mind and raising my courage? The smoke made us eager to open the trap, and yet we feared the wolves. To-day I have found out a way to manage all that. We can make a fire, and we have made it, without being troubled with smoke, and without any danger from our fierce enemies. My grandpapa complained of being giddy, which I think was owing to the want of fire, for the fir canes blaze, but give little warmth. I saw in a corner of the stable, an iron pipe, quite rusty. It belonged to a stove, which is no longer here, but was used last year, to warm the chalet.

"If," I said, "we could fix this pipe upon the trap, it would make just the right opening." "A good idea," replied my grandpapa, "but how can you do it? You cannot get up above to this work without danger; and I will not permit you to risk another accident, merely to spare me inconvenience."

I was silent, and began to think. I well knew it would be of no use to beg, so long as I could not assure grandpapa of my safety. At first I thought it would not be very difficult to force a hole. The board is not very thick, and one of our knives is also a pretty good saw. A few days ago I found a gimlet at the bottom of our table drawer, which though very blunt would pierce a deal board. The first hole made, I could then use the saw, and cut out a round piece the size of the pipe. But how to place myself for this work? I had a new and strong cord which I made fast to the top of the hole, leaving two loops below, like stirrups, to support my feet when once I got above, and I took the other end of the cord to fix upon the ring of the trap and hold me round the waist. Having explained to grandpapa what I meant to do, he gave me leave, and I managed so well, that the first blow forced the pipe through the opening, and I fixed it with some nails, put ready before-hand.

I came down quite joyful, cleared away the snow which had fallen on the hearth, and had the pleasure of seeing the smoke rise from a sparkling fire which warmed my hands.

This was a whole day's work ; but the tools are none of the best, the place very awkward, and the workman very unskilful. However, I do not deserve all my grandpapa has said, to reward my trouble. I am more than repaid by the pleasure of seeing him enjoy the cheerful blaze of the fire, and get quite warm before going to bed.

Dec. 21st.—We use our oil with great care, and this economy nearly caused the loss of a large earthen jar, which holds our water for drinking. But good has come from the evil, as I will show. The jar was set in a corner, and feeling about in the dark, I struck, and upset it. Fortunately, the floor of the chalet is only soil beaten down, and the jar is not broken. To prevent the same accident, grandpapa said, "dig a small hole and set the jar in it, the bottom is too small for its height. It will then be more safe." I had lighted the lamp to do this, and with a pick axe in my hand was going to strike. "Stop !" said grandpapa in haste, as if struck with a sudden thought. Then he came near, took the tool from my hands, and began himself to dig the soil, but with light blows and much care. I asked what he sought, for I saw by his manner, that he feared to break something hidden in the earth, before going on with the work he had given me.

"I am not mistaken, my love," said he, uncovering a bottle. "The moment you raised your arm, I remembered that some years ago I buried in this place four or five bottles of wine, the remains of our summer store, and forgot them. Put this upon the table, we must now search for the rest. They are not many, I am quite sure. However, my dear Louis, this is a very valuable thing to find. Here is the second ; and the third. In short, there are five. I begged grandpapa to taste it directly. What delight I felt to see him drink half a glass of this old wine. The poor food he has had for a month past, makes this cordial quite needful. He would not take much, because he thinks it should only be used as a medicine. For this reason I refused to take any, having nothing whatever to be cured of.

"At least touch your lips with it in honour of the day," said my grandfather. It is the first day of winter. The sun will soon seem to come nearer to us. The days will begin to lengthen—little, it is true, at first, but it is like the return of hope. Let us welcome it with a glad heart."

I did as desired, then to my duty, and laid up this unlooked for store with great care. I hope it will do much good to my aged grandfather. This little event quite roused our spirits, and we talked for a long time.

Dec. 23rd.—Grandpapa complains of pain and numbness in his limbs. We have taken care to walk for a little time every day up and down our prison as much as the narrow space permits. This exercise is needful. Grandpapa can do it, leaning on my arm. To-day, as he warmed his bare feet at the fire, I saw with grief how much they are swelled. He assures me it is no new thing, and I need not be alarmed. He has promised to drink a little wine every night to strengthen himself, and will take care of his health more for my sake than from desire of life. May God preserve the only friend that perhaps remains to me on earth!

Dec. 24th.—We seek each day some new way of employing the hours and preventing dullness. Certainly we have gained something by perseverance. "We are blind during a part of the day," said my grandfather, "but the blind often know how to use their hands and work so well we are surprised at it. Let us try to do the same. Could we not twist the straw without seeing it? With practise we should soon do it easily." We then made a first attempt, and when we looked at it by the light of the lamp, we were pretty well satisfied. I am sure in a few days we shall be able to make very good twists. I wish to try and plait a straw hat, such as I have seen the shepherd boys make. If I succeed, I shall be more surprised than at the twists, for the work is not so simple.

Dec. 25th, Christmas Day.—We have devoted this holy day to prayer and thought. My grandfather has talked of our great Master, of his birth, his life, and his death. He has repeated to me many of the parables, and told me of the words and deeds so full of love to all men. Our chalet seemed like a temple while he spoke. Meantime the church clocks have been heard in the valleys, and the people have gathered round their altars. Sacred songs have been sung, but no sound has risen up to us. Oh! my friends! you know not how happy you are, to join in prayer, after having been scattered abroad for work. In former days I knew it not, but now I could shed tears of sorrow to think of it.

When I go down from this mountain I can truly say to them, "If you had learned, as I have done, how the society of all is needful to each, you *could* have no feelings but of love and gentleness towards one another."

Dec. 26th.—This morning my grandfather was not well. The milk by itself does not suit him. He is now better than I had dared to hope. His patience makes all his sufferings more light. He said to me, "Do not be uneasy my child. It may be, that I shall live till the time of our leaving this place. That is all my prayer. If I have the blessing of seeing you restored to your father, I should go in peace and gladness. If God should see fit to take me whilst we are alone in this chalet, I feel sure it will not cause you fear or despair. What can I do for you now? I am only a charge, a hindrance, but like a good son, you do not feel it so. You do everything here. I have given you the experience you wanted, and now it seems my task is ended. Dare then to look as I do at our separation, if it should come a little sooner than we had expected. Be prepared for whatever may happen, but, I repeat, we will hope for the best. The care that you take of me, may preserve my life till spring, and I may again see the green trees." Tears were the only answer, I could give to these words. We were silent, and for a long time I could not set to work again in the dark.

This evening, grandpapa could not take his milk, and seeing that it would be wasted, he proposed to make a little cheese and showed me how to do it. "It seems," said he smiling, "that I am still good for something." For want of rennet we curdled the milk with a little vinegar, and afterwards I put it in an earthen mould. It is all right at present; to morrow we shall see how it turns out. In my turn I have thought of something for grandpapa that he likes. It is to warm some bread and wine, as I have seen him do for my aunts when they were weak or poorly. It was soon done, and what would I not have given, to be able to sprinkle a little sugar over the slices of smoking hot bread. The wine we found is very sweet with age, and fit, grandpapa says, for the table of a prince. "I only wish," he said, "to live till the vine shoots forth once more."

Dec. 27th.—The cheese is quite right. I have put it on the table powdered with salt. My mouth waters, to look

at it, and yet I wish I had not the milk for this use. Today we shall have enough for a second cheese. My grandfather has tasted nothing but some roasted potatoe ; with a little bread and wine it has been all his food. Alas ! he suffers perhaps, and do what he will, I see too plainly that he becomes weaker.

Dec. 28th.—My grandfather now rises later and goes sooner to bed. He says that after a little exercise the warmth under the wool and straw is best for him. It is impossible for any one to be more kind and thoughtful than he is. He teaches me by all that he does and all that he says. How much I have improved in these few weeks with him. I do not know myself. I left home with the thoughts and feelings of a child, and I am astonished at the change since I came here.

The past day has not been marked by any events. I have worked as usual, and chiefly in the dark. I have become so ready in doing this, that it seems to me, the sight is in my finger ends. By the touch I can find out the least mistake, and whilst thus busy, I can think. I have thought more during thirty days in prison, than in my whole life of liberty before.

Dec. 29th.—On the days when nothing happens to make a change in our weary lives, I think of home and of my father. I see him alone and sad, often looking towards the heights, where we mourn for his absence. My grandfather teaches me to be patient, and not even *try* to break through the veil that hides the future. Alas ! I know not, and it is best I should not know. I will offend no more by my anxiety and want of trust. I will think of the Saviour, and cheerfully submit to what is appointed for me.

Dec. 30th.—The end of the year is almost come. This day my school-fellows rejoice in the much wished for liberty. It is holiday time and they are delighted. Such were my thoughts once, but now they have changed. What would I not give to spend some hours every day in that school-room I called a prison ? In fancy I hear the clock that calls us together. We rush in pell-mell—books under our arms. Each one takes his place. The master rises and we do the same. The prayer is then offered, to prepare us for work. I remember all we did. I seem to see and hear all the buzz and sound

that used to be around me. "Poor Louis," said my grandfather, "what do you sigh for now? Must I forbid the amusement that I advised for you myself. Be master of your thoughts and your pen. Think only of subjects that will strengthen your mind. Your present state requires firmness, and perhaps you will need yet more of it." "Are you not so well this evening, my dear grandpapa?" "Yes, my child, I lie down, only for prudence. I would fain be so well, that in two or three months we may gaily descend the mountain together, Blanchette running before us. They will be happy to see us." "They will not wait till we set off, they will come and knock at our door sooner than you think." "They will come and knock at our door." As he repeated these words, my grandfather looked grave and pressed my hand. "And if the messenger of deliverance comes to call me, not to the village, but to heaven. What will you do, my child? We must foresee, and prepare for it. I am sure you would be an excellent nurse, and so long as I lived I could depend on your firmness; but after—other duties would devolve upon you towards my body. Could you fulfil them?" Here I interrupted my grandfather by my sobs, and begged him to say no more. He drew me to him and blessed me. After adding this painful scene to my journal I go to forget it in sleep.

Dec. 31st.—Happy day! my grandfather has revived in appetite and strength. He has taken some coffee, ate more than usual, and a drop of wine has done him good. The last day of the year is almost gone, I will close it with the prayer of trust and thankfulness.

Jan. 1st.—This time last year I was in the midst of my family. The evening before, my father went out to purchase some presents, and I had my share of them. We went to church in the morning. Some friends came to dine. The children danced, and we sat up very late. My grandfather, thinking this would be a sad day for me, has done all he could to amuse me. He has taught me several new ways of counting, has asked me riddles, and has talked more playfully than usual. Our supper has been a kind of feast. He made me add some of my first cheese to the potatoes; it was excellent, and I have also shared his toast. It was quite a treat for hermits like us. The goat has not been forgotten.

I have picked out the best hay for her, and a fresh litter,—double allowance of salt, and triple measure of patting and kindness. May the Lord hear our morning and evening prayer, "Preserve us for each other." My grandfather now desires to add some words in his own hand.

"In the name of God. Amen!

In case I am taken from my children, I desire they should know my last will. I wish to acknowledge the love and devotion of my dear grandson Louis Lopraz, here present, and as it is impossible to offer him the least gift on this day, I wish my heirs to supply it, and give him for me, my repeater watch; my gun; my bible, which belonged to my father; also, my seal; a ring of steel, on which are engraved my initials, the same as those of my son and grandson.

Such is my will. In the Chalet of Auzindes, 1st of Jan. 18—.

Louis Lopraz.

My revered friend! in my turn let me express in this journal my warm gratitude. It is,—I *feel* it is a blessedness I cannot express, to have lived with you in this dwelling. I have no need of reward, or the least token you could give would suffice. May you yet, for a long time enjoy the society of our friends and neighbours. It is with this prayer, in which they are all so much concerned, that I begin the new year.

Jan. 2nd.—For a long time we have heard no sound outside, and we are more closely shut up than ever. We suppose that fresh snow has fallen, and that the chalet is entirely buried under it. However, the iron pipe is still above it, for the smoke rises freely. To day some flakes of snow fell through the narrow passage. These white messengers of winter are the only things that pass between us and the world. If our clock stopped, we should have no knowledge of time; no means would remain of knowing day and night, except the light we can still see in the morning above the pipe. To make up for this, we suffer little from cold in our dark cave. We might have some cause to fear that the place would become unwholesome, but the stream of air up the chimney is enough to purify and freshen it. When we have lighted our lamp, and are busy with our daily work, as we sit before a bright fire, we sometimes forget our misfortune, and are merry. At these times I am sure we might be envied by some of my school fellows. Have we not often wished to be Robinson on his desert island? And yet, the ocean which separated him from the rest of the world, was

much more difficult to pass over than our mountain. He could only hope for the coming of some stray vessel, whilst we are sure this snow will, soon or late, melt away. God grant that we may live so long.

Jan. 4th.—It was impossible to write last night, or rather I did not think of it. I had other things to do. The day had passed quietly. Grandpapa had no appetite, but he did not complain. In the evening after supper, while seated in the corner by the fire, enjoying with me the pleasantest part of our day, he suddenly turned pale, sunk down, and without my instant help, would have fallen into the fire. I screamed, raised him in my arms, and with an effort I should have thought impossible, lifted him upon the bed, and laid him down upon it. His head and hands were cold. I took care not to raise his head, for he had told me what to do in such a case a few days before. The blood soon came round, and sense at the same time. "Where am I? What! upon my bed?" said my grandfather. "Yes," I said, "you have been faint, and I thought it best to put you here; and it was best, for hardly were you laid down when you recovered." "And you carried me here? Thank God that as my strength grows less, yours is greater, my dear child. We lose nothing. It is now, you to do, me to love you." He put his arms round my neck. I was kneeling beside the bed, and so we remained a long time. At last he was willing to drink a little wine. He is revived and better. After a time he calmly said, "Do not alarm yourself too much. I fancied I could eat a bit of your cheese, but I should have known it would be worse for me than the milk. It is gone off, and I shall sleep now, for I am drowsy and quite comfortable." In fact, my grandfather did soon fall asleep. I watched for some time beside him, and seeing all well, I blessed God for it, and in my turn rested beneath his care.

To day I have been very busy with household work. I entreated my grandfather to remain in bed, and he directed me how to wash our linen and flannel, as well as I could, without soap. In the evening the clothes were all ready to dry by the fire, and thus I shall leave them till to morrow. The heat of the hearth and the stream of air will complete the business. This evening my grandfather let me rub him to get some warmth, as he can neither have air nor exercise. I found out how very thin his poor body is. He thanked

me for this service, and said, "You seem to give me life. I feel better and breathe more easily." These words made me exert myself still more. He was uneasy on my account. "Do you not see," I said smiling, "it is good exercise? What does you good, does the same to me; and I hope you will often ask me for this remedy, which is as good for the doctor as the patient." The invalid sleeps sweetly, and I have made up for the silent evening by writing the history of these two days.

Jan. 5th.—My grandfather has this morning spoken to me of his state, and concealed nothing. I still hear his words. What kindness and wisdom! I should be unpardonable if I did not improve from them, young as I am. He made me sit down on the bed, and then said, "My child, I can no longer hide from you that the end of my life is not far off. Would that I could chain my soul to this earth until I see the day of your deliverance! I know it not, and hardly dare hope it. My weakness increases so fast, that I shall most likely leave you alone for the third part of our winter. I believe you will be more afflicted at our separation than troubled about your loneliness. You will feel more of grief than fear; I can so well depend on your courage and piety as to hope you will not fall into despair. Remember your father, for you will see him again, and this thought will support you. You will call to mind that, after my death, the danger in this chalet is not greater than whilst I was alive. On the contrary, I am rather in your way. There is more to fear from famine, and it will be perhaps less difficult for you to leave the mountain alone. I only ask your promise to be patient, and not expose yourself too soon. A few days more or less are nothing in a long captivity, and you risk all by trying too soon. Why should you be in too great haste? To this day your health has not suffered from being shut up. You will not have our conversations to divert you, but how many prisoners are condemned to silence for a number of years, and too often with a conscience ill at ease. You will be comforted by having fulfilled your duty. Only one thing makes me anxious, my dear Louis, and that is, the effect of my death upon your mind. When you see this body without life, it will cause you a feeling of dread, perhaps of terror. There is little reason for this, but it is what many people cannot overcome, because they do not

think rightly. Why should you fear the remains of your old friend? Are you afraid of me while I sleep? The other evening when I fainted, you never thought I could hurt you: you only saw my need of help, and did your duty like a brave man. So let it be when you see me fall into the last faint, which is called death. Act then as wisely. My body will only require from you a last service. Dare to render it, when nature tells you the time is come. You will have all the strength that is needful: it was proved so when you lifted and laid me on this bed. You see that door; it leads to the dairy, which we have never entered, because it is useless to us. There you must dig a hole as deep as you can, and lay my body in it, to remain until you can take it away to be buried this spring in the cemetery of our village. After this you will feel very lonely, and shed many tears. You will call me perhaps, and I shall not answer. Do not lose yourself in vain sorrow. Call upon Him who will always answer you, when you speak to Him with faith and trust. Then you will truly understand what His help is. He will be all you want. He will be to you in the place of all."

Such were my grandfather's lessons this morning, and as he comforted me by them, he has since seemed more quiet and calm, and almost cheerful. As for me, I can hardly believe that a spirit so firm and free, can dwell in a body about to die. The danger has been set before my eyes, and it seems to me yet distant. Oh, may my hope prove true!

*(To be continued.)*

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## BIBLE STUDIES.

BY MRS. HAWKSHAW.

### NO. V.—HAGAR.

I do remember, when a child,
I loved that story well,
Of Hagar and her outcast boy,
Beside the desert well;
And now it hath a deeper tone,
A mother's heart can hear alone.

When first the patriarch's tent she left
In silent bitter woe,

Crushed hopes and proud vindictive thoughts
Perhaps her heart might gnaw ;
But with firm step she onward passed,
One backward look—the first, the last.

She had been spurned, despised, but yet
She had one hope, one aim, still left ;
The past had little to regret,
But one bright thread amid its weft
Consoled for many a gloomy shade,
And for a hundred wrongs repaid.

Not Sarah's slave, not Abram's wife,
But Ishmael's mother she would be ;
This was her future, this alone :
The clear sky's starry canopy
Stretched o'er them, as for him she prayed
Each night, and watched him undismayed.

But a change came ; the hoarded drop
Of water failed at last ; the air
Was hot and moveless ; and the sun
Looked down with fiery glare ;
The silent desert glowed around ;
Their very footsteps gave no sound.

All thoughts concentred now in one ;
All words in that wild piercing cry ;
She could not think Jehovah saw,
Not then :—she felt her child must die.
The agony of years may be
In moments. Such her agony.

But when that bitter woe was past,
When seated by the desert well,
She brought the life-draught to her child,
That moment's feeling who may tell ?
We earn the right with joy to thrill,
By griefs with which we tremble still.

And then the still deep gratitude
That filled her heart—too deep for words—
And breathed alone in broken tones,
Like music trembling on the chords
The wind hath swept. Yes, from a child
I've loved that story of the wild.

## HOW CAN OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS BE IMPROVED?

Extracts from an Address delivered by Henry Enfield, Esq. before the London Auxiliary Sunday School Association.

These meetings have for their aim the growth of that which must always be at the root of success in our Sunday schools—the cultivation of the individual character, and in especial the individual *religious* character of the teacher. Children are marvellously quick in detecting the genuine from the assumed feeling, the felt from the merely spoken word, the vital from the ceremonial in religion. Their souls yet retain that original freshness which gives them, as by a ray of light from heaven, a quickness of discernment between the utterance of the heart and that of the lips only. The soul of a child is a holy thing, and religious truth should always come to it in the words of simplicity and godly sincerity which a devout heart only can utter.

Wonderful is the charm and the power to the little child of the mere look and voice of the teacher who is alone tender and devout, in whom the love of God and all God's children is visibly seen. And what higher, what more precious work can there be, than thus to follow Christ in communicating the holy spirit of his divine religion to young children? Their greater susceptibility to impressions, and the greater permanence and power of any impressions made upon their character, their docility, their pliableness, their reverent upturned look to the teacher who may be to them as their God till God himself can be revealed to them, the softness of the young soul, like the moist clay ready to receive its mould from the potter's hand—all these characteristics of the child give the teacher of children, and above all the religious teacher, a much greater power than the teacher or preacher has with those of older years. I say "above all the religious teacher," for there is I believe in the soul of a child a fitness for, a want of religion. The first speechless look of infancy is full of wonder, and that wonder is the germ of religion. The young child, first taking into his mind the varied objects which surround him on every side, is filled with wonder; and that wonder needs but one earnest word from the parent or teacher to turn it into religion.

In proportion as we estimate highly the work of the Sunday school teacher, must we esteem the privilege of taking part in the work, and the responsibility of so great a charge. What are we all for here on this earth, but for improvement, for training, for education? And our work as Sunday school teachers, our studies connected with that work, our meeting together in this association, our intercourse with the children and with each other, all are calculated in the most powerful way to help us in self-improvement. If we help the child of poor and ignorant parents to feel after if haply he may find out God through Christ, how much are we, who share in the work, quickened, softened, strengthened, to receive that same faith which comes only to the heart when it is touched and made tender. What benefactors to us are our scholars, if by intercourse with them we can be brought to the meekness and docility of the little child, without which we never can enter into the kingdom of heaven.

As the duty of the religious teacher of children is high, and the privilege great, so in proportion is the responsibility a grave and momentous one. To us come the little children as they came to Jesus. From their parents they may learn, alas! as little of those great simple religious truths for which the young child's mind is already ripe, as of old did the children whom Christ took in his arms and blessed. Yours is the vast, the eternal responsibility of giving them all you can, and the best you can of the water of life. You must approach the work in a prayerful spirit with humility, with faith, with hope, with charity, reverently looking up to God, tenderly looking down to the little child of God at your knees,—looking up and lifting up. You must feel that to you is given the all important task of sowing that early seed of first feelings and principles in religion which may remain through life, which may influence the very structure of the character, which by God's blessing, however the world and the world's ways may seemingly choke and kill the branch and leaf and bud, yet may have its root there still, and to the last be sending up new shoots and blossoms which can only bloom in perfection in a future purer world.

It is very true that the Sunday school teacher can have but in a very small degree the power which the parent has of sowing the good seed in the child's mind. The little time on the Sunday that can be given to the work,—the

many distractions unavoidable in crowded noisy rooms,—the counter influences ever at work at home,—the short time that children remain at school,—these and other drawbacks, so well known, so much lamented by you the practical workers, often so dissipate and frustrate the good influences which might else be given, that the higher be your ideal of what you should be effecting, and the more earnest your desire for the religious improvement of your scholars, the more full of disappointment and distress must the failure of your best hopes often be. But you must not despair. This is so with us always in our best undertakings. And the higher the object, the more conspicuous is the failure of our human powers to fulfil our purposes. But again and again we must try. Falling often, we must rise again to the battle. The more numerous our adversaries, the more unflinching must be our courage and perseverance.

And first we must strengthen the citadel itself,—the soul of the movement,—our own individual character, spirit, and attainments for the work. To raise these, to gain more religiousness of spirit, and to enrich the mind with those varied stores of knowledge which connect themselves with God's ways and works, to strive after a sympathy with the little scholar's mind, a sympathy which will come to you all if only there be the electric chain of love to God and to all God's children,—this will open the little scholar's heart to you, and he will love you as you love him, and loving you he will receive your words with a reverent affectionate docile spirit.

But you must be ever looking down into the little mind to see what is working there. Watch for the impression made. If attention be not awakened all your teachings are vain. To rouse curiosity and interest, to discover or to create a mental appetite for the food you offer, this is the first step, and till a steady interested attention is got, nothing valuable can be done. It is obvious that if the mind of the teacher be stored with knowledge interesting to the children, and he can choose from his materials what will be interesting to different children, and speak from his own mind to the minds of the little ones, he will thus be enabled to make a much greater impression than by merely reading to them from a book. And he will by this method be enabled to avail himself of helps that otherwise he would not have. Surrounding objects, familiar things, passing in-

cidents, may then be enlisted to give life to the topic. Our Saviour, stretching forth his hand to the waving fields of corn, arrested the attention of his disciples, by likening the harvest of souls that was before them to the corn ripe for the sickle, and habitually he made use of the most familiar illustrations to rouse an interest in his hearers. It is very true that some natural genius is required to do this with great effect, but by every teacher it may be done with advantage. At a National School in Hampshire under the management, till lately, of Mr. Dawes, the rector of the parish, this mode of teaching has been reduced to quite a system, and the Government Inspector's report speaks in the highest terms of the extraordinary improvement resulting from it.

Nor must stories be held in disrepute. The highest truth has often been conveyed in story. The greatest teachers whom the world has known have chosen this as their medium. Prophets have clothed their thrilling warnings and exhortations in allegory and parables. Nathan told the tale of the little lamb, and then struck the monarch speechless with remorse on saying to him, "Thou art the man." Our Saviour constantly uttered his divine truths through this medium.

There is in a child a mine of feeling and imagination which may give forth its precious ore if only we dig for it. The story or parable is one means of doing this. The hymn or sacred poem is another. You must I think all have been struck, when attending the religious services for Sunday school children, with the interest they take in the hymns. The music, and the active share they themselves take in the service, may doubtless in part account for this ; but there appears to be something beyond this, a feeling for the sacred poem too. Imagination and sensibility are awakened. Some light, however feeble, beams in upon the soul. A ray of devotional feeling warms the young heart and elevates the spirit. The holy spirit is there. To awaken devotional feeling and establish religious principle in the child,—this, this is the work of the Sunday school teacher. He must never rest satisfied till he feels that in some degree he is doing this. No mere instruction, though the bible were known by heart, and all science and knowledge connected with it recorded in the child's memory, can be of avail, till there be a spirit touched,—some feeling of personal religion.

## LOVE OF FLOWERS.

In the Sunday school Magazine of October last, (Supplement, p. 20) there is an interesting account of the success with which flowers have lately been cultivated by the cottagers of Gee Cross. "The lover of flowers," it was said, "is generally found to be the better for the taste." The auto-biography of Ebenezer Elliott, the poet who by his political works obtained the name of "the corn-law rhymer," confirms this opinion by a very interesting narrative.

Although afterwards a man of distinguished ability, Ebenezer was not a quick boy at school. For want of having been well grounded in the first rules of Arithmetic, he was unable to do sums in the higher rules, and feeling himself backward and apparently stupid, he disliked to go to school. His father who was an iron-founder at Rotherham, set him to work in the foundry as a punishment. The boy did not dislike the work, for he found that he could be as clever in it as the other beginners, but he soon took harm from the evil example of some of his companions. At this time he chanced to call on an aunt, a very respectable woman who brought up three children on very narrow means. He thought that his aunt received him coldly, and his conscience smote him with the fear that she might know that he had been tipsy a night or two before. But she laid before him a part of Sowerby's English Botany, which then was coming out in numbers. Never says he, "shall I forget the impression made on me by the beautiful plates. I actually touched the figure of the primrose, half-thinking that the meeliness on the leaves was real." His aunt showed him how to draw the flowers, by putting a thin piece of paper before them, and holding them to the light. This does not in fact deserve to be called *drawing*, it is *tracing over* ; but Elliott says, "on finding that I could so draw them correctly, I was lifted at once above the inmates of the alehouse, at least a foot in mental stature. So, thence forward, when I happened to have a spare hour, I went to my aunt's to draw." After seeing his cousin's book of dried plants, Ebenezer also became a collector and preserver of such specimens, and soon had a similar book of his own, which in the usual pompous language, he called his *Hortus Siccus*, or his little "dry garden." Soon after this he heard his brother read the first book of "Thomson's Seasons," and after hearing the

description of the Polyanthus and Auricula, he took the book into the garden to compare the description with the living flowers. After this, there was no more drunkenness;—the love of better things had begun, and it worked the complete reformation of Elliott's habits. He soon studied hard to improve himself, and though he never became what is called a Botanist, he always kept his love of wild flowers, and when a man and the father of a prosperous family, he would point to his "Sowerby's Botany," as the book which first gave him his taste for poetry. In the preface to one of his works, Elliott declares that he should think himself sufficiently rewarded, if his poetry had led one person from the ale-house to the fields.

"The Home of Taste," says Elliott, "is within the reach of thousands of the working class,"—and thus did he describe what he called

THE HOME OF TASTE.

You seek the home of taste, and find
The proud mechanic there,
Rich as a king, and less a slave,
Thron'd in his elbow chair!
Or on his sofa, reading Locke,
Beside his open door!
Why start!—why envy worth like his
The carpet on his floor?

You seek the home of sluttery—
"Is John at home?" you say.
"No, sir; he's at the 'Sportsman's Arms;'
The dog-fight's o'er the way."
O lift the workman's heart and mind
Above low sensual sin!
Give him a home! the home of taste!
*Outbid* the house of gin!

O give him taste! it is the link
Which binds us to the skies—
A bridge of rainbows, thrown across
The gulph of tears and sighs;
Or like a widower's little one—
An angel in a child—
That leads him to his mother's chair,
And shows him how she smiled." E. C.

## THREE MONTHS UNDER THE SNOW.

*(Concluded from page 213.)*

Jan. 6th.—Another day is done! We say this every evening. I have now fresh cause for impatience. It seems to me as if the spring would never come. Is it dread of being alone that makes me so anxious? I will strive to get rid of such a weak fear. I will think no more of myself, and then I shall be more truly the disciple of Christ. If I pray that my grandfather may be spared, it is not selfish, nor to save myself from the horror of solitude.

Jan. 7th.—Darkness is very sad for the sick; it is even said to injure the best health. Light is made for man, and man for light. We have this morning found out a way to manage the oil without being quite in the dark. We have made a little lamp out of a slice of cork, to which we have fixed a very thin wick. This feeble light is enough for my work, and is a comfort to grandpapa. We shall use this in future and hardly light the lamp, for I find at this very time it is just possible to write without it. People used to the light of the poorest home in our village during the winter evenings would find our chalet very dull; but after the darkness we have lived in so long, it seems very pleasant to see one another, to move about without feeling our way, and to mark the difference between day and night. No action of my grandfather is unobserved by me. I often see him join his hands and raise his eyes and fix them upon me. I can guess his thoughts, and without speaking we breathe the same prayer.

* * * * *

Jan. 9th.—It is the will of God. I am alone with Him, far from all the world. It was yesterday, but I cannot write of this death—my paper is wet with tears.

Jan. 11th.—Yes, it is well. To-day is the eleventh of January—two days have passed since I wrote last. Reason comes back to me and it will become stronger. If I did not feel that Christ our Lord dwelt with me, was near me, I should die also—from fear alone.

Jan. 12th and 13th.—I went to bed on the seventh full of hope. My grandfather seemed better than usual, but before I was asleep, I heard him groan and I jumped up without waiting till he called me. I dressed, lighted the lamp (always ready) and asked what he felt. "Faintness," he said; "it will be like the other day and perhaps"—here he stopped. "Will you take a spoonful of wine my dear grandpapa?" "No, my child—only bathe my brow and rub my hands with vinegar—and—take the Bible—read—my child—in that part—you know—where I put a mark." I obeyed, and on my knees, trembling, I read the page he asked for. It was the beginning of the tenth chapter in the gospel of St. John. Then he took my hands in his, and prayed for me so fervently. His voice was very weak. Then he repeated from memory many words of the Saviour which made me weep.

I will add one thing that happened. Blanchette, disturbed by the light at an unusual hour, began to bleat loudly. "Poor Blanchette," he said, "I must stroke her once more. Untie her, my child, and bring her here." I did as desired, and Blanchette sought his hand, for she was used to receive from it a little salt. I put a little, and she licked it for the last time. "Be always a good nurse," he said, and tried to lay his hand on her neck. He turned his head, and I took her away.

After this he spoke very little, but liked to hold my hand, and sometimes I felt it gently pressed, and as he looked at me I knew that all his thoughts were for me till life should cease. I spoke to him, and I saw it gave him pleasure. Then I bent over him and said, with all the firmness in my power, "Farewell till we meet in heaven. I will try to be faithful to thy teaching, and deserve that blessed reward. I will trust in my Saviour, he will support me and be all I need. Do not fear for me."

My poor grandpapa then pressed my hand with all his strength, but could not speak. I said again, "I will mind your advice, and for love of you will neglect nothing to prolong my life and enable me to leave this chalet."

Again I felt a very weak pressure—it was the last. His hand became cold and loosed from mine, and without a sigh, he breathed no more.

My worst trial was not at first. It was by degrees I came to feel myself alone with the dead body, and I shuddered as night came on. The next morning I had

presence of mind to wind up the clock and milk Blanchette. The cold forced me to light a fire. This employed me, but afterwards I fell into a sad torpor. Towards evening the wind was violent, and I heard its gloomy sound. I was close to the fire, and watched the light of the little lamp, turning my back to the bed. By degrees a shivering fit came over me. I could not command my thoughts, and it would have been very serious if I had not made a great effort. I went near the body at first with difficulty—then with resolution—looked upon it and touched it, until I had quite recovered. From this time I often went near it. The face looked so calm and mild, it only made me shed tears. "No," I said sobbing, "the remains of my best friend shall not make me afraid." My misery returned when I felt that I must sleep. At my age none can keep awake. Should I lie beside the corpse? I could not resolve to do that. I must own that I wanted something to keep off my fears. I took refuge near Blanchette. There was life and warmth in this poor animal; even the little noise she made in chewing the cud, was a comfort to me. Once the little lamp went out. Why was it that I trembled all over? Foolish child that I am! what safety is there in this feeble light? My breath will put it out. It depends on my will to keep it up, and yet I owe my calmness to this little flame of light. I prayed earnestly, received comfort, and slept.

The next day I employed myself as much as possible with the goat and my work. I often went to the bed. For a long time I held in my hands the dear and venerable head. The more my fears passed away, the greater became my sorrow, and I was thankful for the change, so much more right and natural.

I began now to think of the burial, and recalled what my grandfather had said. The return of night was very painful. I resolved to drink a little wine. When I took up the glass, I remembered the pleasure I felt when my grandfather tasted it the first time. I needed it now, and again I slept well.

Jan. 14th.—I have tried to write, but found it impossible. However, since morning, I have been in a much calmer state of mind. Prayer has given me courage to do what is right. I recall the words of Scripture, "The body must return to the dust from which it came." I took my tools, and opened the door of the dairy. The first strokes were

too much for me: I was obliged to stop. It was not the strength of my arms that failed, but my mind was in trouble and I had no power. Each time I struck the ground, an echo sounded through the vault, walled up like a cave. The whole day was spent in this work, which should hardly have taken two hours. The soil was sandy and light, and I could dig it with the shovel. I was glad of this, and dug a deep hole; for I thought if the chalet should be deserted for a time, or if I die in my turn, I will do my utmost to put the body beyond the reach of the savage animals. I went on with my gloomy work until hidden in a hole above my own height. The clock struck ten. Night was come, and its dark thoughts too. The violent exertion made me soon fall asleep, only hindered a short time by the care of Blanchette, who seemed very glad to have me close to her.

Jan. 15th.—My first thought was to finish my sad task. I lighted the lamp, but my courage seemed to fail, and instead of milk I took some bread and wine to revive my strength. I laid the body on a board, and placed the hands across the breast. Weeping sadly, I called to my grandfather, but he could not hear me, and that forced me to go on. I drew the board towards the hole, and by degrees laid it in,—then beside it I read the words which my Saviour spoke to the sorrowful, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you," (John xiv. 18,) and having closed the grave, I spent the day in carving an inscription with my knife on a small piece of maple wood. "Here lies the body of Pierre Louis Lopraz, who died in the night of Jan. 7 and 8, in the arms of his grandson, Louis Lopraz, who buried him." I nailed the wood upon a stake, which I fixed in the ground. Then I shut the door, and went back to the kitchen to my only companion, poor Blanchette. Though I felt more at ease when the sad duty was done, and the body no longer lay upon the bed, yet I had not overcome all my weakness, and I resolved to do so. I had locked the door of the dairy with a key, but I got up and opened it, and only drew the bolt. I am determined to go very often to the grave, and always without a light. I have done this for two days, and there I go to pray night and morning. Pressing cares have employed me up to this time, but now I have only my old work, and it does me no good. I cannot get away from myself. In the evening I have tried to write and could not.

Yesterday I thought of reading this journal from the beginning. It has affected me much, but it has done me good, for the lessons of my grandfather seem to come over me afresh with the memory of all his virtues. As soon as I had ended, I felt the relief of pouring out my grief in this history, begun by his advice. Therefore have I devoted the journal of yesterday and today to record the mournful event that has so sadly changed my lot.

Jan. 16th.—Yes, my lot is indeed changed. I perceive it every day more and more. And why? I had a friend, and yet I dared to murmur. How much I now wish again for the state, which I then complained of! God has punished me for discontent. I am alone: this thought haunts me all day.

Jan. 17th.—This day has passed in like manner. I have been languid and sad, and I should have gone to bed desolate as before, but for a circumstance in which there is no miracle, for it was nothing uncommon, and yet it has struck me as a sign from heaven.

My silent evening was over. I had put out the fire, and was going to put out the little lamp, when I heard a slight noise in the chimney. It was some dust that fell, covered with soot. The soot took fire and caused a smell, which made me look up the pipe to see whether it was safe. Whilst, with my head held back, I sought for traces of fire, a brilliant star was to be seen above the pipe. This sight lasted but for a moment, and yet it roused a strong emotion within me. One of the suns that the Creator has set in the heavens, had then cast a ray upon me, and visited my living grave. It spoke to me of the power of God. It called me to adore and trust in him. I did not fail to listen. I fell on my knees, and for the first time for many days, I felt again in my soul the deep trust that my grandfather had implanted there.

Jan. 18th.—How difficult it is to preserve and keep up the good feelings that a happy moment awakens in us. I went to bed so glad, but this morning I got up more languid than ever. I remembered exactly the time at which I saw the star, and hoped to see it again to day; but whether its position is changed or the weather is cloudy, I know not; it was not to be seen.

Jan. 19th.—Whilst my soul seeks in vain for what it has lost, I have plenty of food for the body. Every day I make cheese of the milk I do not drink; and I do this less for need than occupation. I am not used to being alone. It needs all my efforts to obtain sleep. The days seem endless.

Jan. 20th.—I write for writing's sake. How can I fill this journal? If it be a true tale, it will only shew sadness. I try to take up the pen as I used to do, but it is impossible. I cannot break the gloom that hangs over me.

Jan. 21st.—The misery I feel now is the worst I ever knew. My first trouble when we were prisoners,—my terror when the wolves came,—the gloomy days of my grandfather's death and burial, did not make me suffer as I do now. I am so weary, and even prayer cannot relieve me from it.

Jan. 22nd.—Whilst the goat has a hand to feed her, she does not trouble herself about the blank around. I am enough for her, as my grandfather would have been,—as a stranger would be. She has need of me without knowing it. She has the benefit of my care without gratitude. Sometimes I am tempted to reproach her. How absurd! There cannot be ingratitude when there is no sense and reason. But for me, who have the divine light, what use have I made of it towards God who gave it me? Am I more grateful than this poor ignorant brute? How shall I save myself from murmuring and despair?

Jan. 23rd.—I have just escaped from a sudden and terrible death, which would have come upon me in a state of wrong feeling and despair. Ought I to call it a miracle? But what matters it, if I feel the blessed effects of events which are appointed for me?

For some days I have been sure the weather is milder. I have had less need of fire and the smoke has risen freely. To day, about two o'clock, I heard a loud noise like thunder. It came rapidly nearer and seemed terrible. All at once, I felt a violent shock. I screamed. Some things were thrown down. The kitchen was filled with a thick dust. The cracking of the beams warned me that the chalet had been much shaken. However, all around me was still safe. I went about the house. In the stable I found alarming proofs of what had happened. The wall had given way, and a

part of the roof was broken in on the side towards the mountain. A heavy rock must have fallen against the chalet, or else an avalanche, loosened by the warmer air, has come down upon it.* I feel deeply thankful, and my heart shall not again lose trust and courage. I am preserved, and I will offer up my thanksgiving by the grave of my grandfather.

Jan. 24th.—I have a new cause for anxiety, and perhaps it is sent for my good. Already I am roused by it. The goat gives me less milk. For several days I have thought so, and now I am sure of it.

Jan. 25th.—My grandfather must have foreseen that I should remain here alone; for I remember his advice in case of what has now happened. One day he said, "What should we do if Blanchette failed with her milk?" We should be obliged to kill her in order to live ourselves.

Jan. 26th.—If things do not grow worse I need not be anxious. Blanchette still gives as much milk as I want. I can make no more cheeses, but I have some in store. I have looked over all the rest of the provisions and reckoned how long they would last if I have nothing else. It will not be more than fifteen days.

Jan. 27th.—The milk is less and the goat is fatter. Thus in case her milk fails, the poor animal is more fit to nourish me with her flesh.

Jan. 30th.—One thought is constantly before me. Shall I be forced to become a butcher? To sustain my sad life must I destroy that which has nourished me till now? I have only half my milk.

Feb. 1st.—Yesterday the milk was not less, but it cost me dear. I gave the goat a triple allowance of salt and she drank more. It will be impossible to go on so, for if I must kill my poor Blanchette, the salt will be wanted. Kill Blanchette! To day I have not given the salt, and have less milk.

Feb. 2nd.—Having heard that when fowls are too well fed they give fewer eggs, I thought it might be the same with Blanchette, and gave her less hay. With poorer food she

* An avalanche is a tremendous weight of snow forcing down all before it. Houses and even villages are sometimes swept away or buried beneath its fearful and rapid course.

has given me less milk than before, and I have been grieved to hear her bleat dismally all day.

Feb. 3rd.—I have made a new experiment as useless as that of yesterday. I tried to make Blanchette eat straw instead of hay, thinking that a change of food might be good for her. The goat did not like my plan, and whether from spite or suffering she has given me but a few drops of milk.

Feb. 4th.—I will not teaze her again, If I must kill her, I will make her life pleasant to the last moment. To day she has eaten well and has been a better nurse. I can hardly hope it will last. I will let nature alone. After having done all I can to avoid a cruel necessity, I will try to submit to it.

Feb. 8th.—I will own my weakness. I have wept to-day, having tried for the last time to milk Blanchette.

Feb. 13th.—I have sought again, and dug in many places to find, if possible, some hidden store, but in vain ; and I have only made myself more hungry with the exertion.

Feb. 17th.—The cold is so severe, I am obliged to keep up a good fire. I have only enough of salt left to serve me in the office of butcher.

Feb. 18th.—The cold is extreme it reminds me of the wolves. There is nothing now to prevent them hunting over the mountain. In my sad condition it is the only end I dread. If an avalanche were to destroy me, I should look upon that death as a deliverance.

Feb. 20th.—I have made up my mind. Tomorrow I will leave the chalet. Before risking my life, I write in my journal, which I shall leave on the table, how I came to decide on this. Yesterday I woke from a wretched dream. In fancy I had killed Blanchette. Her bleating had waked me, and what a relief to see her still alive, and seeming to care for me ! But I was not happy long, for I knew that I should have no food in a few days. I was almost frozen, and lighted a good fire. While warming myself, I thought, "the wolves can tread over the snow, and why should not we also ?" This idea made me start with joy. But soon came fear. To avoid killing Blanchette for food, I was going to give myself up to the wolves ! If I kill the poor goat her flesh will not last long. An attack of the wolves on the way

is not certain. We may escape, for our march will be rapid. We will go down on a sledge. I jumped up at this thought. My resolution was taken, and from this time I worked hard to fulfil it. Two days have been enough to make a rough kind of carriage, and I have used my best wood for it. I shall fasten the goat behind and tie her feet, so that she cannot move, and I shall sit in front. From a child I have been used to manage a sledge, and drive it down rapid slopes. I hope, if no accident happens, to reach the village very quickly.

I went to bed excited by deep feelings. I looked with affection round this prison where I have suffered so much, where I shall leave the remains of my grandfather. I think with terror of the distance from the village, but I do not shrink from my resolve. The hope of knowing for certain the fate of my father, makes me impatient. The sledge is ready and the cord to tie Blanchette, also the hay that must serve her for bed and shelter. It is the covering in which I shall wrap myself. Here also is the Holy Book which I shall never part with. It shall be with me in life or death; with it, I pray here, for the last time, and again I seem to hear the words, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—John xiv. 27.

March 2nd.—*In the home of my father.* I am close to him. He has read my journal, which I did not leave in the chalet, and he urges me to finish it. What I still feel after a week of happiness, almost prevents my being able to relate the last events. Everything was so different from what I expected. On February 24th, the cold seemed more severe than ever. I resolved to lose no time, and was obliged to open a path wide enough for the sledge. I could throw the snow into the chalet, and the task was more easy. So hard did I work, that I was tired, and obliged to stop. I lighted the fire. Hardly had the smoke risen, when I heard a great noise outside. My first thought was, that the wolves were come. I shut the door violently. My terror did not last long, for I heard the sound of my own name, and I knew the voice. I answered with all my might. Cries of joy showed that I was heard. Soon I heard other voices, like people eagerly at work. In a few minutes a large opening finished what I had begun. My father hardly waited till the way was clear. He rushed into the chalet with a loud cry.

I was in his arms. "And thy grandfather?" he asked. I could not answer, but led him to the dairy. He threw himself on the grave. I did the same; and as I tried to tell him what had passed, he saw the attempt was beyond my strength. "By and by, my child," he said; "let us not risk another misfortune. Time presses. The return will not be easy."

The men who came with him, now entered. They were my two uncles and Peter our servant. They all embraced me. They saw my preparations, which were approved. They decided to set off directly. My deliverers had fastened under their feet small pieces of wood with sharp points, and they had brought two pairs besides. One pair, alas! were not wanted, but with the other I was shod. Peter took charge of the sledge. The wolves might come now, if they pleased; we were all armed. My father took me by the hand and gave me a light gun. "This is not the time," he said, "to remove the remains of my father. We shall return when the season will allow of it, and afterwards, in our village, the last duties shall be rendered." "You have guessed," I said; "the last will of my grandfather." Then we went again into the dairy for a short time. My uncles were with us. My father shed tears. After a silence, he said "Farewell! I obey you in taking this child home, as soon as possible. He has been a cause of anxiety no less to you than to us. Farewell, my father!"

We all set off in tears. The descent was rapid but fatiguing. I was dazzled by the light of the sun and the sparkling of the snow. The cold was severe, but I did not complain, for it had saved me. Blanchette owed her life to the freezing wind which made her shiver upon her sledge. After walking over the snow without any other accident than sinking a little now and then, we came to a place still far from the village, to which a road had been opened in the attempt to reach us. I was quite struck with the immense labour it had cost, and I saw that without the severe frost, we should not have been set free for a long time.

"You would have seen us in December if the cold had continued, but then the snow was soft, and we set to this work. My dear Louis, our neighbours have not been wanting in love or zeal. Such a snow has not fallen in the memory of man. Four times the road has been cleared and four times it has

been closed again." "Was it stopped from the first day?" I afterwards asked. Then my father told me a sad thing. He had nearly perished amidst a whirlwind of snow, while going down the mountain. He had been found almost dying at the bottom of the valley, and at a little distance from him, they found my grandfather's staff and my bottle. They carried my father home without consciousness, and he was three days in that sad state. This time was spent by our friends in seeking for my grandfather and me at the bottom of the valley. When my father came to himself it was too late to make another attempt to save us, which would have been dangerous, if not impossible, after the first day.

I will not speak of the anxiety of my father nor of his efforts to save us. There was even more suffering in the village than in the chalet. All our neighbours came to meet me and showed their affection. I blushed ever to have doubted it.

God has saved my life and I bless him. It has not been his will that my grandfather should be restored to his family. That friend for whose loss I grieve, has taught me never to murmur, but to follow my Saviour in saying and feeling "not my will, but thine be done." That I *can* do so, I owe to him who is taken from me. May I be faithful as he was, that I may one day rejoin him in heaven. This prayer I offer in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## THE SOUL IN HARMONY WITH NATURE.

Just as by looking on the blessed face of Christ, a happy person would rejoice more purely, and a tearful one sorrow more holily, and a sinner feel remorseful, and a righteous man drink righteousness in; so is it with nature; and what it makes in us is most blessedly felt by the soul which is a child of God, through Christ. Oh, out in the country, sometimes, my soul feels wrapped, as though in the arms of the Great Father. It is as though the wind whispered me, and divine messages broke upon me from out of the clouds and the hill sides, and from among the stars. And I know that I am growing, and am destined to grow into the spirit of it all,—into the brightness of the sun, and the majesty of night,—into the purity of winter, and the contentment of summer.—MOUNTFORD.

## LOST AND FOUND.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT, BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

It was the afternoon before Christmas day; when every one was busily preparing to celebrate, according to their various means, the approaching family and religious festival. It is in truth a pleasant season which thus brings rich and poor together, unites children to their parents after the long half year at school, and gives rise to so many warm hearted deeds of private benevolence, while exciting some of the best feelings of which human nature is capable. William Owen returned home from his daily labour as twilight drew near, hoping to find his active little wife in readiness to accompany him to market; but this was not the case, and while he stood in the doorway, waiting for her, one of his companions came up the street, and asked him if he would go with him that night to hear Father Matthew preach.

"No John," Owen replied. "I have plenty of business of my own to attend to this evening; besides *I* don't need to be convinced of the evils which attend intemperance, as thanks be to my good parents, I never fell into bad habits of that sort. I don't deny that I have some curiosity to hear this excellent man, who has rescued so many thousands of poor men like myself from destruction, but to tell the truth, I should not wish to be seen in such a place as the Temperance Hall, unless I could do some good by it."

"Well," said John, "I am not so particular, and I would at any time walk half a dozen miles to hear a really moving preacher; and I like seeing hundreds of poor intemperate wretches melted to tears by Father Matthew's eloquence, and then to see them coming forward and signing their names. But if you wont attend our meetings, I wish you would consent to enroll yourself as a member of the society. What harm could that do you?"

"None, I hope and believe;—but it is *un*-necessary, and while it is so, I should feel ashamed to put myself forward, as if I needed the assistance of an oath to enable me to keep sober."

At this moment Mary Owen came down stairs, carrying two baskets ; the largest of which her husband quietly transferred to himself, as he drew her arm within his own, and bidding John good by, set out on their expedition.

"What did John want you to do ?" asked Mary ; and William told her what had passed. The conversation then turned on Arthur O'Connor, a kind-hearted, rather wild young Irishman, who had been a schoolmate and fellow workman of Owen's ; but who for the last two years had become so intemperate in his habits, as to bring destitution on his wife and children ; and then, offended by his former friend's remonstrances, had quarrelled with him, and ill-treated him, until they had ceased to speak when they met, or to hold any intercourse between the families. At least with one exception : for Owen never ceased to feel a deep interest in his unfortunate friend, and frequently supplied the starving little ones and their miserable mother with food from his own table, while he never entirely lost sight of O'Connor, and had often tried to persuade him to take the temperance pledge.

William and Mary made all the haste they could in accomplishing their shopping, for it was a custom in their family, that such of the children as were grown up, should all meet at their father's house on Christmas eve ; and for several weeks previously the usual home inmates used to live as frugally as possible, that they might have plenty to spread before these dearly loved guests on their arrival. The parents paused, on their return, at O'Connor's room, intending to leave some provisions with the eldest girl, if her father was out of the way ; but he was at home, and seeing that some stranger was with him, apparently engaged in earnest conversation, the Owens did not enter.

" I do believe that was Father Matthew talking to Arthur O'Connor !" Mary exclaimed.

" Heaven grant it may be," said her husband. " But what makes you think so, you never saw him did you, dear ?"

" No, William ; but I've seen his picture in Wright's shop window, and I do think it was himself."

This conjecture afforded much matter for thought and hope to O'Connor's affectionate friends, and they resolved to go and see whether anything had been accomplished for Arthur later on in the evening. Their eldest daughter, a nurserymaid in

a gentleman's house about twenty miles off, greeted them on entering their own doors, and she was soon followed by their second son, who was apprenticed to a neighbouring farmer ; and mirthful and busy were this little party, as they laughed and talked and helped each other to make ready for the next day. Another daughter came in at eight o'clock, and the humble supper board was neatly laid out, and the last arrival then eagerly anticipated of the eldest son, whose master lived a long day's journey from Edward's native town. It was at length settled they should wait for him no longer, and William Owen had just said grace, when John Maynard came in, and whispered something which flushed the brow of his friend, who immediately left the supper table and his dear family circle, to perform an act of kindness which a feeling of pride in his own good name rendered a truly Christian deed. On their way to O'Connor's dwelling, Owen learnt that his wife's conjecture had proved correct, and that Father Matthew had spent more than an hour that evening in talking to Arthur, before going to the meeting, and not entirely without effect. As Owen joyfully entered O'Connor's room, he saw he was only just in time ; for the young Irishman had his hat on, and it was evident his wife had with difficulty been able to restrain him from going to the alehouse, until William's arrival. When she saw him, her pale face lighted up with an expression of renewed hope and relief, and Owen frankly embraced O'Connor, imploring him not to lose a moment, but to go with him at once to the meeting, where Father Matthew was still administering the pledge of redemption.

" Will you really sign it if I do ?" Arthur asked anxiously ; for he had a nervous dread of his own instability of purpose, which he thought would be aided by his friend being also pledged.

" Certainly I will," was the cordial answer to this appeal ; and the three men were soon on their way to the large Hall, from which numbers were pouring out, whose pallid emaciated appearance told a fearful tale of their past lives.

O'Connor soon found himself face to face with the venerable man, whose countenance beamed with pleasure when he saw who was the next applicant. William Owen felt that his neighbours looked at him with surprise, but he signed his name clearly and legibly, and then with sensations of thank-

fulness, which far outweighed this trifling sacrifice of private inclination, he saw O'Connor's signature follow his own, and cards being delivered to both, they soon made their way out of the assembly.

In spite of all his remonstrances, William forced his penitent friend to take his place with the young Owens and their mother, by his comfortable fire, and then went to tell Jane O'Connor of their success, and persuade her and her three hungry looking children to join the family party. To the parents, perhaps, this generous kindness entailed considerable giving up, from the interruption it occasioned to the comfort and privacy of the family gathering; but the younger ones were so pleased at having to exercise hospitality to the friendless O'Connors, they thought it the pleasantest Christmas eve they had ever known. Little Janet offered Sally O'Connor her best Sunday shoes; William the youngest, and the darling of all the rest, spread out his few playthings to amuse the strangers; while the older daughters slipped out of the house, that they might make Arthur's wretched abode more comfortable, before he and his wife should return: and everything was done by young and old that could be thought of to set their guests at ease, and induce them to smile.

All this time Edward Owen had not returned, and his mother was beginning to fear some accident had befallen him, when a knock at the door caused a general rush to meet the new comer. It was indeed Edward himself, looking as blythe and as happy as he always did, but he came not alone, and to the surprise and pleasure of all assembled, he introduced them to one, who he said would he trusted become his dear wife before long, and who was an orphan with no relations to care for her.

"Then is she welcome to our fire-side," said Mary Owen as she drew the trembling girl to a seat by her own, and giving her a motherly kiss continued, "Very welcome dear girl, as the chosen one of my dutiful son, who never gave his parents a moment's unhappiness. Here are brothers and sisters who will be only too glad to think they are going to have another sister, and William and myself will be to thee as the father and mother whom thou hast lost.

The young girl smiled through her tears, and soon felt at home amongst her new and kind relatives, who, however broke up the party before it got much later, that none might

be too drowsy to attend the holy services of Christmas day. And when the O'Connors had departed, with fresh and joyful hopes for the future filling their hearts, Owen read the parable of the prodigal son to his own young ones, and then as they knelt in prayer, audibly prayed that a blessing might rest not only on his own happy family, but on the orphan who was soon to become one of them, and on the welfare and reformation of his friend O'Connor—of him who had been lost in degraded, intemperate habits, but who was now restored a new man to his wife and children: and whom he prayed might be hereafter strengthened to pursue the path of duty and integrity without let or hindrance.

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## HYMN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

The day is gone, the sun is set,
And darkness round our home is spread;
The ruddy hearth is blazing yet,
And the warm roof is o'er our head.

Father and God! to thee we turn,
To bless thee for thy daily care;
Thy love doth in our bosoms burn,—
Accept the incense of our prayer.

Thou, Lord, hast spread with food our board,
And thou our cup with gladness filled;
Thou hast our failing strength restored,
Our hearts rejoiced, our sorrows stilled.

We bless thee for our labours done,
For health supported by thy grace;
We bless thee for the cheering sun,
And the light beaming from thy face;

And for the evening hours of rest,
And for the balm of slumbers deep,
And for the silent shades so blessed,
The harbingers of grateful sleep.

Father! beneath thy sheltering wings
May we in safety now recline;
And when new life the morning brings
Our earliest thanks shall all be thine.

## A NEW YEAR'S LETTER.

My Dear Friends,

I was sorry to part from you in our last number, almost without a farewell word. Once again we meet together, and most gladly do I avail myself of the opportunity to give you all a hearty welcome, and my best wishes for a happy new year.

But there is something else I wish to speak about. For some time past it has been my custom—probably it is yours also—to *sit in*,—as we say, the new year. Sometimes I have been alone,—sometimes in chapel, keeping watch-night,—sometimes in company with a number of friends gathered round the Christmas hearth. Wherever I may be at the solemn moment of change from the year that has been to the year that is to be, two thoughts, above all others, fill my mind.

One is a thought of Peace. There is always something sad in parting with an old friend; and who would not bestow that name on the year that is passing away? To some of us it may have brought such joys, that we almost think there can never be another year like it. To some it may have brought such difficulties and trials as we should not have dared to encounter had we seen them all beforehand. Some of us it may have bereaved of all that we loved best. Yet, whatever may have been its history, it has brought us *here* at last, and here it leaves us peacefully and earnestly looking up into our Father's face, at once reposing on His care, and nerving ourselves to obey His will.

At such a time as this our minds are so full of the future, that we can hardly stay to pick up the fragments of the past. I never feel, however, such perfect confidence with regard to the future, as when I think upon the past. Confidence, I mean, in God; for I have known what it is to see a dark impenetrable cloud before me. I have groped to and fro in doubt and sorrow, not knowing which way to turn. But God has taken me by the hand. He has cleared for me a path where no path seemed possible. And now the sun shines bright again, and I can even see its cheering beams light up that once dark impenetrable cloud.

Nothing can be more entirely uncertain and unknown to us than the future. And this very uncertainty adds to the lesson we have just gathered from the past. We have no rest, no certainty, no hope even, but in God. In Him, therefore, we take refuge, and all is well. Never do I remember to have experienced such a feeling of perfect safety and repose, as upon one occasion, when I lost my way upon a mountain side, and stood upon the brink of a precipice, whence I was compelled to leap to the brink of another precipice below. It was the quietest of summer days;—not a sound on earth or in air,—nor the sight of any moving thing. And I,—what a little speck I felt myself to be as I looked down, down, down, to that valley far below. In body, I felt that I was nothing. But the very stillness seemed to say that God was there; my own nothingness told me of His power; and something within made me feel that I was indeed

His child, I yielded myself entirely to my Father's care, and then steadily and safely made the uncertain leap.

And do we not experience this feeling of perfect safety, as we stand upon the awful brink of a new year? Thankfulness to God for the past, trust and confidence for the future,—these are but different sides of one great thought, which ever fills my mind in that holy midnight hour. And this, as I said, is a thought of Peace.

The other is thought of Duty and of Work. Why has God sent me here? I ask. Why has he given me life with all its powers? And why does he permit me to go on living year after year? Have I any thing to live for? Such questions as these come pressing upon our minds at this new starting-point in our lives, and make us feel how miserable a thing it is to waste these lives in idleness or self-indulgence, when God himself is committing, as a trust, to our care, at once the commonest things we call our own, and the glorious powers of thought, affection, and will. Never should we drive such thoughts as these from our minds, nor idly waste the hour which so naturally gives them birth. Let us, at the very time when we can hardly help it, think of what we have been, what we are, and what we ought to be. Let us look around on our brothers and sisters,—sorrowing, struggling, rejoicing,—and determine, once for all, to share their sorrows, bear their burdens, and help their joys. Let us call to mind the self-denying and devoted life of Him whom we would strive to follow; and then let every voice be hushed, whilst in our silent thoughts and worship, we listen to the still small voice of God within, as it says to us: "Be up and doing. Quit ye like men. Be strong; be earnest; be faithful unto death." I repeat again, my friends: let us never drive away such thoughts as these from our minds, nor carelessly destroy the sacred hour that would bring them there. It is not too much to say, that an hour spent like this, in the searching of our hearts, and in the living presence of Jesus and of God, may make an entire change in the character of our future lives. If we have been vain and giddy, we shall now become humble and earnest. If we have allowed little things to offend us, we shall not only cease to take offence ourselves, but our cheerful tempers will help to heal the wounds of others. Instead of weakly yielding to the power of temptation and passion, we shall work and pray to overcome temptation; and even though we often fail, yet we shall persevere until the victory is ours. Our chief thought and care will henceforth be for others, not for ourselves. But the greatest and the happiest change of all will be, if we have known what it is to live without God in the world. For now our thoughts will be with Him continually. We shall love Him, trust in Him, pray to Him. We shall feel that He is indeed our nearest and our dearest Friend. To obey His will, and finish His work, will be the one great object and the crowning blessing of our lives.

With such thoughts as these, my friends, let us welcome the new year; and then may its after-hours be as happy as its first.

TRAVERS MADGE.

# PENNY BANKS.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

We have recently been reading, with much interest, the report of a new and valuable institution, called a Penny Savings' Bank, established for the purpose of inducing and helping the very poor to lay by a portion of their earnings. Several of these banks have been introduced into various parts of Scotland and the North of England; and their indefatigable originator, Mr. James Scott, is at present anxiously endeavouring to set them afloat in the metropolis: and the following quotation, from a circular letter of his on the subject, will show our readers the advantages to be derived from the system proposed:—

"With reference to the social and moral influence of such institutions, it may be stated that whatever, in the least degree, induces self-respect, so far tends not merely to the formation of good, but to the correction of evil habits:—it produces gradually an entire change of thought and action, substituting thoughtfulness for carelessness; also a due regard and well sustained anticipation of future wants; it converts intemperance and prodigality into sobriety and thriftiness, and, in a word, engenders a manly desire for independence instead of a degrading and paralizing reliance on parish support or almsgiving."

The distinguishing feature of the plan by which this good work is to be brought about is, that the Penny Banks receive daily any sum below and not exceeding one shilling; while the ordinary savings' banks mostly require twenty shillings as an entrance fee, which is too large a sum for the poorest classes to raise. Perhaps a short account of the working of the Penny Bank lately established in Hull, will best illustrate its mode of operation, and show how easily the system may be introduced elsewhere. Every depositor has a ruled card or ticket given to him with his name inscribed, and space for six entries of savings in the week, a similar account of each deposit being registered, whenever money is brought, in a regular ledger. Whoever lays by something, however little, each week of the year, receives a premium of a shilling at the end of twelve months; and in large towns, where the amount deposited is considerable, the expenses of clerks' salaries, as well as the premiums, are paid out of the interest, which accrues from the investment of these penny savings in a larger bank. The cost of house-room for receiving the daily deposits, has hitherto been saved to the institution, by the business hours being appointed at such times in the morning or evening as enables the depositors to have the free use of other savings' banks or public school-rooms, before or after these rooms are needed for their ordinary transactions. At Greenock the bank is open from eight to ten o'clock every morning; and at Hull it is open from five to seven o'clock every evening. The mechanical part of the work is managed by six clerks (sometimes under fourteen years of age), who receive a salary of £2 per

annum, and are again under the superintendence of a superior clerk at £10 per annum. The six clerks sit at a long table, with six money boxes before them, and each having a separate ledger. Every day the cash is balanced and paid over to the head clerk, who gives it to the treasurer. At Hull the amount received is partly invested in the savings' bank, and partly in the bank of Messrs. Pease and Liddell; but in both instances the investment is made in the names of the trustees of the institution, without whose written order no money can be withdrawn. A paid auditor examines the books weekly.

Another advantage of Mr. Scott's plan is, that it need not interfere with any existing benevolent institutions, but should be regarded as an auxiliary society, for the purpose of helping a still poorer class to lay by their scanty earnings than the present savings banks accommodate. At Hull the new system came into operation on the first of August, 1849; and before the close of the old year the deposits amounted to £630, from above four thousand depositors, which are daily increasing; and this single fact is a strong proof how much such an institution was needed, and how warmly it has been welcomed.

We shall conclude our brief notice of this excellent system, which we trust will before long be adopted in all large towns, by relating a true anecdote of a poor depositor, furnished us by Mr. Paton, a gentleman who has been mainly instrumental in the formation and carrying out of the Greenock Penny Bank. One of their earliest depositors was an aged widow, who, upon applying for the Trinity-money, had been desired by the Custom House authorities to obtain certificates of her own and her husband's birth and of their marriage, without which the money would not be paid her. This could not be accomplished without incurring the expense of a long journey to her native country far away in the Highlands; and she must have gone without the bounty due in her situation, had she not laid by in the newly established Penny Bank, a small but sufficient sum to take her to her childhood's home, where she managed to obtain the necessary information, and received the Trinity money to support her old age. Such is her attachment to the green mountains where her fathers are buried, that her ardent desire now is to save enough by means of the new bank, to carry her own remains to the same Highland grave.

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Truth, truth in her severest as well as mildest forms, must be placed before the young. Do not, to attract them to duty, represent it as a smooth and flowery path. Do not tell them that they can become good, excellent, generous, holy, without effort and pain. Teach them that the sacrifice of self-will, of private interest, and pleasure, to others' rights and happiness, to the dictates of conscience, to the will of God, is the very essence of piety and goodness. But at the same time teach them, that there is a pure, calm joy, an inward peace, in surrendering every thing to duty, which can be found in no selfish success.—CHANNING.

## THE SELF-TAUGHT SLAVE.

The following interesting account is given in the *Life of Frederick Douglass* of the way in which he learned to read and write. It is another example of a truth we cannot learn too early or too well, that "where there is a will there is a way."

"I lived in Master Hugh's family about seven years. During this time I succeeded in learning to read and write. In accomplishing this I was compelled to resort to various stratagems. I had no regular teacher. My mistress was a kind and tender-hearted woman; and in the simplicity of her soul she commenced, when I first went to live with her, to treat me as she supposed one human being ought to treat another. There was no sorrow or suffering for which she had not a tear. She had bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and comfort for every mourner that came within her reach. But slavery proved as injurious to her as it did to me. Under its influence the tender heart became stone, and the lamb-like disposition gave way to one of tiger-like fierceness. The first step in her downward course was in her ceasing to instruct me. In compliance with the advice and direction of her husband, she also set her face against my being instructed by any one else.

"From this time I was most narrowly watched. If I was in a separate room any considerable length of time, I was sure to be suspected of having a book, and was at once called to give an account of myself. All this, however, was too late. The first step had been taken. Mistress, in teaching me the alphabet, had given me the *inch*, and no precaution could prevent me from taking the *ell*.

"The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent of errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome; for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in the neighbourhood. This bread I used to bestow on the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me the more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids: not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country. It is enough to say of the dear little fellows, that they lived in Philpot-street, very near Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard. I used to talk this matter of slavery over with them. I would sometimes say to them, I wished I could be as free as they

would be when they got to be men. "You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, *but I am a slave for life!* Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?" These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free.

"The idea as to how I might learn to write was suggested to me by being in Durgin and Bailey's ship yard, and frequently seeing the ship carpenters, after hewing and getting a piece of timber ready for use, write on the timber the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended. When a piece of timber was intended for the larboard side, it would be marked thus—"L." When a piece was for the starboard side, it would be marked thus—"S." A piece for the larboard side forward would be marked thus—"L. F." When a piece was for the starboard side forward, it would be marked thus—"S. F." For larboard aft, it would be marked thus—"L. A." For starboard aft, it would be marked thus—"S. A." I soon learned the names of these letters, and for what they were intended when placed upon a piece of timber in the ship-yard. I immediately commenced copying them, and in a short time was able to make the four letters named. After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, "I don't believe you. Let me see you try it." I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and ask him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During this time my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk. With these, I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the italics in Webster's Spelling Book, until I could make them all without looking on the book. By this time, my little Master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbours, and then laid aside. My mistress used to go to class-meeting at the Wilk-street meeting-house every Monday afternoon, and leave me to take care of the house. When left thus, I used to spend the time in writing in the spaces left in Master Thomas's copy book, copying what he had written. I continued to do this, until I could write a hand very similar to that of Master Thomas. Thus, after a long, tedious effort for years, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.

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When you are beset by some temptation, or cast down by a hard duty, lift up your heart to God. Wherever you may be, pray in your heart, to your Father in heaven. Ask Him to help you to do what is right, and strength will be given to you, and peace will enter into your heart, as of an angel keeping guard there.

## OUR GREAT WANT, AND ITS REMEDY.

*To the Editor of the Sunday School Penny Magazine.*

Sir,—When I saw in two late numbers of your Magazine, a paper, entitled, "Our great want, and how to remedy it," I naturally looked with some curiosity to see what was felt to be our great want, and was much pleased to find that the writer regarded our increase of religious earnestness as the one thing needful. I have been much interested in reading what he has written on this subject, and considering the remedy he more particularly suggests. Such meetings as he speaks of, are at once a natural expression of religious feeling, and tend to nourish the spirit from which they have sprung. Where several individuals are alike engaged in a work such as this, which must call their deepest feelings and best energies into exercise, if they are to succeed at all in it, they cannot help desiring to meet with those who sympathise with them, that they may recognise each other as fellow soldiers, and, as it were, band themselves more closely together for their great conflict in the cause of God and right, against sin, and wrong, and misery. The time at which these meetings should be held, must depend on individual convenience. Some have engagements which prevent their attending in week evenings, and some would find the lengthening of the Sunday morning services so fatiguing as to incapacitate them for entering into their work on the latter part of the day, with due energy. But whether or not, *all* are able to attend at the school on a Sunday morning before regular services; none should neglect to solemnize their thoughts at that time, by considering the real nature and responsibility of the work in which they are about to engage, and by a searching self-examination as to the motives and thoughts with which they are proceeding to it. With everything that we do regularly at a certain time, there is a likelihood of our getting to do it mechanically. Reading and writing may be taught almost mechanically, but *religion* can only be imparted when it rises up like a bright flame from the heart of the speaker, and kindles a likeness of itself in the hearts of the hearers. We must be on our guard, therefore, against the danger of getting into routine feelings. *Could* we ever begin our work coldly and mechanically, if we recollected, that the Sunday School is probably the only source whence these children have a chance of being converted? My fellow teachers, let us never take our places in our class, without remembering that a few words will often change a life. We cannot tell whether, or when, it may please God to carry our words into the inmost souls of the children *he has committed to our care*, but we do know, that his spirit will not bless a coldly spoken, or an untrue, or an impatient word, and if such proceed from our mouths, for that time we have thrown away all chance of rescuing a soul. And who knows what others we may have? Strictly speaking, we ought to come each Sunday to school as if it might be for the *last* time. Under the influence of such a

feeling, our *earnestness* would impress itself on our scholars' minds, if it did nothing more. Let them see that *you* feel your intercourse with them to be a matter of deep importance; and that your aim is not merely their acquiring what will make them successful and respectable members of society, but their becoming the children of God. This too, will hallow and give an earnestness to their efforts for intellectual improvement. I do not want the latter neglected; it will be best attained when considered not as an end, but as the means to an end. Were these the feelings which occupied our minds whenever we stood in the midst of our scholars, could we ever waste one moment in unnecessary talking, or vain thoughts, or even in giving careless, ill-considered instruction? And yet, whether we do think of these things or not, verily for every time that we stand face to face with our pupils, God will bring us into judgment.

A Teacher at Lower Mosley Street.

## REPORT of the TUCKERMAN INSTITUTE, LIVERPOOL.

*From the Annual Report of the Liverpool Domestic Mission Society.*

"I have long been convinced, and my experience during the last two years has deepened the conviction, that many young persons are tempted into evil, less from evil feelings than from the perversion of good ones, and from the absence of those influences that might give a right direction to the social impulses of their nature. I have, therefore, revived the Mechanics' Institution, formerly connected with the mission, but which had fallen into decay, under the name of the "Tuckerman Institute," and connected with it a Reading Room, open every evening.

"The result of this effort has, so far, quite realised my expectations. The number of members is about one hundred; and every Monday evening, when books are exchanged, about seventy volumes are taken from the Library.

"Connected with the Institute we have a Temperance Society, and public meetings are held every alternate Thursday. We have thus either a Lecture or a Temperance Meeting in our Chapel room every Thursday. These meetings have excited great interest in the neighbourhood, and promise to be very useful. They have invariably been well attended, and occasionally much crowded. On the last day of the old year we had an extra meeting, and a most gratifying one it was. The room was crowded in every part, as well as the lobby, where persons could hear though not see, and a great number went away unable to get in. At the close of the meeting what was my joy to see three married couples come forward to take the pledge, husbands and wives together, whose homes I knew to be scenes of strife, want and wretchedness, through the intemperance in one case of the woman, and in the other two of the men. They resolved that the departure of the old year should be the knell of their self-produced woe, and that they would step on to the new year wiser, freer, and happier beings. May God bless the resolve!

## MEMOIR OF DR. PEABODY.

A Memoir of Dr. Peabody, of America, has lately been published in a volume of his sermons. The memoir is such a beautiful picture of a true Christian heart and life, that it has been thought desirable to reprint it in a form which should render it accessible to numbers who might not be able to obtain the larger volume. A few extracts will better show the value of the book than anything that can be said about it.

### THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

The following extracts relate to the death of his wife, a trial which only those can estimate who had lived in "the pure and cheering light she shed around her, winning hearts to virtue and religion by the beauty of her holiness."

"And now it begins to open upon me why I needed this terrible blow. Had we been laid in the same grave, (as I could have wished and prayed, had it been right,) we should not have been united in death. She was too far above me. She was so heavenly-minded, so charitable, so thoroughly excellent, that, dear as I was to her generous heart, I could not have stood at her side. But now, perhaps, under the stern teaching of death, in solitary communion with my own heart, with the inspiration of her spiritual presence, with the light of her memory before me, I may do the duties assigned me, and thus form such a character, that, when I go, she may stand ready, with her sweet smile and open arms of love, to welcome me to the skies.

"But I bless God that, in the earlier days of my solitude and sorrow, I did not derive my support from such thoughts as these. God was present to me,—I realised that he was with me, and what could I want beside? In a condition as helpless as possible, I was supported by the everlasting arm, as if it were visibly extended from the skies. I thought not of re-union. I was perfectly resigned. I had no wish to alter in the least what was appointed me. 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' was the language of my soul. All these thoughts of consolation were present, no doubt, but they came not by themselves; they seemed, like all other glorious, happy, and inspiring thoughts, to be assembled in the single thought of God, and to float in the great ocean of His boundless love."

Speaking to his congregation, he says, "It is but natural that I should now look back upon the consolations which I have offered you in your sorrow, and I find that I have not dwelt sufficiently on that one which embraces all the rest: I mean the blessed thought of God. I am not conscious now of deriving my support from the thought of meeting my best friend again. It is a blessing, but it is not the support; the support is the sympathy of God and the Saviour, and their sustaining presence in the soul. I feel that they are with me. My heart desires no more. I have not a single wish to recal her who was the light of my life. My will is in perfect harmony with my Father's. Natur-

ally fearful and distrusting though I am, there is no darkness before me, there is no darkness around me. All is divinely bright above me. Without a single misgiving or doubt, I shall take my shoes on my feet, and my staff in my hand, and go in the way of duty, desolate though it is, I trust with more faithfulness than before, so long as it pleases God."

### DIRECTIONS TO HIS SON.

On parting with his son, he gave him the following directions, with the request that he would read them daily :—

"1. Never forget that you have a Heavenly Father. Speak to him every day. It is ungrateful to neglect him : and if you do, you will repent it bitterly for ever.

"2. Remember your friends at home, and how anxious they are for your welfare and improvement. If you will not take the trouble to write to them, they can have no confidence in your affection.

"3. Be affectionate and faithful to the friends around you. Give up your own inclinations when they interfere with theirs.

"4. Govern your passions firmly. You can be their master; do not be their slave.

"5. Always attend to duties first, and afterwards to pleasures. Finish with your studies before you allow your amusements to begin.

"6. Do not read much fiction. It is to the mind like drinking to the body ; it intoxicates and destroys the power of the mind for any strong and useful exertion.

"7. Ask of every thing which you are disposed or tempted to do, *Is this right?* If it is, do it, however much it costs you ; if it is not, let nothing induce you to do it. Every time you obey your conscience, you increase its power within you. Each time you act against it, you do something to destroy its power.

"8. Never forget that you are on the way to a world, where you must answer for everything that you have done. Live so that you may give in your account with joy, and not with dread."

### HIS LOVE OF NATURE.

He seemed always *at home* when he spoke of the wonderful objects by which we are surrounded, and he loved to introduce others to the sources of his pleasure. After the afflictions which threw so deep a shadow over the scenes of his former joys, his love of nature seemed only to grow more intense. We find in his diary the following record :—

"Dec. 17. I was delighted this morning with the appearance of the snow on all the branches of the trees. It is a fairy-like beauty. It was followed by a rain which is still falling ; they call it gloomy, but is anything gloomy in the creation of God?"

One dark November day, when a friend remarked to him upon the dreary look of all without, he said, "All days are pleasant to me ; there is not an expression on the face of nature which I do not love."

# PRACTICAL HINTS ON TEACHING.

BY J. O. CURTIS.

I would try to teach children the language of men—their mother-tongue. I would teach them to speak it, to read it, to think it. I am aware of the surprise you feel: you would tell me that the knowledge of speaking was acquired long before they came to school, that to learn reading forms a part of their employment twice every Sunday; and as for thinking, they can think only as they speak. Allow me to remind you of what you must have constantly observed when teaching—the vacant unmeaning look; and in attempting to answer your questions, what poverty of language, monosyllabic, corresponding to the paucity, the fewness of their ideas. It is this want of intelligence on the commonest everyday subjects, this want of aptitude and liveliness of thought and expression, that is said to form a chasm between the educated and the ignorant; and it is for this reason that I say I would teach them language, and endeavour to raise them to the standard of thinking, intelligent beings. I see no reason why a Sunday scholar should not be taught to avoid vulgarisms, provincialisms, and ungrammatical expressions; for without making any pretensions to teach grammar or elocution, a kind of incidental or indirect teaching will do very much to draw attention to correct speaking, and create a disposition to acquire it. So in reading, it is not wise to allow a sentence to be incorrectly read: bad readers should be encouraged and assisted, but on no account allowed to blunder over a sentence, and then leave it. The best readers in a class should be made to help those not so advanced, by reading for them and with them, and so led to feel pleasure in their mutual improvment. It is surprising to see how little attention is paid to communicating a knowledge of the art of reading. Who ever thinks of enforcing attention to accent, emphasis, enunciation, inflection, and expression? Yet reading is worth but little without these. It is by a knowledge of reading, that we gain access to minds of a higher order; indeed, it is the key to the whole of English literature, and is, therefore, a powerful means of intelligence, refinement, and cultivation. But I very much fear that in our Sunday schools, instead of awakening a taste for reading, and cherishing a love to it, we are creating a disgust for it. What can be more dry and irksome to a class of lively boys, than to be kept reading whole chapters and pages, without question, explanation, or illustration? I do not say that persons who punish children in this way ought never to teach, but I must say that I think they ought to find opportunities of learning to teach. The old method of committing to memory, or learning by heart, was not without its use,—at least, it is capable of being turned to advantage.

Thus, with a class of young children, I would take a verse

of a hymn, and repeat it to them line by line, making them repeat it after me, and attending very carefully to the *pronunciation* of every word. Then I would, by familiar conversation and questioning, lead them on to understand the *meaning* of the separate words, and of the whole. To a certain extent I would point out to them instances of the *derivation* of one word from another, and the methods of *amplification* which may be used. When we were tired of this, I would make letters on a black board, and let them imitate them on slates; pointing out that *o* and *i* make *a*,—*o* and *l*, *d*, and so on.

In a higher class, I would cultivate love of poetry by a similar process, selecting beautiful and improving poems to read with them, and encouraging them to learn them by heart.

Having by such means been furnished with language and ideas, the next step is to teach them to express their thoughts with propriety. This is done, in the first instance, by free and familiar conversation. Also by writing from memory the substance of a narrative, or description of natural scenery; and lastly, by attempting original essays on given subjects.

It is in such ways as these, that I think children may be taught the language of men.

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The Well spent Hour. *A Tale by Mrs. Follen.* Fourth English edition. London: E. T. Whitfield.

This is a truly delightful book for a young person to read, and even up-grown persons may be benefitted by it, especially mothers. It must not be regarded simply as a story book. It treats of various subjects which must, sooner or later, be very interesting to every thoughtful and intelligent youth whose own feelings of truth and right are drawn out and strengthened as he reads. Who, for instance, would not wish to know more about the eye than he does, and to understand "how the blue sky, the green grass, the flowers, the rainbow, all give it pleasure: how even a baby loves to look about, though it knows nothing; and how our Father in heaven has made it a great happiness to us, merely to open our eyes upon the beautiful world he has made?" What parents would not wish to cultivate in their children true Piety at Home; to teach them the value of that wonderful power called Memory? and to keep alive within them that spark called Conscience? There are many other subjects which this book treats of, such as True Greatness, the things that can be enjoyed in the Town and Country, and the Happiness we feel in acting kindly to others, and, in short, in spending our hours well. We recommend it to the young especially for teaching us such lessons as that on conscience, which may be found in page 119 of this magazine.

N. D.

## JUBILEE OF THE DUKINFIELD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

During Whit-week a series of highly interesting meetings were held at Dukinfield, to celebrate the Jubilee, or the fiftieth anniversary of the School, which was established in the year 1800.

The first meeting was held on the Friday evening, in the school, being an entertainment given by the congregation to the directors and teachers. During the evening a beautifully executed medal, struck for the occasion, was presented to each of the teachers, by the chairman, William Rayner Wood, Esq. The medal had on one side, the head of our Saviour, and on the reverse the following inscription :—"To commemorate the Jubilee of the Dukinfield Sunday School, established 1800, by James Hawkes, Minister. The School buildings were erected 1810; enlarged 1821, John Gaskell, Minister; and again enlarged 1839.

Robert Brook Aspland, Minister,
Henry Bayley, Chapel Warden. A.D., 1850."

The meeting was an extremely interesting and instructive one —the presence of two of the sons of the Rev. James Hawkes, (the founder of the school,) adding considerably to its interest. Many ministers were present, and took part in the proceedings. The Rev. R. B. Aspland gave an interesting account of the origin and progress of the school, and from what he said, and what fell from other speakers, we have compiled the short sketch of the school given below. Silver medals were during the evening presented, in the name of the congregation, to the Revs. Edward and Henry Hawkes, who had come long distances to be present. The anecdote of the silver cream-jug mentioned below, which was related by the Rev. Henry Hawkes, told very forcibly on the audience. Silver medals were also presented, on behalf of the teachers, to the Rev. R. B. Aspland, and Henry Bayley, Esq., as a mark of their esteem and respect. The directors of the school, Mr. John Whittaker, and Mr. Samuel Broadrick, were each presented with a copy of the late Rev. R. Wallace's Anti-trinitarian Biography.

On the Saturday, the Scholars met in the school at one o'clock, and then adjourned to the chapel, where each of them was presented with a medal; after which they were addressed by the Rev. Dr. Montgomery, Rev. C. Wicksteed, and Rev. Henry Hawkes. When this ceremony was over, they walked in procession through the village, with the ministers and some of the congregation at their head. They then returned to the school, were they were regaled with tea, coffee, &c., and during the evening, were highly delighted with the performances of a band of music, and the songs of the Mossley glee singers.

The proceedings of the jubilee were brought to a termination on the Sunday, when the anniversary sermons were preached by the Revs. C. Wicksteed and Dr. Montgomery. After the sermons, unusually large collections were made, in aid of the funds of the school. In addition to these collections, the congregation (as a part of the jubilee proceedings,) had raised a

large sum of money to pay off a debt which had existed on the school buildings for upwards of ten years, thereby setting the school entirely free from debt.

We now give a short sketch of the history of the school. It appears that in the year 1800, the Rev. James Hawkes, became minister of the old chapel at Dukinfield, the congregation being then a very small one, and shortly after his installation as minister, he established a Sunday school. The school was for some time taught on the floor of the chapel, then in a very dilapidated condition. It was afterwards removed to a room adjoining the Moravian chapel, at Dukinfield ; then to a garret, in the Half-moon, where the project of raising a subscription for the purpose of building a school was first started by the Rev. James Hawkes, who was evidently a warm-hearted and zealous man. We cannot trace the school through all the stages of its history, but must mention, in order to shew what union and determination can do, that the teachers and scholars, while their numbers were limited—the school being at the time taught in a garret—by their halfpenny and penny weekly subscriptions raised a sum of £60 or £70 towards the expence of erecting a new school.

The first portion of the present school was erected, as mentioned on the medal, in the year 1810. In the year 1813 the Rev. James Hawkes left Dukinfield, and went to reside at Lincoln, but the following year he was invited to preach the anniversary sermons, after one of which, the late Mr. Hampson, in the presence of the congregation, presented to him a silver cream-jug. The children in the school had subscribed their halfpence towards the fund for the purchase of this cream-jug, and some of them who were unable to subscribe were assisted by a young woman, one of the teachers, named Elizabeth Hall, who in addition to her daily labour, worked over-hours at night to procure the necessary funds. This fact being shortly afterwards mentioned at the house of the late Mr. Strutt, of Derby, in the presence of Miss Edgeworth, she was so much pleased with it that she made it the ground-work of her next story, "The Silver Cup."

The school, from its first establishment, seems to have taken the lead in the neighbourhood, and it still maintains its position. Very many persons who are now filling highly respectable positions in society, have here received the principle part of their education. And it is said the school has furnished the Methodists and other religious bodies with an immense number of preachers, which is pretty clear evidence that there has been no system of proselytism carried on within its walls.

The school is now a large and commodious one, having a considerable advantage over most Sunday schools in being divided into a number of rooms for the various classes, with a large room for all to meet in, morning and evening. There are now 500 scholars educated in it. We ought to state in conclusion, that the teachers and scholars have not entirely lost the spirit of emulation, having raised amongst themselves upwards of £20 towards paying off the debt before mentioned.

# VILLAGE CHURCHES.

During a late excursion among the picturesque and varied beauties of our midland counties, I had the privilege of visiting, one Sunday, a remote village church, connected with the Unitarians. The pastor was one of the class, described by Goldsmith, as "passing rich on forty pounds a year;" and he had gathered around him a goodly assembly of Sunday scholars, besides others who gladly united with them in worship. I was much struck with the plainness, simplicity, and earnestness of his discourse, and the devotional spirit of his prayers. The hymns were led by instrumental music of rather overpowering character, but which might tempt some to sing, whose modesty would otherwise prevent them. By this music also the congregation and school were dismissed; and certainly it seemed to prevent all disturbance, or disorderly rushing out of doors. After the chapel was cleared, the pastor and one of his flock came forward to greet our party as strangers, and to invite us to their houses with the kindest hospitality. We could not decline such an invitation, and were much interested to hear further particulars of this pastor and his flock, to the interests of which he and his family seemed wholly devoted. The neighbourhood is so poor and without a day-school that the pastor voluntarily engages, during several days of the week, in gratuitously instructing the children of his poor neighbours, together with his own; and thus tends to form a family church union, which it is truly delightful to contemplate. At present indeed, so blind are many parents to their own true interests, that although they thankfully commit their children to the care of so kind an instructor, they do not habitually encourage him by their presence and co-operation as members of his flock. In this, however, perseverance, in a Christian spirit, cannot fail to ensure success. In the meantime, the hospitality and kindness manifested towards us, not only by the pastor himself, but by one at least of his flock, was such as to warm and cheer our hearts, and we could not but pray for their increasing success in every good word and work. I was especially glad to hear that one of the the Society of Friends, in comparatively affluent circumstances, residing on the spot, most cordially co-operated with this village pastor in his benevolent schemes, and that the war of controversy rarely, if ever, disturbed the peace and good-will which were the natural fruit of such schemes.

As the principal subject of these remarks guided us over the hills to another village, where he had to conduct an evening service, I could not but reflect upon his daily life, however damped by occasional discouragements, as a truly amiable one; and consider how much a true-hearted Christian may do,

in such remote districts, towards the elevation of the labouring class, and the formation of a Christian church upon the true basis of brotherly union in love to God, Christ, and their fellow-men. The moral of my visit was indeed—"Go, and do thou likewise."

J. W. D.

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## THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

How often, in the stifling heat and press of life, when trivial cares rise with dry and dusty cloud to shut us in, do we wholly lose our place in the great calm of God, and fret as if there were no Infinite Reason embracing the vortex of the world! In loneliness and exhaustion, when the spirits are weak, and the crush of circumstance is strong;—when comrades rest and sleep, and we must toil and watch;—when the love of friends grows cold, and the warm light of youth is quenched, and the promises of years seem broken, and hope has but one chapter more;—how little do we think, as the boughs drip sadly with all this night rain, that we lodge in Eden still, where the voice of the Lord God rustles in the trees, and bespeaks the blossom and the fruit that can only spring from tears! Fear too, in every form except the fear of sin, is a genuine Atheism. The very child knows that: for if a terror comes on him because he is in the field alone by night, he chides himself for his false heart; stops and looks tranquilly around; relaxes the rigid limbs, and lets go the stifled breath; putting forth a thought into the Great Presence, and drawing a holy quiet from the stars. And through all manhood's fears, no one loses his presence of mind, who has not lost the presence of his God. In the battle field, where Justice sometimes makes appeal to the Lord of Hosts: in the shipwreck, where Death seizes the storm as his trumpet, and with the lightning as his banner, comes streaming down the sky: in courts of sacerdotal Inquisition, where the branding-iron is hot, and instruments of torture tempt the lie: in the careless world, where prosperity is worshipped, and nice scruples are laughed down: in the sleepy church, which can wink at oppression, and give comfort to unrighteous Mammon, and cover with obloquy the heroes of God's truth:—no man could sink into an unworthy thing, did he keep within his everlasting fortress, instead of rushing unsheltered into the wild.

James Martineau.

The Bible truly described and fairly vindicated, in a series of Letters. By the Rev. John R. Beard, D. D. London E. T. Whitfield—Letters 1 and 2.

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It has often been said of the Scriptures, that they are so plain and easy to be understood, that "he who runs may read." This is true to a certain extent, inasmuch as there is in the Bible much simple and evident instruction, many a beautiful and striking lesson, which can reach the understanding and touch the heart of the most unlettered reader. But it is also true, that to gain just ideas of the general meaning of the sacred books, to derive from them their full amount of wisdom and knowledge, and to be able to enter thoroughly into their scope and intention in all their parts, it is necessary that we should give a certain amount of thought and investigation, and should avail ourselves of the labours of learned men, and the researches of scholars, travellers, and antiquaries.

This is now generally acknowledged, and many books have been published with the view of assisting those who wish to read the Bible with understanding, and of casting light on its darker and more obscure parts.

The first thing requisite to be learnt by those who aim at understanding aright the teachings of the Bible, is the nature of its contents, and the amount and kind of authority to be claimed for them, either as a whole or in their several parts. Such information is given by Dr. Beard in these letters. Writing to a relative, whose faith in Religion seems to have been shaken by the destruction of his belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, the author strives to show that even after losing this notion concerning it, he may have a rational and consistent reverence for it, and that it is able to prove its title to respect and attention, if only its character is "truly described," and its claims "fairly vindicated." For this purpose, he enters, in the first letter, on "the testimony of wise, good, and great men," showing how divines, poets, philosophers, have found comfort and instruction in its pages, and how the greatest minds of modern times have been formed under its influence. In the second letter, he describes briefly the character of each of the books of the Old Testament, dwelling on the important truth "that the Bible is not one book, produced in different ages by different men," and enforcing the conclusion "that the *historical* is the only correct method of interpreting the Scriptures,"—"bearing in mind the *successiveness* of the biblical books, you should view each one of them in relation to the age in and by which it was produced."

There is no subject more vitally affecting the interests of Christianity than this concerning the true nature and claims of the Bible. Such views as Dr. Beard brings forward are the best antidote at once to scepticism and superstition; and we cannot doubt that his tracts will obtain an extensive circulation, and wherever they are read will do good. Taking nothing for

granted, speaking to men as reasonable beings, and at the same time glowing with that eloquence of warm feeling which reaches the heart, they are especially fitted for the use of those who have not the means of getting much and varied reading on the subject, and who yet wish to understand it and to be thoroughly persuaded in their own minds.

J. W.

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## A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

Oh ! how sweet when eve has come,
Restless day retiring;
Golden shades 'thwart Heaven's dome,
Noble thoughts inspiring.

Birds high-perched their vespers sing,
Music softly flowing;
Calmness shrouds each little thing,
Emerald branches bowing.

Hark ! with mingling, mellow, sound,
Long-loved bells are ringing;
Thoughts in crowded trains cling round
Memory far off winging.

God his cloudy curtain flings,
Wide o'er earth and ocean;
Thankful Nature murmuring sings,
Wrapped in sweet devotion.

Happy thus when toil is o'er,
Evening shades beholding;
Studying fair Creation's lore,
God's great love unfolding.

Oh ! and when life's eve shall come,
Softly stealing o'er me;
May I see beyond the gloom
Heaven's bright day before me.

CHARLES WOOD.

*Astley, near Manchester.*

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Morning and evening, in prayer, I will strive to feel God, and the whole day through I will be glad in him, and every pleasure, I will say to myself, is from him. So, through faith, I will see the hand of God above me, and I will see it often, and get used to the sight of it; so that when it shuts upon my soul to withdraw it from the world, I shall not be afraid, but glad.

MOUNTFORD.

## COTTAGE GARDENER'S SOCIETY, GEE CROSS.

In compliance with your request, I send you a short account of the Cottage Gardener's Society, which has been established in connection with the Gee Cross Sunday School. This Society was formed last summer, (principally amongst the teachers and the members of the Self-improvement Society,) for the purpose of promoting a taste for gardening in the neighbourhood, by every means which might be found available. No formal rules have as yet been drawn up, but the whole management of the affairs of the Society has been entrusted to a Committee of five persons chosen by the members. All cottagers are admissible to membership, and each member pays an annual subscription of one shilling. A flower show was of course the first thing which suggested itself, as a means of carrying out the objects of the Society ; but, as very few cottagers in the neighbourhood have gardens, it was thought advisable, to give,—at the *first* show,—most of the prizes to the growers of window plants. Regulations were accordingly made for such a show, and a few friends gave plants and cuttings to the members. Shortly afterwards the Society published a few plain directions for the growth of window plants, which were printed on cards and sold to the members and others.

The show was held on the 20th of July, and far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its projectors. About one hundred and twenty window plants were brought for competition, and most of them were exceedingly well grown and very neatly trained. The vegetables and fruits sent for competition, too, were remarkably fine. But, besides the plants belonging to the competitors, the room was decorated with a number of greenhouse plants, which added very much to the interest of the exhibition. The walls were hung with festoons of honeysuckles, with roses and other flowers intertwined, and altogether the show made a very pretty appearance. The window plants were divided into four clases :—first, Fuchsias ; second, Geraniums ; and Roses ; third, Petunias and Verbenas ; fourth, other Window plants. Four prizes were given in each of these classes ; two were given for the best vegetables or fruits ; one for the best nosegay, and the extra prizes were placed at the disposal of the judges. It is worth recording, that although nearly eight hundred persons visited the exhibition, many of whom were children, not a fruit or flower was stolen, or a plant wilfully injured.

I may mention, that the want of gardens in the village, has led the committee of the Cottage Gardener's Society to propose to rent a field and divide it into small allotments, to be let to the members at a moderate rent. There are some difficulties in in the way, at present, but it is hoped that they will be removed and the plan put into operation before next spring. The success which has hitherto attended this and other societies of a similar kind, will, I hope, induce the friends of other Sunday Schools to turn their attention to the subject. The attraction of the

people's attention to refined and intellectual pleasures, is, at this time, very much needed to counteract the influence of many of the popular amusements of the present day.

I do not however regard the pursuit of gardening as a mere amusement, for a well managed cottage garden is generally a source of some pecuniary profit, but still it is principally as an amusement that it is desirable to encourage the pursuit in question. The great object to be attained is the refinement of the tastes and habits. Amusement and recreation of some kind every one must have; if innocent modes of enjoyment are not at hand, others will be resorted to, which are always easily attainable, and as popular attention is now very properly directed to the furnishing of innocent and healthful recreation to the working classes, and no recreation can be more innocent or salutary than gardening, I hope that this pursuit will receive its share of public notice.

I am particularly anxious that the moral effects of the cultivation of flowers should be recognized, because many have objected to the encouragement of a taste for floriculture amongst the working classes, on the ground that it is inconsistent with the discharge of their duties to themselves and their families, too expensive for their means, and productive of no solid advantage. Now these objections are directly negatived by the results of experience. It is almost invariably found that the lover of flowers is the better in every respect for the taste. Who does not feel that a cottage garden well cultivated and adorned with flowers augurs well for the owner? The state of a man's garden may, indeed, be taken as a pretty sure index to the state of his mind. At the present day, as in the time of Solomon, the garden grown over with thorns and covered with nettles, marks the abode of the slothful and the man void of understanding, whilst the well stocked garden, and the window filled with clean and healthy plants mark the abode of industry, taste, and intelligence.

The space allotted me will not, however, allow of my entering at greater length into the reasons for encouraging a taste for gardening amongst the labouring class. I trust that the opportunity of promoting it which the organization existing in Sunday Schools affords will not be wasted. The taste is not wanting in any individual; a slight encouragement is all that is needed to draw it out.

> "'Tis born with all; the love of Nature's works
> Is an ingredient in the compound man,
> Infused at the creation of the kind."

The love of nature thus implanted in the mind may, under proper influences be made,—perhaps more than any other of our feelings, subservient to the interests of religion. The study of the vegetable kingdom especially, in which beauty and utility are so wonderfully combined, has a tendency to inspire religious feelings, by the insight it gives into the wisdom and goodness which pervade creation, even in its minutest and apparently most insignificant works.

J. H. B.

## PRELIMINARY SAVINGS' BANKS

IN CONNECTION WITH SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

From a letter by Mr. Chas. W. Sikes, of Huddersfield, to Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds.

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The eminent historian, Mr. Macaulay, in his address at the Edinburgh Institution, in 1846, mentioned that a distinguished soldier and successful diplomatist once said to him—"When I served as a young man in India, and when it was the turning point of my life—when it was an even chance that I should be a card playing, hookah smoking, punch drinking lounger, I was quartered for two years in the neighbourhood of an excellent library, and to that I owe everything." There is probably that "turning point" in the lives of the humblest. Much depends upon the manner in which they spend *their evenings and their earnings.* If a portion of the one be passed in the Mechanics' Institution, and of the other paid into the Savings' Bank, there is a chance. However neglected a man had been, however debased by vicious tastes, self-respect would gradually return. Hope would look onward to a brighter future, and under its benign influence he would soon walk with lighter step and more cheerful heart. Once win a young man over from evil companions, *draw him thoroughly into the better course,* and it will be as difficult to turn him aside as it was to attract him there. The Savings' Bank would be intended chiefly for the humblest and poorest, those with whom their first few pence was perhaps their little all; and who half ashamed to begin, with so very small a sum, yet affectionately encouraged, would take it to the table, and receive their book. Some would relinquish the habit, but many would probably persevere, and have to mark that day with a white stone in their memory—for that evening the future had been made to predominate over the present; victory had been won—self-indulgence had been conquered.

Recent evidence has disclosed that "the very poor generally pay thirty to sixty per cent extra for many of the common necessaries of life, their purchases are so very minute—halfpenny worths of tea, coffee, &c." When a poor man's wife visited her neighbour and saw the "comfort, peace, and plenty" always there, she was told "ever since our John joined the Mechanics' we've been pretty well off,—we have always a little money *beforehand* in the Savings' Bank, and to *buy everything beforehand too;* and things come in very reasonable. You should 'counsel' your William to join, and you would soon be as well off at your house. And we've always some nice book from the library, and when he has done his work he always reads up a little to me and children every night." William would possibly soon be "counselled," and thus another fellow creature saved from a life of moral gloom and physical misery, winning back self-respect—rising in social comfort, purchasing decent clothes, beginning to attend church or chapel, where, learning the inestimable value of "training up children in the way they should

go," he would gladly send his to the Sunday school, and in many cases willingly become a teacher himself; thus illustrating the great moral truth, that the faithful endeavour to discharge *one* social or religious duty is just stepping into a charmed circle which gradually leads to the wish to fulfil *all*.

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A Farewell Tea Party.—On Monday evening, September 16, the teachers in the Hanover Square Sunday Schools, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, held a tea party, in order to express their esteem and respect, and bid farewell, to their friend and coadjutor, Mr. Robert Kay, who is emigrating to Australia.

After tea, the Rev G. Harris called upon the secretary of the boys' school to give an account of the number of scholars, with their average attendance. It appeared that the number on the books was about sixty, and the attendance about forty. The girls' school was attended by about the same number. Mr. Harris then drew the attention of the teachers to the re-establishing of the schools about five years ago. He with another member of his family were the first to commence the educational movement, and they were heartily seconded by Mr. Robert Kay, and Mr. W. Kay (his brother,) now in Australia. After labouring diligently for some time, they obtained a succession of teachers, and the school worked well. To Mr. Robert Kay was entrusted the formation of a Sunday school library, an undertaking which he fulfilled with satisfaction to himself and to his fellow-teachers, the number of books now in the library being three hundred and sixty. Mr. Harris concluded by reading the following resolutions passed by the teachers at a previous meeting, and wishing him success in his undertakings.

"That learning the determination of their esteemed friend and coadjutor, Mr. Robert Kay, to emigrate to Australia, whilst expressing their sincere regret at the loss of his valuable assistance in their labours for the education of the young, they gladly embrace the opportunity of bearing testimony to his very efficient and untiring efforts, during the last five years, in conducting the instructions of his class, in the establishment of the library, in week evening lectures, and in every available way of furthering the prosperity of the school; they heartily wish for him the enjoyment of health and happiness, and that the blessing of a benignant Providence may crown his undertakings with success, in the new sphere of usefulness to which he is about to proceed."

"That the teachers request the attendance of Mr. Kay at a tea party to be given to him, to express personally their good wishes for his welfare."

After Mr. Harris had presented to Mr. Kay the resolutions, which were beautifully written upon parchment, Mr. Kay rose to express his thanks, and bid his friends farewell. Various other addresses were delivered, interspersed with glees and songs; after which, the interesting proceedings of the evening were closed with a hymn and benediction.

## THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

I see no truth whatever in the old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt." With regard to evil things and evil companions, it tends rather to destroy the contempt which we naturally feel, and render us insensible to their degrading influence. On the other hand, with regard to all that is good, it continually increases our reverence and love. Religion ought to be with us the most homely and familiar of all things—the daily bread of our spiritual life. Its influence ought to pervade all our thoughts, deeds, words, and even *looks;* and its expression ought to be recognised in "the simplest form of speech that infant lips can try," as well as in "the sublimest strains that reach the Majesty on high."

At this season of the year our thoughts naturally turn towards home, and we gladly listen to any means that may be suggested for increasing domestic comfort and happiness. With this view I might refer to many things which I hope to speak of at some future time. But now that we are about to commemorate the birth of our Saviour with the rejoicings of Christmas, I have this one thing to urge above all the rest;—that we should not only join in the angels' welcome of eighteen centuries and a half ago, but also open our hearts, and welcome Jesus Christ amongst us *now*. There is no home so happy as the Christian home: the home, I mean, in which the words and life of Christ are continually called to mind as those of a dear friend, and in which are found united at once the cheerfulness of his faith, the tenderness of his sympathy and love, and the earnestness of his devotion and piety.

Whenever I enter such a home, where in spirit Jesus Christ is welcomed, I feel almost as if I heard again the words he used to speak of old—Peace be with you—Be of good cheer—Let not your heart be troubled. Whether we come from our daily work, or from some scene of misery and crime, or from the midst of those trials and temptations to which we are exposed in the world, here is a haven of peace and joy. Some persons are by nature of a buoyant temper and a gladsome heart. But the most buoyant temper and the most gladsome heart are overcome sometimes, unless supported by religious faith and principle. To be *always* cheerful, is the result of a perfect Christ-like trust in the goodness and love of God. And from this source springs the cheerfulness of the Christian home.

But to make home as happy as it ought to be, we require besides this even and cheerful temper, a spirit of self-denying love, a willingness to forego our own indulgences, and a great delight in contributing to the happiness of those around us. Where no harsh or angry word is ever heard, where no jealous thought or selfish wish is ever entertained, where those constant little sacrifices are made which no one ever knows anything about, where parents meet with a ready obedience, and little

children are helped and cherished and made glad,—there we may say Christ dwells, and there is a happy home.

But far, far happier will that home become, if he whose presence is felt in the spirit of cheerfulness and love, be present also in a spirit of devotion and piety. Prayer at home is the natural expression of thankfulness for the joys of home, and for all those blessings which we share with one another. One deep earnest feeling of gratitude pervades all hearts, and we give utterance to it in company with our nearest and dearest friends. The presence of our heavenly Father thus becomes a reality with us all—a felt and living truth. The thought of him is not put off till the time of danger and distress—(oh! how poor is such a love, how miserable such a service)—but he is associated with our dearest affections, with the performance of our daily duties, and the supply of our ever-returning wants. Must we wait till we are fatherless, friendless, homeless before we find a Father, a Friend and a Home in him? No, my friends, God is with us in our homes; and when our day's work is done, let us gather round him there. Let us pray to him, and thank him. Let us sing his praises round our fire sides, and commend ourselves and one another to his forgiving love and tender care.

"How sweet is prayer! at morning's hour
Our thanks to God our Friend to pour!
To bless him for our sweet repose,
And know he deigns our voice to hear!
To pray he will our path enclose,
And be our guide for ever near!

"How sweet is prayer, when all the toil
And anxious care of day is done!
To seek our God's approving smile
Upon the hours of labour gone,
Or ask his pardon, if a fault
Has stained one word, or deed, or thought!

"To know we take our night's soft sleep
Protected by his mighty arm,
That he our pillow deigns to keep
From all that can affright or harm,
Because his promises are sure.
'Who trust in me shall rest secure!'

"Yes, this is sweet! a thought that gives
Calmness and comfort to the breast;
Though the dark storm the ocean heaves,
And gathering clouds the sky invest,
This thought makes all serene and fair;
Who would neglect his evening prayer?"

Have you who are now reading these words, have *you* nothing like this in your home? Then a thrice happy Christmas will it be for you and yours, if you will now begin.

This be my farewell wish and prayer,—that God may bless us all with happy Christian homes, and loving Christ-like hearts.

T. M.

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